THE

GUARDIAN.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

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Lately Publiſhed,

THE Miſcellaneous Works, in Verſe and Proſe, of the late Right Honourable *JOSEPH ADDISON*, Eſq; in Three Vols. 12mo. Conſiſting of ſuch as were never before Printed in 12mo. With ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by Mr. *Tickell*.

N. B. Theſe Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers, Spectators, Guardians, Freeholder*, and *Remarks on ſeveral Parts of* Italy, complete Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works in Twelves.

TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the Character of *Guardian*, it behoves me to do Honour to ſuch as have deſerved well of Society, and laid out worthy and manly Qualities, in the Service of the Pub-

lick. No Man has more eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf this way, than Mr. *Cadogan*; With a Contempt of Pleaſure, Reſt, and Eaſe, when called to the Duties of your Glorious Profeſſion, you have liv'd in a familiarity with Dangers, and with a ſtrict Eye upon the final Purpoſe of the Attempt, have wholly diſregarded what ſhould befal your Self in the Proſecution of it; Thus has Life riſen to You, as faſt as you reſigned it, and every New Hour, for having ſo frankly lent the preceeding Moments to the Cauſe of Juſtice and of Liberty, has come Home to You, improved with Honour: This happy Diſtinction, which is ſo very peculiar to You, with the Addition of Induſtry, Vigilance, Patience of Labour, Thirſt and Hunger, in common with the meaneſt Soldier, has

made

made your present Fortune Unenvied. For the Publick always reap greater Advantage, from the Example of Successful Merit, than the Deserving Man himself can possibly be possessor of; Your Country knows how eminently you excel in the several Parts of Military Skill, whether in assigning the Encampment, accommodating the Troops, leading to the Charge, or pursuing the Enemy: the Retreat being the only Part of the Profession which has not fallen within the Experience of those, who learn'd their Warfare under the Duke of *Marlborough.* But the true and honest Purpose of this Epistle is to desire a place in Your Friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your Reputation, who, by Your own Gallant Actions, have acquired that

have for his Person, and Respect to his Merit, to let the World know, that he is now Translating Homer's Iliad *by Subscription. He has given good Proof of His Ability for the Work, and the Men of greatest Wit and Learning of this Nation, of all Parties, are, according to their different Abilities, zealous Encouragers, or Solicitors for the Work.*

But to my present purpose. The Letter from Gnatho *of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr.* Gay's. *Mr.* Martin, *Mr.* Philips, *Mr.* Tickell, *Mr.* Carey, *Mr.* Eusden, *Mr.* Ince *and Mr.* Hughes, *have obliged the Town with entertaining Discourses in these Volumes; and Mr.* Berkley *of* Trinity-College *in* Dublin *has embellished them with many excellent Arguments in Honour of Religion and Virtue. Mr.* Parnelle *will I hope forgive me that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his Hand on the like Occasion. There are some Discourses of a less pleasing Nature which relate to the Divisions amongst Us, and such (lest any of these Gentlemen should suffer from unjust Suspicion,) I must impute to the right Author of them, who is one Mr.* Steele *of* Langunnor *in the County of* Carmarthen *in* South-Wales.

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. I.

N° 1. *Thursday, March* 12, 1713.

—— *Ille quem requiris.* Mart. Epig. 2. l. 1. v. 1.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no Paſſion ſo univerſal, however diverſified or diſguiſed under different Forms and Appearances, as the Vanity of being known to the reſt of Mankind, and communicating a Man's Parts, Virtues or Qualifications to the World; this is ſo ſtrong upon Men of great Genius, that they have a reſtleſs Fondneſs for ſatisfying the World in the Miſtakes they might poſſibly be under, with relation even to their Phyſiognomy. Mr. *Airs*, that excellent Penman, has taken care to affix his own Image oppoſite to the Title-Page of his learned Treatiſe, wherein he inſtructs the Youth of this Nation to arrive at a flouriſhing Hand. The Author of *the Key to Intereſt, both Simple and Compound, containing Practical Rules plainly expreſſed in Words at length for all Rates of Intereſt and Times of Payment, for what time ſoever,* makes up to us the Misfortune of his living at *Cheſter*, by following the Example of the abovementioned *Airs*, and

coming up to Town, over-against his Title-Page, in a very becoming Periwig, and a flowing Robe or Mantle, inclosed in a Circle of Foliages; below his Portraiture, for our farther Satisfaction as to the Age of that useful Writer, is subscribed *Johannes Ward de Civitat. Cestriæ, Ætat. suæ* 58. *An. Dom.* 1706. The serene Aspect of these Writers, join'd with the great Encouragement I observe is given to another, or, what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the Notion I have of the prevalence of Ambition this way. The Author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his Countenance is communicated to the Publick in several Views and Aspects drawn by the most eminent Painters, and forwarded by Engravers, Artists by way of Mezzo-tinto, Etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some Years ago, one *John Gale*, a Fellow that played upon a Pipe, and diverted the Multitude by dancing in a Ring they made about him, whose Face became generally known, and the Artists employ'd their Skill in delineating his Features, because every Man was Judge of the Similitude of them. There is little else than what this *John Gale* arriv'd at in the Advantages Men enjoy from common Fame, yet do I fear it has always a Part in moving us to exert our selves in such things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler Considerations: But I think it is no great matter to the Publick what is the Incentive which makes Men bestow Time in their Service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce; I shall proceed therefore to give an Account of my intended Labours, not without some hope of having my Vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort abovementioned.

I should not have assumed the Title of *Guardian*, had I not maturely considered, that the Qualities necessary for doing the duties of that Character, proceed from the Integrity of the Mind, more than the Excellence of the Understanding: The former of these Qualifications it is in the power of every Man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the Advantages of the latter; to be Faithful, to be Honest, to be Just, is what you will demand in the Choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is Pleasant, Ingenious, and Agreeable, there will overflow Satisfactions which

make

make for the Ornament, if not ſo immediately to the Uſe, of your Life. As to the diverting Part of this Paper, by what aſſiſtance I ſhall be capacitated for that, as well as what Proofs I have given of my Behaviour as to Integrity in former Life, will appear from my Hiſtory to be delivered in enſuing Diſcourſes. The main Purpoſe of the Work ſhall be to protect the Modeſt, the Induſtrious, to celebrate the Wiſe, the Valiant, to encourage the Good, the Pious, to confront the Impudent, the Idle, to contemn the Vain, the Cowardly, and to diſappoint the Wicked and Profane. This Work cannot be carried on but by preſerving a ſtrict Regard, not only to the Duties but Civilities of Life, with the utmoſt Impartiality towards Things and Perſons. The unjuſt Application of the Advantages of Breeding and Fortune is the Source of all Calamity both Publick and Private; the Correction therefore, or rather Admonition, of a Guardian in all the Occurrences of a various Being, if given with a benevolent Spirit, would certainly be of general Service.

IN order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I ſhall publiſh in reſpective Papers whatever I think may conduce to the Advancement of the Converſation of Gentlemen, the Improvement of Ladies, the Wealth of Traders, and the Encouragement of Artificers. The Circumſtance relating to thoſe who excel in Mechanicks, ſhall be conſidered with particular Application. It is not to be immediately conceived by ſuch as have not turned themſelves to Reflexions of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the Neceſſity of Social Life, has given one Man Hands to another Man's Head, and the Carpenter, the Smith, the Joiner, are as immediately neceſſary to the Mathematician, as my Amanuenſis will be to me, to Write much fairer than I can my ſelf. I am ſo well convinced of this Truth, that I ſhall have a particular regard to Mechanicks, and to ſhew my Honour for them, I ſhall place at their Head the Painter. This Gentleman is, as to the Execution of his Work, a Mechanick, but as to his Conception, his Spirit and Deſign, he is hardly below even the Poet, in Liberal Art. It will be from theſe Conſiderations uſeful to make the World ſee the Affinity between all Works

which

which are beneficial to Mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal Arrogance of Scholars will, at all times, allow. But I am from Experience convinced of the Importance of Mechanick Heads, and shall therefore take them all into my Care, from *Rowley*, who is improving the Globes of the Earth and Heaven in *Fleet-street*, to *Bat. Pidgeon* the Hair-Cutter in the *Strand*.

BUT it will be objected upon what Pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest Friend of all the World. How my Head is accomplished for this Employment towards the Publick, from the long Exercise of it in a private Capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next Days with Diligence and Attention. There is no other Paper in Being which tends to this Purpose. They are most of them Histories, or Advices of Publick Transactions; but as those Representations affect the Passions of my Readers, I shall sometimes take care the Day after a foreign Mail, to give them an Account of what it has brought. The Parties among us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without Observation. As to these matters, I shall be Impartial, tho' I cannot be Neuter: I am, with Relation to the Government of the Church, a Tory, with regard to the State, a Whig.

THE Charge of Intelligence, the Pain in compiling and digesting my Thoughts in proper Stile, and the like, oblige me to value my Paper an Half-penny above all other Half-Sheets. And all Persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their Letters (Postage paid) to *Nestor Ironside* Esq; at Mr. *Tonson*'s in the *Strand*. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other ways than by Letter: for as I am an Ancient Man, I shall find enough to do to give Orders proper for their Service, to whom I am by Will of their Parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a Scene for me to pass my whole Life in. But I have got my Wards so well off my Hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give an Hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

MY Design upon the whole is no less, than to make the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Stage, all act in Concert in

the Care of Piety, Justice and Virtue, for I am past all the Regards of this Life, and have nothing to manage with any Person or Party, but to deliver my self as becomes an Old Man, with one Foot in the Grave, and one who thinks he is passing to Eternity. All Sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the Sense of Guilt and Pain; If I can keep clear of these two Evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, Lust, Envy, and Revenge, are Excrescencies of the Mind which I have cut off long ago: But as they are Excrescencies which do not only Deform, but also Torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same Measures for their Cure which I have.

N° 2. *Friday, March* 13.

THE readiest Way to proceed in my great Undertaking, is to explain who I am my self that promise to give the Town a daily Half-Sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own History, without losing any time in Preamble. I was born in the Year 1642, at a lone House within half a Mile of the Town of *Brentford*, in the County of *Middlesex*; my Parents were of Ability to bestow upon me a liberal Education, and of an Humour to think that a great Happiness even in a Fortune which was but just enough to keep me above Want. In my sixteenth Year I was admitted a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall* in *Oxford*. It is one great Advantage, among many more, which Men educated at our Universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract Friendships there, which are of Service to them in all the Parts of their future Life. This good Fortune happened to me; for during the Time of my being an Under-Graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. *Ambrose Lizard*, who was a Fellow-Commoner of the Neighbouring College. I have the Honour to be well known to Mr. *Joseph Pullen*, of our Hall abovementioned; and attribute the florid Old Age I now

now enjoy, to my constant Morning Walks up *Hedington Hill* in his chearful Company. If the Gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble Service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early Youth an intimate Friendship with young Mr. *Lizard* of *Northamptonshire*. He was sent for, a little before he was of Bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. *Jane Lizard*, an Heiress, whose Father would have it so for the sake of the Name. Mr. *Ambrose* knew nothing of it till he came to *Lizard-Hall* on the *Saturday* Night, saw the Young Lady at Dinner the next Day, and was marry'd by Order of his Father Sir *Ambrose*, between Eleven and Twelve the *Tuesday* following. Some Years after, when my Friend came to be Sir *Ambrose* himself, and finding upon Proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good Wife, he gave the Curate who join'd their Hands the Parsonage of *Welt*, not far off *Wellinborough*. My Friend was married in the Year 62, and every Year following, for eighteen Years together, I left the College, (except that Year wherein I was chosen Fellow of *Lincoln*) and sojourned at Sir *Ambrose*'s for the Months of *June*, *July*, and *August*. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of *July*, in the Year 1674, that I was reading in an Arbour to my Friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. *Lay by your Book*, said he, *and let us take a Turn in the Grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.* After a Silence for above forty Yards, walking both of us with our Eyes downward, one big to hear, t'other to speak a matter of great Importance, Sir *Ambrose* expressed himself to this effect: *My good Friend*, said he, *you may have observed that from the first Moment I was in your Company at Mr.* Willis's *Chambers at* University College, *I ever after sought and courted you: That Inclination towards you has improved from Similitude of Manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any Man a greater Candour and Simplicity of Mind than in your self. You are a Man that are not inclined to lanch into the World, but prefer Security and Ease in a Collegiate or single Life, to going into the Cares which necessarily attend a publick Character, or that of a Master of a Family. You see within my Son* Marmaduke, *my only Child; I have a thousand Anxieties upon me concerning him,*

him, the greater Part of which I would transfer to you. and when I do so, I would make it in plain English *worth your while.* He would not let me ſpeak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole Scheme of his Affairs upon that Foundation. As ſoon as we went into the Houſe, he gave me a Bill upon his Goldſmith in *London*, of Two Thouſand Pounds, and told me with that he had purchaſed me, with all the Talents I was Maſter of, to be of his Family, to educate his Son, and to do all that ſhould ever lie in my Power for the Service of him and his to my Life's End, according to ſuch Powers, Truſts and Inſtructions as I ſhould hereafter receive.

THE Reader will here make many Speeches for me, and without doubt ſuppoſe I told my Friend he had retained me with a Fortune to do that which I ſhould have thought my ſelf obliged to by Friendſhip: But, as he was a prudent Man, and acted upon Rules of Life, which were leaſt liable to the Variation of Humour, Time or Seaſon, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I ſhould never enter into any Alliance which ſhould divert me from purſuing the Intereſts of his Family, of which I ſhould hereafter underſtand my ſelf a Member. Sir *Ambroſe* told me he ſhould lay no Injunction upon me, which ſhould be inconſiſtent with any Inclination I might have hereafter to change my Condition. All he meant was in general to enſure his Family from that Peſt of great Eſtates, the Mercenary Men of Buſineſs who act for them, and in a few Years become Creditors to their Maſters in greater Sums than half the Income of their Lands amounts to, tho' it is viſible all which gave riſe to their Wealth was a ſlight Salary, for turning all the reſt, both Eſtate and Credit of that Eſtate, to the Uſe of their Principals. To this Purpoſe we had a very long Conference that Evening, the chief Point of which was, that his only Child *Marmaduke* was from that Hour under my Care, and I was engaged to turn all my Thoughts to the Service of the Child in particular, and all the Concerns of the Family in general. My moſt excellent Friend was ſo well ſatisfied with my Behaviour, that he made me his Executor, and Guardian to his Son. My own Conduct during that time, and my manner of Educating his Son *Marmaduke* to Manhood, and the Intereſt I had

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in him to the time of his Death alſo, with my preſent Conduct towards the numerous Deſcendents of my old Friend, will make, poſſibly, a Series of Hiſtory of Common Life, as uſeful as the Relations of the more pompous Paſſages in the Lives of Princes and Stateſmen. The Widow of Sir *Ambroſe*, and the no leſs worthy Relict of Sir *Marmaduke*, are both living at this time.

I am to let the Reader know, that his chief Entertainment will ariſe from what paſſes at the Tea-Table of my Lady *Lizard*. That Lady is now in the Forty ſixth Year of her Age, was married in the Beginning of her ſixteenth, is bleſſed with a numerous Offspring of each Sex, no leſs than four Sons and five Daughters. She was the Mother of this large Family before ſhe arriv'd at her thirtieth Year: About which time ſhe loſt her Husband Sir *Marmaduke Lizard*, a Gentleman of great Virtue and Generoſity: He left behind him an improved Paternal Eſtate of ſix thouſand Pounds a Year to his eldeſt Son, and one Year's Revenue in ready Money as a Portion to each younger Child. My Lady's Chriſtian Name is *Aſpaſia*, and as it may give a certain Dignity to our Stile to mention her by that Name, we beg leave at Diſcretion to ſay Lady *Lizard* or *Aſpaſia*, according to the Matter we ſhall treat of: When ſhe ſhall be conſulting about her Caſh, her Rents, her Houſhold Affairs, we will uſe the more familiar Name; and when ſhe is employed in the forming the Minds and Sentiments of her Children, exerting her ſelf in the Acts of Charity, or ſpeaking of Matters of Religion or Piety, for the Elevation of Stile we will uſe the Word *Aſpaſia*. *Aſpaſia* is a Lady of a great Underſtanding and noble Spirit. She has paſſed ſeveral Years in Widowhood with that Abſtinent Enjoyment of Life, which has done Honour to her Deceaſed Husband, and devolved Reputation upon her Children. As ſhe has both Sons and Daughters marriageable, ſhe is viſited by many on that Account, but by many more for her own Merit. As there is no Circumſtance in human Life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a Woman thus related, there will be abundant Matter offer it ſelf from Paſſages in this Family, to ſupply my Readers with diverting, and perhaps uſeful Notices for their Conduct in all the Incidents of human Life. Placing

Money on Mortgages, in the Funds, upon Bottomery, and almost all other ways of improving the Fortune of a Family, are practised by my Lady *Lizard* with the best Skill and Advice.

THE Members of this Family, their Cares, Passions, Interests and Diversions shall be represented from time to time, as News from the Tea-Table of so accomplished a Woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady *Lizard*.

N° 3. *Saturday, March* 14.

Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cæleste & divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est. Cicero.

Whatever That be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is Something Cælestial and Divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be Eternal.

I AM diverted from the Account I was giving the Town of my particular Concerns, by casting my Eye upon a Treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable Negligence, and want of Concern for all the Civil, as well as Religious Interests of Mankind. This Piece has for its Title, *A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the Rise and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers.* The Author very Methodically enters upon his Argument, and says, *By Free-thinking I mean the Use of the Understanding in endeavouring to find out the Meaning of any Proposition whatsoever, in considering the Nature of the Evidence for, or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming Force or Weakness of the Evidence.* As soon as he has delivered this Definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular Inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all Title to the Character of a *Free-thinker*, with the most apparent Prejudice against a Body of Men, whom of all other a good Man would be most careful not to violate, I mean

Men

Men in Holy Orders. Perſons who have devoted themſelves to the Service of God, are venerable to all who fear Him; and it is a certain Characteriſtick of a diſſolute and ungovern'd Mind, to rail or ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in ſo great a Croud of Men ſome will intrude, who are of Tempers very unbecoming their Function; but becauſe Ambition and Avarice are ſometimes lodged in that Boſom, which ought to be the Dwelling of Sanctity and Devotion, muſt this unreaſonable Author vilify the whole Order? He has not taken the leaſt Care to diſguiſe his being an Enemy to the Perſons againſt whom he writes, nor any where granted that the Inſtitution of Religious Men to ſerve at the Altar, and inſtruct ſuch who are not as wiſe as himſelf, is at all neceſſary or deſirable; but proceeds without the leaſt Apology, to undermine their Credit, and fruſtrate their Labours: Whatever Clergymen in Diſputes againſt each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in ſuch a manner as to affect Religion it ſelf, by wreſting Conceſſions to its Diſadvantage from its own Teachers. If this be true, as ſure any Man that reads the Diſcourſe muſt allow it is; and if Religion is the ſtrongeſt Tye of Human Society; in what manner are we to treat this our common Enemy, who promotes the Growth of ſuch a Sect as he calls *Free-thinkers?* He that ſhould burn a Houſe, and juſtify the Action by aſſerting he is a Free Agent, would be more excuſable than this Author in uttering what he has from the Right of a *Free-thinker:* But there are a Set of Dry, Joyleſs, Dull Fellows, who want Capacities and Talents to make a Figure amongſt Mankind upon benevolent and generous Principles, that think to ſurmount their own natural Meanneſs, by laying Offences in the way of ſuch as make it their Endeavour to excel upon the received Maxims and honeſt Arts of Life. If it were poſſible to laugh at ſo melancholy an Affair as what hazards Salvation, it would be no unpleaſant Inquiry to ask what Satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary Gratification of Senſe, or what delicious Libertiniſm this Sect of *Free-thinkers* enjoy, after getting looſe of the Laws which confine the Paſſions of other Men? Would it not be a matter of Mirth to find, after all, that the Heads of this growing

growing Sect are sober Wretches, who prate whole Evenings over Coffee, and have not themselves Fire enough to be any further Debauchees, than merely in Principle? These Sages of Iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young Men of the Age are kept safe from Reflexion by dabling in their Rhapsodies, without tasting the Pleasures for which their Doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy Mortals, only to gratify a dry Pride of Heart, give up the Interests of another World, without enlarging their Gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a sort of Men that can puzzle Truth, but cannot enjoy the Satisfaction of it. This same *Free-thinker* is a Creature unacquainted with the Emotions which possess great Minds when they are turned for Religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such Sensation as the Rapture of Devotion. Whatever one of these Scorners may think, they certainly want Parts to be Devout; and a Sense of Piety towards Heaven, as well as the Sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in Proportion to the Faculties of the Head and Heart. This Gentleman may be assured he has not a Taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor Man is certainly more a Blockhead than an Atheist. I must repeat, that he wants Capacity to relish what true Piety is; and he is as capable of writing an Heroick Poem, as making a fervent Prayer. When Men are thus low and narrow in their Apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their Contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary Consequence of their Incapacity to receive it. The Atheistical Fellows who appeared the last Age did not serve the Devil for nought; but revelled in Excesses suitable to their Principles, while in these unhappy Days Mischief is done for Mischief's sake. These *Free-thinkers*, who lead the Lives of Recluse Students, for no other purpose but to disturb the Sentiments of other Men, put me in mind of the monstrous Recreation of those late wild Youths, who, without Provocation, had a Wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such Writers as this, who has no Spirit but that

of

of Malice, pretend to inform the Age, *Mohocks* and Cut-throats may well set up for Wits and Men of Pleasure.

IT will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some Instances of the ill Intention of this *Free-thinker*, to support the Treatment I here give him. In his 52d Page he says,

'*2dly.* The Priests throughout the World differ about 'Scriptures, and the Authority of Scriptures. The *Bramins* have a Book of *Scripture* called the *Shaster*. 'The *Persees* have their *Zundavastaw*. The *Bonzes* 'of *China* have Books written by the *Disciples* of Fo-he, 'whom they call the *God and Saviour of the World*, '*who was born to teach the way of Salvation, and to* '*give Satisfaction for all Mens Sins.* The *Talapoins* 'of *Siam* have a *Book of Scripture* written by *Sommonocodom*, who, the *Siamese* say, was *born of a Virgin*, 'and was *the God expected by the Universe*. The *Dervizes* have their *Alcoran*.

I believe there is no one will dispute the Author's great Impartiality in setting down the Accounts of these different Religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an Air that betrays the History of *one born of a Virgin* has as much Authority with him from St. *Sommonocodom* as from St. *Matthew*. Thus he treats Revelation. Then as to Philosophy, he tells you, *p.* 136. Cicero *produces this as an Instance of a probable Opinion, that they who study Philosophy do not believe there are any Gods*; and then, from consideration of various Notions, he affirms *Tully* concludes, *That there can be nothing after Death*.

AS to what he misrepresents of *Tully*, the short Sentence on the Head of this Paper is enough to oppose; but who can have Patience to reflect upon the Assemblage of Impostures among which our Author places the Religion of his Country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible Interpretation to give this Work, but a Design to subvert and ridicule the Authority of Scripture. The Peace and Tranquillity of the Nation, and Regards even above those, are so much concerned in this Matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient Sorrow for the Offender, or Indignation against him.

But

But if ever Man deserved to be denied the common Benefits of Air and Water, it is the Author of *a Discourse of Free-thinking.*

N° 4. Monday, March 16.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o'th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the Arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a Swan or Goose
They level at: So Shepherds use
To set the same Mark on the Hip
Both of their sound and rotten Sheep. Hudibras.

THOUGH most Things which are wrong in their own Nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single Word the *Custom*; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous Tendency, a thinking Man will the less excuse on that very Account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common Practice of *Dedications,* which is of so much the worse Consequence, as 'tis generally used by People of Politeness, and whom a Learned Education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster Sentiments. This Prostitution of Praise is not only a Deceit upon the Gross of Mankind, who take their Notion of Characters from the Learned; but also the better Sort must by this means lose some part at least of that Desire of Fame which is the Incentive to generous Actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the Meritorious and Undeserving: Nay, the Author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a Value for the Patron, can find no Terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by Flatteries. Even Truth it self in a Dedication is like an Honest Man in a Disguise, or Vizor-Masque, and will appear a Cheat by being drest so like one. Tho' the Merit of the Person is beyond Dispute, I see no reason that because

because one Man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw Praises in his Face. 'Tis just the Reverse of the Practice of the Ancient *Romans*, when a Person was advanced to Triumph for his Services: As they hired People to rail at him in that Circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have Fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the Writer not to be mercenary, yet the great Man is no more in Reason obliged to thank him for his Picture in a Dedication, than to thank a Painter for that on a Sign-Post; except it be a less Injury to touch the most Sacred Part of him, his Character, than to make free with his Countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this Point, but the Patron's Permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most Authors proceed in this Affair just as a Dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw Portraits after the Life, was used to paint Faces at Random, and look out afterwards for People whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my Notion of the Thing in a Word: To say more to a Man than one thinks, with a Prospect of Interest, is dishonest; and without it foolish. And whoever has had Success in such an Undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his Heart a Knave for having done it, and his Patron a Fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common Light. By observing what Qualities our Writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some Judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of People they are. Without this View one can read very few Dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such Persons? I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent Majesty and State he assumed after Victory, and a Nobleman of a different Character applauded for his Condescension to Inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the Authors. He who made the first Compliment was a lofty Gentleman, whose Air and Gate discovered when he had published a new

Book; and the other tippled every Night with the Fellows who laboured at the Press while his own Writings were working off. 'Tis observable of the Female Poets and Ladies Dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any Strain or Rant. As Beauty is the thing that Sex are piqu'd upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated Stile than is used by the Men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the Authoress of a famous modern Romance begs a young Nobleman's Permission to pay him her *Kneeling Adorations*, I am far from censuring the Expression, as some Criticks would do, as deficient in Grammar or Sense; but I reflect, that Adorations paid in that Posture are what a Lady might expect herself, and my Wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by Calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their Neighbours; so 'tis certain none are so guilty of Flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

WHAT led me into these Thoughts, was a Dedication I happen'd upon this Morning. The Reader must understand that I treat the least Instances or Remains of Ingenuity with Respect, in what Places soever found, or under whatever Circumstances of Disadvantage. From this Love to Letters I have been so happy in my Searches after Knowledge, that I have found unvalued Repositories of Learning in the Lining of Bandboxes. I look upon these Pasteboard Edifices, adorned with the Fragments of the Ingenious, with the same Veneration as Antiquaries upon ruined Buildings, whose Walls preserve divers Inscriptions and Names, which are no where else to be found in the World. This Morning, when one of Lady *Lizard*'s Daughters was looking over some Hoods and Ribbands, brought by her Tirewoman, with great Care and Diligence, I employ'd no less in examining the Box which contained them; it was lined with certain Scenes of a Tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the Title there extant) by one of the Fair Sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which by reason of the Largeness of the Characters, was least defaced by those *Gothick* Ornaments of Flourishes and Foliage, wherewith the

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Compilers of these sort of Structures do often industriously obscure the Works of the Learned. As much of it as I could read with any Ease, I shall communicate to the Reader, as follows.

'*** THOUGH it is a kind of *Profanation* to approach your Grace with so poor an *Offering*, yet when I reflect how acceptable a *Sacrifice* of First-Fruits was to *Heaven*, in the earliest and *purest Ages of Religion*, that they were honour'd with *solemn Feasts*, and *consecrated to Altars* by a *Divine Command*, *** upon that Consideration, as an Argument of particular *Zeal*, I dedicate *** 'Tis impossible to behold you without *Adoring*; yet dazzled and awed by the *Glory* that surrounds you, Men feel a *sacred Power*, that refines their Flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the *Deity*. *** The *Shrine* is worthy the *Divinity* that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what Woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the *Purity* and *Perfection of Angels*. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!

UNDOUBTEDLY these, and other Periods of this most Pious Dedication, could not but convince the Dutchess of what the Eloquent Authoress assures her at the End, that she was her Servant *with most ardent Devotion*. I think this a Pattern of a new Sort of Stile, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks which is above the Sublime, and may be called *the Celestial*; that is, when the most sacred Phrases appropriated to the Honour of the Deity are applied to a Mortal of Good Quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in Imitation of this Lady, to be the Inventor, or, at least, the first Producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a Word but what the Author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any Book, either Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

The AUTHOR to HIMSELF.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THESE Labours, upon many Conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: Firſt, as it was your moſt earneſt Deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: Then as I am ſecure (from that conſtant Indulgence you have ever ſhewn to all which is mine) that no Man will ſo readily take them into Protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the Beauties; and there are ſome Parts, which 'tis poſſible few beſides your ſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the Honour, Affection, and Value I have for you are beyond Expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any Man elſe can bear you. As for any Defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe Perſons are actuated purely by a Spirit of Malice or Envy, the inſeparable Attendants on ſhining Merit and Parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of Violence to Modeſty, to ſay this to you in Publick; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in Private. Might I follow the Impulſe of my Soul, there is no Subject I could lanch into with more Pleaſure than your Panegyrick. But ſince ſomething is due to Modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing ſo much I deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the Happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real Service; but till then can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any Man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend, and

The greateſt of your Admirers.

N° 5. *Tuesday, March 17.*

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.
Hor. Od. 5. l. 4. v. 23.
The Mother's Virtues in the Daughters shine.

I HAVE in my second Paper mentioned the Family, into which I was retained by the Friend of my Youth; and given the Reader to understand, that my Obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the Interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved Effect; and if it were possible for a Man, who has never entered into the State of Marriage to know the Instincts of a kind Father to an Honourable and Numerous House, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my Regards, in some Considerations, have been more useful than those of a Father; and as I wanted all that Tenderness, which is the Bias of Inclination in Men towards their own Offspring, I have had a greater Command of Reason when I was to judge of what concerned my Wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my Partiality and Fondness towards their Persons, to transgress against their Interests.

AS the Female Part of a Family is the more constant and immediate Object of Care and Protection, and the more liable to Misfortune or Dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from Custom and Opinion for less Offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my Guardianship, the Women of the Family of *Lizard*. The Ancient and Religious Lady, the Dowager of my Friend Sir *Ambrose*, has for some time estranged herself from Conversation, and admits only of the Visits of her own Family. The Observation, That Old People remember best those things which entered into their Thoughts when their Memories were in their full Strength and Vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good Lady

and

and my ſelf when we are in Converſation: I chooſe indeed to go thither, to divert any Anxiety or Wearineſs, which at any time I find grow upon me from any preſent Buſineſs or Care. It is ſaid, that a little Mirth and Diverſion are what recreate the Spirits upon thoſe Occaſions; but there is a kind of Sorrow from which I draw a Conſolation that ſtrengthens my Faculties and enlarges my Mind beyond any thing that can flow from Merriment. When we meet, we ſoon get over any Occurrence which paſſed the Day before, and are in a Moment hurried back to thoſe Days which only we call good ones: The Paſſages of the Times when we were in Faſhion, with the Countenances, Behaviour and Jollity, ſo much, forſooth, above what any appear in now, are preſent to our Imaginations, and almoſt to our very Eyes. This Converſation revives to us the Memory of a Friend, that was more than my Brother to me; of a Huſband, that was dearer than Life to her: Diſcourſes about that dear and worthy Man generally ſend her to her Cloſet, and me to the Diſpatch of ſome neceſſary Buſineſs, which regards the Remains, I would ſay the numerous Deſcendants of my generous Friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to ſay of this Lady; which was that ſhe is far gone towards a better World; and I mention her (only with Reſpect to this) as ſhe is the Object of Veneration to thoſe who are derived from her: Whoſe Behaviour towards her may be an Example to others, and make the Generality of young People apprehend, that when the Ancient are paſt all Offices of Life, it is then the Young are to exert themſelves in their moſt laudable Duties towards them.

THE Widow of Sir *Marmaduke* is to be conſidered in a very different View. My Lady is not in the ſhining Bloom of Life, but at thoſe Years, wherein the Gratifications of an ample Fortune, thoſe of Pomp and Equipage, of being much eſteemed, much viſited, and generally admired, are uſually more ſtrongly purſued than in younger Days: In this Condition ſhe might very well add the Pleaſures of Courtſhip, and the grateful Perſecution of being followed by a Croud of Lovers; but ſhe is an excellent Mother and great Oeconomiſt; which Conſiderations, joined with the Pleaſure of living her own

way, preſerve her againſt the Intruſion of Love. I will not ſay that my Lady has not a ſecret Vanity in being ſtill a fine Woman, and neglecting thoſe Addreſſes, to which perhaps we in part owe her Conſtancy in that her Neglect.

HER Daughter *Jane*, her eldeſt Child of that Sex, is in the twenty third Year of her Age, a Lady who forms herſelf after the Pattern of her Mother; but in my Judgment, as ſhe happens to be extremely like her, ſhe ſometimes makes her Court unskilfully, in affecting that Likeneſs in her very Mien, which gives the Mother an uneaſy Senſe, that Mrs. *Jane* really is what her Parent has a mind to continue to be; but 'tis poſſible I am too obſerving in this Particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in reſpect to greater Circumſtances: For Mrs. *Jane* is the Right-hand of her Mother; it's her Study and conſtant Endeavour to aſſiſt her in the Management of her Houſhold, to keep all idle Whiſpers from her, and diſcourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the Merit of her Brothers and Siſters towards her, as well as the Diligence and Chearfulneſs of her Servants. 'Tis by Mrs. *Jane*'s Management, that the whole Family is governed, neither by Love nor Fear, but a certain Reverence which is compoſed of both. Mrs. *Jane* is what one would call a perfect good young Woman; but neither ſtrict Piety, Diligence in Domeſtick Affairs, or any other Avocation, have preſerved her againſt Love, which ſhe bears to a young Gentleman of great Expectation but ſmall Fortune; at the ſame time, that Men of very great Eſtates ask her of her Mother. My Lady tells her that Prudence muſt give way to Paſſion, ſo that Mrs. *Jane*, if I cannot accommodate the Matter, muſt conquer more than one Paſſion, and out of Prudence baniſh the Man ſhe loves, and marry the Man ſhe hates.

THE next Daughter is Mrs. *Annabella*, who has a very lively Wit, a great deal of good Senſe, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain diſhoneſt Cunning I know in her; ſhe can ſeem blind and careleſs, and full of herſelf only, and entertain with twenty affected Vanities, whilſt ſhe is obſerving all the Company, laying up Store for Ridicule; and, in a word, is

is ſelfiſh, and intereſted under all the agreeable Qualities in the World. Alas, what ſhall I do with this Girl!

Mrs. *CORNELIA* paſſes away her Time very much in Reading, and that with ſo great an Attention, that gives her the Air of a Student, and has an ill effect upon her as ſhe is a fine young Woman; the giddy part of the Sex will have it ſhe is in Love, none will allow that ſhe affects ſo much being alone, but for want of particular Company. I have railed at Romances before her, for fear of her falling into thoſe deep Studies: ſhe has fallen in with my Humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent Prohibition has, it ſeems, only excited her Curioſity; and I am afraid ſhe is better read than I know of, for ſhe ſaid of a Glaſs of Water in which ſhe was going to waſh her hands after Dinner, dipping her Fingers with a pretty lovely Air, *It is Cryſtalline.* I ſhall examine further, and wait for clearer Proofs.

Mrs. *BETTY* is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what paſſes in the Town; ſhe knows all that matter of my Lord ſuch a one's leading my Lady ſuch a one out from the Play; ſhe is prodigiouſly acquainted, all of a ſudden with the World, and ask'd her Siſter *Jane* t'other Day in an Argument, *Dear Siſter, how ſhould you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own Family?* I dont much like her Maid.

Mrs. *MARY*, the youngeſt Daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. *Ironſide*, becauſe I have named her *the Sparkler*, is the very Quinteſſence of Good-nature and Generoſity; ſhe is the perfect Picture of her Grandfather, and if one can imagine all good Qualities which adorn human Life become Feminine; the Seeds, nay, the Bloſſom of them, are apparent in Mrs. *Mary*. It is a weakneſs I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily Perfections of a Man who is dead) but I cannot reſiſt the Partiality to this Child, for being ſo like her Grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my Heart when ſhe has been talking to me: I am ſure the Child has no skill in it, for Artifice could not dwell under that Viſage; but if I am abſent a Day from the Family, ſhe is

ſure to be at my Lodging the next Morning to know what is the matter.

AT the head of theſe Children, who have very plentiful Fortunes (provided they marry with mine and their Mother's Conſent, is my Lady *Lizard*; who, you cannot doubt, is very well viſited. Sir *William Oger*, and his Son almoſt at [illegible] are frequently at our [illegible] on a double Conſideration. The Knight is willing (for he ſo very gallantly expreſſes himſelf) to marry the Mother, or he'll conſent, whether that be ſo or not, that his Son *Oliver* ſhall take any one of the Daughters *Noll* likes beſt.

Mr. *RIGBURT* of the ſame County, who gives in his Eſtate much larger, and his Family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two Daughters.

SIR *Harry Pandolf* has writ Word from his Seat in the Country, that he alſo is much inclin'd to an Alliance with the *Lizards*, which he has declared in the following Letter to my Lady; ſhe ſhew'd it me this Morning.

Madam,

'I HAVE heard your Daughters very well ſpoken 'of; and tho' I have very great Offers in my own 'Neighbourhood, and heard the Small-Pox is very rife 'at *London*, I will ſend my eldeſt Son to ſee them, 'provided that by your Ladyſhip's Anſwer, and your 'liking of the Rent-Roll which I ſend herewith, your 'Ladyſhip aſſures me he ſhall have one of them, for I 'don't think to have my Son refuſed by any Woman; 'and ſo, Madam, I conclude,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Henry Pandolf.

Wedneſday,

Nº 6. *Wednesday, March* 1[illegible].

I HAVE dispatched my young Women, and the Town has them among them: it is necessary for the Elucidation of my future Discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the Precepts of a Guardian, *Mr. Ironside's Precautions:* I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an Account of the Males of this worthy Family, whose Annals I am writing. The Affairs of Women being chiefly Domestick, and not made up of so many Circumstances, as the Duties of Men are, I fear I cannot dispatch the Account of the Males under my care in so few Words as I did the Explanation which regarded my Women.

SIR *Harry Lizard*, of the County of *Northampton*, Son and Heir of the late Sir *Marmaduke*, is now entered upon the twenty sixth Year of his Age, and is now at his Seat in the Country.

THE Estate at present in his Hands is above three Thousand a Year after Payment of Taxes, and all necessary Charges whatsoever. He is a Man of good Understanding, but not at all what is usually called a Man of shining Parts. His Virtues are much greater than his Accomplishments, as to his Conversation. But when you come to consider his Conduct with relation to his Manners and Fortune, it would be a very great Injury not to allow him a very fine Gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his Education, that he should be very ready at Calculations. This gives him a quick Alarm inwardly upon all Undertakings, and in a much shorter time than is usual with Men who are not versed in Business, he is Master of the Question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great Exactness in the matter of Profit or Loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same Capacity, join'd to an honest Nature, makes him very just to other Men, as well as to himself. His Payments are very punctual, and

I dare anſwer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of Building, or any Ornamental Improvement of his Houſe, Garden, Park, or Lands, before the Money in his own Pocket, wherewith he is to pay for ſuch Undertaking. He is too good to purchaſe Labourers or Artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deſerves from his ſuperior Prudence, the Choice of all who are moſt knowing and able to ſerve him. With his ready Money the Builder, Maſon and Carpenter are enabled to make their Market on Gentlemen in his Neighbourhood, who inconſiderately employ them; and often pay their Undertakers by Sale of ſome of their Land: Whereas, were the Lands on which thoſe Improvements are made, ſold to the Artificers, the Buildings would be rated as Lumber in the Purchaſe. Sir *Harry* has for ever a Year's Income, to extend his Charity, ſerve his Pleaſures, or regale his Friends. His Servants, his Cattle, his Goods ſpeak their Maſter a rich Man. Thoſe about his Perſon, as his Bailiff, the Groom of his Chamber, and his Butler, have a chearful, not a gay Air; the Servants below them ſeem to live in Plenty, but not in Wantonneſs. As Sir *Henry* is a young Man, and of an active Diſpoſition, his beſt Figure is on Horſeback. But before I ſpeak of that, I ſhould acquaint you, that during his Infancy all the young Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the Houſe, which was called the School; where, at the Charge of the Family, there was a Grammar Maſter, a plain ſober Man, maintain'd (with a Salary, beſides his Diet, of fifty Pounds a Year) to inſtruct all ſuch Children of Gentlemen, or lower People, as would partake of his Education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his Horſes. There were always ten or twelve for the Saddle in readineſs to attend him and his Favourites, in the Choice of whom he ſhewed a good Diſpoſition, and diſtributed his Kindneſs among them, by turns, with great Good-nature. All Horſes, both for the Saddle, and ſwift Draught, were very well bitted, and a ſkilful Rider, with a Riding-Houſe, wherein he the Riding-Maſter commanded, had it in Orders to teach any Gentleman's Son of the County that would pleaſe to learn that Exerciſe. We found our

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Account in this Proceeding, as well in real Profit, as in Eſteem and Power in the Country; for as the whole Shire is now poſſeſſed by Gentlemen, who owe Sir *Harry* [illegible] part of Education, which they all value themſelves upon, their Horſemanſhip; they prefer his Horſes to all others, and it is 10 *per Cent.* in the Price of a Steed, which appears to come out of his Riding-Houſe.

BY this means it is, that Sir *Harry*, as I was going to ſay, makes the beſt Figure on Horſeback, for his uſual Hours of being in the Field are well known; and at thoſe Seaſons, the neighbouring Gentlemen, his Friends and Schoolfellows, take a pleaſure in giving him their Company, with their Servants well behaved, and Horſes well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir *Harry* for a particular Care in his Horſes. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but alſo all which are for the Coach or ſwift Draught, for Grace adds mightily to the Price of Strength; and he finds his account in it at all Markets, more eſpecially for the Coach or Troop Horſes, of which that County produces the moſt ſtrong and oſtentatious. To keep up a Breed for any Uſe whatever, he gives Plates for the beſt performing Horſe in every way in which that Animal can be ſerviceable. There is ſuch a Prize for him that *trots beſt*, ſuch for the *beſt Walker*, ſuch for the *beſt Galloper*, ſuch for the *beſt Pacer*; then for him who *draws moſt* in ſuch a Time to ſuch a Place, then to him that *carries beſt* ſuch a *Load* on his Back. He delights in this, and has an admirable Fancy in the Dreſs of the Riders: Some admired Country Girl is to hold the Prize, her Lovers to trot, and not to mend their Pace into a Gallop, when they are out-trotted by a Rival; ſome known Country Wit to come upon the beſt Pacer; theſe and the like little joyful Arts, gain him the Love of all who do not know his Worth, and the Eſteem of all who do. Sir *Harry* is no Friend to the Race-Horſe, he is of Opinion it is inhumane, that Animals ſhould be put upon their utmoſt Strength and Metal for our Diverſion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's Plate every Year, with Orders to his Rider never to win or be diſtanced; and, like a Good Country Gentleman, ſays, It is a

Fault in all Miniſtries that they encourage no kind of Horſes but thoſe which are ſwift.

AS I writ Lives, I dwell upon ſmall Matters, bein of Opinion, wi *Plutarch*, that little Circumſtances ſhov the real Men be ter than things of greater Moment. Bu good Oeconomy is the Characteriſtick of the *Lizard*. I remember a Ci umſtance about ſix Years ago, that gives me hopes he w e time or other gure in Parliament; for e is a Landed Ma , and conſiders his Intereſt, thoug h, to b impaired or promoted according to t e State o Trade. When he was but Twenty Years ol , I took an Opportunity in his Preſence, to ask an Intelligent Woollen-Draper, what he gave for his hop, the Corner of *Change-Alley?* The Shop is, I believe, 14 Foot long, and 8 broad. I was anſwer'd, Ninety Pound a Year. I took no Notice, but the Thought ſended into the Breaſt of Sir *Harry*, and I ſaw on his able the next Morning a Computation of the value of and in an Iſland, conſiſting of ſo many Miles, with ſo many good Ports; the Value of each part of the ſaid Iſland, as it lay to ſuch Ports, and produced ſuch Commodities. The whole of his working was to know why ſo few Yards, near the *Change*, was ſo much better than ſo many Acres in *Northamptonſhire*, and what thoſe Acres in *Northamptonſhire* would be worth, were there no Trade at all in this Iſland.

IT makes my Heart ake, when I think of this young Man, and conſider upon what plain Maxims, and in what ordinary Methods Men of Eſtate may do good where-ever they are ſeated, that ſo many ſhould be what they are! It is certain, that the Arts which purchaſe Wealth or Fame, will mainta n them; and I attribute the Splendor and long Continuance of this Family, to the Felicity of having the Genius of the Founder of it run through all his Male Line. Old Sir *Harry*, the Great Grandfather of this Gentleman, has written in his own Hand upon all the Deeds, which he ever ſigned, in the Humour of that ſententious Age, this Sentence, *There are four good Mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy Daughters; Truth begets Hatred, Happineſs Pride, Security Danger, and Familiarity Contempt.*

Thurſday,

N° 7. *Thursday, March 19.*

——— *Properat cursu*
Vita citato ——— Senec. Trag.

With speedy Step Life posts away.

I This Morning did my self the Honour to visit Lady *Lizard*, and took my Chair at the Tea-Table, at the upper End of which that graceful Woman, with her Daughters about her, appeared to me with greater Dignity than ever any Figure, either of *Venus* attended by the Graces, *Diana* with her Nymphs, or any other Celestial who owes her Being to Poetry.

THE Discourse we had there, none being present but our own Family, consisted of private Matters, which tended to the Establishment of these young Ladies in the World. My Lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the Proposal to Mrs. *Jane*, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young Ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the Discourse, by saying, It was time enough to think of marrying a young Lady, who was but Three and Twenty, ten Years hence. The whole Table was alarm'd at the Assertion, and the *Sparkler* scalded her Fingers, by leaning suddenly forwards to look in my Face: But my Business, at present, was to make my Court to the Mother; therefore, without regarding the Resentment in the Looks of the Children, Madam, said I, there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this Age, in hurrying away the Life of Woman, and confining the Grace and principal Action of it to those Years wherein Reason and Discretion are most feeble, Humour and Passion most powerful. From the time a young Woman of Quality has first appear'd in the Drawing-Room, raised a Whisper and Curiosity of the Men about her, had her Health drank in gay Companies, and distinguished at publick Assemblies; I say, Madam,

Madam, if within three or four Years of her firſt Appearance in Town, ſhe is not diſpoſed of, her Beauty is grown familiar, her Eyes are diſarmed, and we ſeldom after hear her mentioned but with Indifference. What doubles my Grief on this Occaſion is, that the more diſcreetly the Lady behaves her ſelf, the ſooner is her Glory extinguiſhed. Now, Madam, if Merit had a greater weight in our Thoughts, when we form to our ſelves agreeable Characters of Women, Men would think, in making their Choice, of ſuch as would take Care of, as well as ſupply Children for, the Nurſery. It was not thus in the illuſtrious Days of Good Queen *Elizabeth*. I was this Morning turning over a Folio, called *The Compleat Ambaſſador*, conſiſting chiefly of Letters from Lord *Burleigh*, Earl of *Leiceſter*, and Sir *Thomas Smith*. Sir *Thomas* writes a Letter to Sir *Francis Walſingham*, full of Learned Gallantry, wherein you may obſerve he promiſes himſelf the *French* King's Brother (who it ſeems was but a cold Lover) would be quickened by ſeeing the Queen in Perſon, who was then in the Thirty Ninth Year of her Age. A certain Sobriety in Thoughts, Words and Aƈtion, which was the Praiſe of that Age, kept the Fire of Love alive; and it burnt ſo equally, that it warmed and preſerved, without tormenting and conſuming our Beings. The Letter I mention is as follows.

To the Right Worſhipful Mr. Francis Walſingham, *Ambaſſador, Reſident in* France.

SIR,

'I AM ſorry that ſo good a matter ſhould, upon ſo
'nice a Point, be deferred. We may ſay that the
'Lover will do little, if he will not take the Pains once
'to ſee his Love; but ſhe muſt firſt ſay Yea, before he
'ſee her, or ſhe him: Twenty Ways might be deviſed
'why he might come over, and be welcome, and poſ-
'ſibly do more in an Hour than he may in two Years.
'*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos inſidet, & ex*
'*oculis ejaculatur, & in oculos utriuſque videndo non ſo-*
'*lum, ut ait poeta, Fœmina virum, ſed vir fœminam:*
'That powerful Being *Cupid*, who conquers all things,

'reſides

'resides in the Eyes, he sends out all his Darts from 'the Eyes: By throwing Glances at the Eyes (according to the Poet) not only the Woman captivates the 'Man, but also the Man the Woman. What Force, I 'pray you, can Hearsay, and I think, and I trust, do in 'comparison of that, *cùm præsens præsentem tuetur & alloquitur, & furore forsitan amoris actus amplectitur,* 'when they Face to Face see and converse with each 'other, and the Lover in an Extasy, not to be commanded, snatches an Embrace, and saith to himself, 'and openly that she may hear, *Teneone te me, an etiamnum somno volunt fæminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum cupiunt?* Are you in my Arms, my Fair 'One, or do we both dream, and will Women even in 'their Sleep seem forced to what they most desire? 'If we be cold, it is our part, besides the Person, the 'Sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a 'young Man's Part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he should have, he should have but *honorificam repulsam*; even a Repulse here is glorious; the 'worst that can be said of him is but as of *Phaeton,* '*Quam si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis*; Tho' 'he could not command the Chariot of the Sun, his 'Fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, *Hæc est sola nostra Anchora, hæc jacenda est in nobis alea*; 'this is our only Anchor, this Die must be thrown. 'In our Instability, *Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictam stabilitatem facere potest*; 'one lucky Moment would crown and fix all. This, 'or else nothing is to be looked for but continual Dalliance and Doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

From Killingworth, Aug. 22, 1572.

Your assured Friend,

Thomas Smith.'

THOUGH my Lady was in very good Humour upon the Insinuation that, according to the *Elizabeth* Scheme, she was but just advanced above the Character of a Girl; I found the rest of the Company so much disheartned, that they were still but mere Girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature Marriages which

which are ſolemnized in our Days to the Importunity of the Men, which made it impoſſible for young Ladies to remain Virgins ſo long as they wiſh'd from their own Inclinations and the Freedom of a ſingle Life.

THERE is no time of our Life, under what Character ſoever, in which Men can wholly diveſt themſelves of an Ambition to be in the Favour of Women. *Cardan* a grave Philoſopher and Phyſician confeſſes in one of his Chapters, that though he had ſuffer'd Poverty, Repulſes, Calumnies, and a long Series of Afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of Life itſelf, but under a Calamity which he ſuffered from the Beginning of his Twenty firſt to the End of his Thirtieth Year. He tells us, that the Rallery he ſuffered from others and the Contempt which he had of himſelf, were Afflictions beyond Expreſſion. I mention this only as an Argument extorted from this good and grave Man, to ſupport my Opinion of the irreſiſtible Power of Women. He adds in the ſame Chapter, that there are Ten Thouſand Afflictions and Diſaſters attend the Paſſion itſelf; that an idle Word imprudently repeated by a fair Woman, and vaſt Expences to ſupport her Folly and Vanity, every Day reduce Men to Poverty and Death, but he makes them of little Conſideration to the miſerable and inſignificant Condition of being incapable of their Favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of profeſſing I am not ſurpriſed that the Author has expreſſed himſelf after this manner, with relation to Love; the Heroick Chaſtity ſo frequently profeſſed by Humouriſts of the fair Sex, generally, ends in an unworthy Choice, after having overlooked Overtures to their Advantage. It is for this Reaſon that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the Inclinations of the Sexes to each other. Daily Experience ſhews us, that the moſt rude Ruſtick grows human as ſoon as he is inſpired by this Paſſion; it gives a new Grace to our Manners, a new Dignity to our Minds, a new Viſage to our Perſons: Whether we are inclined to liberal Arts, to Arms, or Addreſs in our Exerciſe, our Improvement is haſtened by a particular Object whom we would pleaſe. Chearfulneſs, Gentleneſs, Fortitude, Liberality, Magnificence, and all the Virtues which adorn Men, which inſpire Heroes, are

moſt

moſt conſpicuous in Lovers: I ſpeak of Love as when ſuch as are in this Company are the Objects of it, who can beſtow upon their Husbands (if they follow their excellent Mother) all its Joys without any of its Anxieties.

N° 8. *Friday, March* 20.

——*Animum rege*—— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 62.

Govern the Mind.

A Guardian cannot beſtow his time in any Office more ſuitable to his Character, than in repreſenting the Diſaſters to which we are expoſed by the Irregularity of our Paſſions. I think I ſpeak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I obſerve that they make Men do things unworthy of thoſe very Paſſions. I ſhall illuſtrate this by a Story I have lately read in the *Royal Commentaries of* Peru, wherein you behold an Oppreſſor a moſt contemptible Creature after his Power is at an End; and a Perſon he oppreſſed ſo wholly intent upon Revenge till he had obtained it, that in the Purſuit of it he utterly neglected his own Safety; but when that Motive of Revenge was at an end, returned to a Senſe of Danger, in ſuch a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of Occaſions which offered themſelves for certain Security, and expoſe himſelf from Fear to apparent Hazard. The Motives which I ſpeak of are not indeed ſo much to be called Paſſions, as ill Habits ariſing from Paſſions, ſuch as Pride and Revenge, which are Improvements of our Infirmities, and are methinks but Scorn and Anger regularly conducted: But to my Story.

LICENCIADO Eſquivel, Governor of the City *Potocſi*, commanded 200 Men to march out of that Garriſon towards the Kingdom of *Tucman*, with ſtrict Orders to uſe no *Indians* in carrying their Baggage, and placed himſelf at a convenient Station without the Gates, to obſerve how his Orders were put in Execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that *Indians*

were

were laden with the Baggage of the *Spaniards*, but thought fit to let 'em march by till the laſt Rank of all came up, out of which he ſeized one Man, called *Agu[illegible]* who had two *Indians* laden with his Goods: Wit[illegible] few Days after he was taken in Arreſt, he was ſenten[illegible] to receive 2[illegible] Stripes. *Aguire* repreſented by [illegible] Friends, that he was the Brother of a Gentleman, who had in his Country an Eſtate with Vaſſalage of *Indians*, and hoped his Birth would exempt him from a Puniſhment of ſo much Indignity. *Licenciado* perſiſted in the Kind of Puniſhment he had already pronounced; upon which *Aguire* petitioned that it might be altered to one that he ſhould not ſurvive; and, though a Gentleman, and from that Quality not liable to ſuffer ſo ignominous a Death, humbly beſought his Excellency that he might be hanged. But though *Licenciado* appeared all his Life, before he came into Power, a Perſon of an eaſy and tractable Diſpoſition, he was ſo changed by his Office, that theſe Applications from the unfortunate *Aguire* did but the more gratify his Inſolence; and during the very time of their Mediation for the Priſoner, he inſulted them alſo, by commanding, with a haughty Tone, that his Orders ſhould be executed that very Inſtant. This, as it is uſual on ſuch Occaſions, made the whole Town flock together; but the principal Inhabitants, abhorring the Severity of *Licenciado*, and pitying a Gentleman in the Condition of *Aguire*, went in a Body, and beſought the Governor to ſuſpend, if not remit the Puniſhment. Their Importunities prevailed on him to defer the Execution for eight Days; but when they came to the Priſon with his Warrant, they found *Aguire* already brought forth, ſtripped, and mounted on an Aſs, which is the Poſture wherein the baſeſt Criminals are whipped in that City. His Friends cried out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their Order for ſuſpending his Puniſhment; but the Youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight Days, rejected the Favour, and ſaid, *All my Endeavours have been to keep my ſelf from mounting this Beaſt, and from the ſhame of being ſeen naked; but ſince things are come thus far, let the Sentence proceed, which will be leſs than the Fears and Apprehenſions I ſhall have in theſe eight Days enſuing; beſides,*

fides, I shall not need to give farther trouble to my Friends for Interceffion on my Behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already paffed. After he had faid this, the Afs was whipped forward, and *Aguire* ran the Gantlet according to the Sentence. The calm Manner in which he refigned himfelf, when he found his Difgrace muft be, and the Scorn of rallying with it under a Sufpenfion of a few Days, which Mercy was but another Form of the Governor's Cruelty, made it vifible that he took Comfort in fome fecret Refolution to avenge the Affront.

AFTER this Indignity *Aguire* could not be perfuaded (tho' the Inhabitants of *Potofi* often importuned him from the Spirit they faw in him) to go upon any Military Undertaking, but excufed himfelf with a modeft Sadnefs in his Countenance, faying, *That after fuch a Shame as his was, Death muft be his only Remedy and Confolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as foon as poffible.*

UNDER this Melancholy he remain'd in *Peru*, until the time in which the Office of *Efquivel* expired; after which, like a defperate Man he purfued and followed him, watching an Opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the Shame of the late Affront. *Efquivel* being informed of this defperate Refolution by his Friends, endeavoured to avoid his Enemy, and took a Journey of three or four hundred Leagues from him, fuppofing that *Aguire* would not purfue him at fuch a Diftance; but *Efquivel*'s Flight did but increafe *Aguire*'s Speed in following. The firft Journey which *Efquivel* took was to the City *Los Reyes*, being three hundred and twenty Leagues diftant; but in lefs than fifteen Days *Aguire* was there with him: Whereupon *Efquivel* took another Flight, as far as to the City of *Quito*, being four hundred Leagues diftant from *Los Reyes*, but in a little more than twenty Days *Aguire* was again with him; which being intimated to *Efquivel*, he took another Leap as far as *Cozco*, which is five hundred Leagues from *Quito*; but in a few Days after he arrived there, came alfo *Aguire*, travelling all the way on Foot, without Shoes or Stockings, faying, That it became not the

the Condition of a whipt Raſcal to travel on Horſeback, or appear amongſt Men. In this manner did *Ag*[illegible] haunt and purſue *Eſquivel* for three Years and [illegible] Months; who being now tired and wearied with ſo[illegible] ry long and tedious Journeys, reſolved to fix his a[illegible] at *Cozco*, where he believed that *Aguire* would ſcarce [illegible] venture to attem[illegible]y thing againſt him, for f[illegible] of the Judge who gov[illegible] that City, who was a ſevere Man, impartial and [illegible] in all his Proceedings; and accordingly took a Lodging in t[illegible] [illegible]e of the Street of the great Church, where he lived with great Care and Caution, wearing a Co[illegible]t of Mail under his upper Coat, and went always armed with his Sword and Dagger, which are Weapons not agreeable to his Profeſſion. However *Aguire* followed thither alſo, and having in vain dogged him from Place to Place, Day after Day, he reſolved to make the Attempt upon him in his own Houſe, which he entred, and wandred from Room to Room, till at laſt he came into his Study where *Licenciado* lay on a Couch aſleep. *Aguire* ſtabbed him with his Dagger with great Tranquillity, and very leiſurely wounded him in other Parts of the Body, which were not covered with his Coat of Mail. He went out of the Houſe in Safety; but as his Reſentment was ſated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable Temper of the Governor of the Place. Under this Apprehenſion he had not Compoſure enough to fly to a Sanctuary, which was near the Place where he committed the Fact; but ran into the Street, frantick and diſtracted, proclaiming himſelf a Criminal, by crying out, Hide me, hide me.

THE wretched Fate and poor Behaviour of *Licenciado*, in flying his Country to avoid the ſame Perſon whom he had before treated with ſo much Inſolence, and the high Reſentment of a Man ſo inconſiderable, as *Aguire*, when much injured, are good Admonitions to little Spirits in exalted Stations, to take care how they treat brave Men in low Condition.

Saturday,

N° 9. *Saturday, March* 21.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinæ. Liv.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of Wealth and Grandeur, by means of an extensive Commerce both by Sea and Land, by an Increase of the People, and by the Rigour of their Laws and Discipline.

MANY of the Subjects of my Papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the Conversation, or learned from the Conduct of a Gentleman, who has been very conversant in our Family, by Name Mr. *Charwell.* This Person was formerly a Merchant in this City, who by exact Oeconomy, great Frugality, and very fortunate Adventures, was about twenty Years since, and the fortieth Year of his Age, arrived to the Estate which we usually call a Plumb. This was a Sum so much beyond his first Ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the Town, and the Business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his Money upon the Purchase of a Nobleman's Estate, not many Miles distant from the Country Seat of my Lady *Lizard.* From this Neighbourhood our first Acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal Application on both Sides. Mr. *Charwell* visits very few Gentlemen in the Country; his most frequent Airings in the Summer time are Visits to my Lady *Lizard.* And if ever his Affairs bring him up to Town during the Winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her House, or to make one at her Tea-Table, to take her Commands for the Country.

I shall hardly be able to give an Account how this Gentleman has employed the twenty Years since he made the Purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the Conditions of the Estate.

THE

THE Eſtate then conſiſted of a good large old Houſe, a Park of 2[illegible]00 Acres, 8000 Acres more of Land divided into Farms. The Land not barren, but the Country very thin of People, and theſe the only Conſumers of the Wheat and Barley that grew upon the Premiſes. A River running by the Houſe, which was in the Center of the Eſtate, but the ſame not navigable, and the rendring it navigable had been oppoſed by the Generality of the whole Country. The Roads exceſſive bad, and no poſſibility of getting off the Tenants Corn, but at ſuch a Price of Carriage as would exceed the whole Value when it came to Market. The Underwoods all deſtroyed to lay the Country open to my Lord's Pleaſures; but there was indeed the leſs Want of this Fuel, there being large Coal-pits in the Eſtate, within two Miles of the Houſe, and ſuch a Plenty of Coals as was ſufficient for whole Counties. But then the Want of Water Carriage made theſe alſo a meer Drug, and almoſt every Man's for fetching. Many Timber Trees were ſtill ſtanding only for want of Chapmen, very little being uſed for Building in a Country ſo thin of People, and thoſe at a greater diſtance being in no likelihood of buying Pennyworths, if they muſt be at the Charge of Land-Carriage. Yet every Tree was valued at a much greater Price than would be given for it in the Place; ſo was every Acre of Land in the Park; and as for the Tenants they were all racked to Extremity, and almoſt every one of them Beggars. All theſe things Mr. *Charwell* knew very well, yet was not diſcouraged from going on with his Purchaſe.

BUT in the firſt place, he reſolved that a hundred in Family ſhould not ruin him, as it had done his Predeceſſor. Therefore pretending to diſlike the Situation of the old Houſe, he made Choice of another at a Mile diſtance higher up the River, at a Corner of the Park, where, at the Expence of 4 or 5000 *l.* and all the Ornaments of the old Houſe, he built a new one, with all convenient Offices more ſuitable to his Revenues, yet not much larger than my Lord's Dog-kennel, and a great deal leſs than his Lordſhip's Stables.

THE next thing was to reduce his Park. He took down a great many Pales, and with theſe incloſed only

200 Acres of it near adjoining to his new Houſe. The Reſt he converted to breeding Cattle, which yielded greater Profit.

THE Tenants began now to be very much diſſatiſfied with the Loſs of my Lord's Family, which had been a conſtant Market for great Quantities of their Corn; and with the diſparking ſo much Land, by which Proviſions were likely to be increaſed in ſo unpeopled a Country. They were afraid they muſt be obliged themſelves to conſume the whole Product of their Farms, and that they ſhould be ſoon undone by the Oeconomy and Frugality of this Gentleman.

Mr. *Charwell* was ſenſible their Fears were but too juſt; and that if neither their Goods could be carried off to diſtant Markets, nor the Markets brought home to their Goods, his Tenants muſt run away from their Farms. He had no Hopes of making the River navigable, which was a Point that could not be obtained by all the Intereſt of his Predeceſſor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a Man who was not yet known in the Country. All that was left for him was to bring the Market home to his Tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his Purchaſe. He had even then projected in his Thoughts the Plan of a great Town juſt below the old Houſe; he therefore preſently ſet himſelf about the Execution of his Project.

THE thing has ſucceeded to his Wiſh. In the Space of twenty Years he is ſo fortunate as to ſee 1000 new Houſes upon his Eſtate, and at leaſt 5000 new People, Men, Women and Children, Inhabitants of thoſe Houſes, who are comfortably ſubſiſted by their own Labour, without Charge to Mr. *Charwell*, and to the great Profit of his Tenants.

IT cannot be imagined that ſuch a Body of People can be ſubſiſted at leſs than 5 *l. per* Head, or 25000 *l. per Ann.* the greateſt Part of which Sum is annually expended for Proviſions among the Farmers of the next adjacent Lands. And as the Tenants of Mr. *Charwell* are neareſt of all others to the Market, they have the beſt Prices for their Goods by all that is ſaved in the Carriage.

BUT

BUT some Provisions are of that Nature, that they will not bear a much longer Carriage than from the extreme Parts of his Lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single Article of Milk, at a Pint every Day for every House, his Tenants take from this Town not much less than 500 *l. per Ann.*

THE Soil of all Kinds, which is made every Year by the Consumption of so great a Town, I have heard has been valued at 2[illegible] *per Ann.* If this be true, the Estate of Mr. *Charwell* is so much improved in this very Article, since all this is carried out upon his Lands by the back Carriage of those very Carts which were loaden by his Tenants with Provisions and other Necessaries for the People.

A hundred thousand Bushels of Coals are necessary to supply so great a Multitude with yearly Fuel. And as these are taken out of the Coal-pits of Mr. *Charwell*, he receives a Penny for every Bushel; so that this very Article is an Addition of 400 *l. per Ann.* to his Revenues. And as the Town and People are every Year increasing, the Revenues in the abovementioned, and many other Articles are increasing in proportion.

THERE is now no longer any want of the Family of the Predecessor. The Consumption of 5000 People is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest Families in *Great Britain*. The Tenants stand in no need of distant Markets, to take off the Product of their Farms. The People so near their own Doors are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this Purpose is supplied from Places at greater Distance, at whatsoever Price of Carriage.

ALL the Farmers every where near the River are now, in their turn, for an Act of Parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy Carriage for their Corn to so good a Market. The Tenants of Mr. *Charwell*, that they may have the whole Market to themselves, are almost the only Persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: Their Leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other Persons ready to take their Farms at more than double the present Rents, even though the River should

ſhould be made navigable, and diſtant People let in to ſell their Proviſions together with theſe Farmers.

AS for Mr. *Charwell* himſelf, he is in no manner of Pain leſt his Lands ſhould fall in their Value by the cheap Carriage of Proviſions from diſtant Places to his Town. He knows very well that Cheapneſs of Proviſions was one great Means of bringing together ſo great Numbers, and that they muſt be held together by the ſame Means. He ſeems to have nothing more in his Thoughts, than to increaſe his Town to ſuch an Extent, that all the Country for ten Miles round about ſhall be little enough to ſupply it. He conſiders that at how great a Diſtance ſoever Proviſions ſhall be brought thither, they muſt end at laſt in ſo much Soil for his Eſtate, and that the Farmers of other Lands will by this means contribute to the Improvement of his own.

BUT by what Encouragement and Rewards, by what Arts and Policies, and what ſort of People he has invited to live upon his Eſtate, and how he has enabled them to ſubſiſt by their own Labour, to the great Improvement of his Lands, will be the Subjects of ſome of my future Precautions.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *March* 16.

'BY Your Paper of *Saturday* laſt, you give the 'Town Hopes that you will dedicate that Day to 'Religion. You could not begin it better than by warn'ing your Pupils of the Poiſon vented under a Pretence 'to *Free-thinking*. If you can ſpare Room in your next '*Saturday*'s Paper for a few Lines on the ſame Subject, 'theſe are at your Diſpoſal.

'I happened to be preſent at a publick Converſa'tion of ſome of the Defenders of this *Diſcourſe of Free-thinking*, and others that differed from them; where 'I had the Diverſion of hearing the ſame Man in one 'Breath perſuade us to Freedom of Thought, and in 'the next offer to demonſtrate that we had no Freedom 'in any thing. One would think Men ſhould bluſh to 'find themſelves entangled in a greater Contradiction 'than any the *Diſcourſe* ridicules. This Principle of

free

'*free Fatality* or *necessary Liberty* is a worthy Fundamental of the new Sect; and indeed this Opinion is an Evidence and Clearness so nearly related to *Transubstantiation*, that the same Genius seems requisite for either.' It is fit the World should know how far Reason abandons Men that would employ it against Religion; which Intention, I hope, justifies this Trouble from,

SIR,

Your Hearty Well-wisher,

Misatheus.

Nº 10. *Monday, March* 23.

Venit ad me sæpe clamitans ——
Vestitu nimiùm indulges, nimiùm ineptus es,
Nimiùm ipse est durus præter æquumque & bonum.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my Ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the Article of Dress: but the Fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable Severity.

WHEN I am in deep Meditation in order to give my Wards proper Precautions, I have a principal Regard to the Prevalence of things which People of Merit neglect, and from which those of no Merit raise to themselves an Esteem; of this Nature is the Business of Dress. It is weak in a Man of Thought and Reflexion to be either depressed or exalted from the Perfections or Disadvantages of his Person. However there is a respective Conduct to be observed in the Habit, according to the eminent Distinction of the Body, either way. A gay Youth in the Possession of an ample Fortune could not recommend his Understanding to those who are not of his Acquaintance more suddenly, than by Sobriety in his Habit; as this is winning at first Sight, so a Person gorgeously fine, which in it self should avoid the

the Attraction of the Beholders Eyes, gives an immediate Offence.

I make it my Business when my Lady *Lizard*'s youngest Daughter, Miss *Molly*, is making Clothes, to consider her from Head to Foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the Colour of a Knot, or any other Part of her Head-dress; which by its Darkness or Liveliness might too much allay or brighten her Complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a Vice not to take care how you look.

THE Indiscretion of believing that great Qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every Day's Experience shews us, among variety of People with whom we are not acquainted, that we take Impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of Men at first sight from their Habit. I take this to be a point of great Consideration, and I shall consider it in my future Precautions as such. As to the Female World, I shall give them my Opinion at large by way of Comment upon a new Suit of the *Sparkler*'s, which is to come home next Week. I design it a Model for the Ladies; she and I have had three private Meetings about it. As to the Men, I am very glad to hear, being my self a Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, that there is at last in one of our Universities risen a happy Genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the College as unable to put on our own Clothes as we do from Nurse. We owe many Misfortunes, and an unhappy Backwardness in urging our way in the World, to the neglect of these less Matters. For this Reason I shall authorize and support the Gentleman who writes me the following Letter; and tho' out of Diffidence of the Reception his Proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a Figure; I doubt not but from his Notices to make Men who cannot arrive at Learning in that Place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing Bookish.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *Oxford, March* 18, 1712-13.

I Foreſee that you will have many Correſpondents in this Place; but as I have often obſerved with Grief of Heart, that Scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the Science I profeſs, I flatter my ſelf that my Letter will gain a Place in your Papers. I have made it my Study, Sir, in theſe Seats of Learning, to look into the Nature of Dreſs, and am what they call an *Academical Beau.* I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave Habit, ſince by that means I have not an Opportunity to introduce Faſhions amongſt our young Gentlemen; and ſo am forced, contrary to my own Inclinations, and the Expectation of all who know me, to appear in Print. I have indeed met with ſome Succeſs in the Projects I have communicated to ſome Sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a Secret Triumph confeſs, that the Sleeves turned up with Green Velvet, which now flouriſh throughout the Univerſity, ſprung originally from my Invention.

‘AS it is neceſſary to have the Head clear [illegible], as well as the Complexion, to be perfect in this pa[illegible]rt of Learning, I rarely mingle with the Men; (fo[illegible] I abhor Wine) but frequent the Tea-Tables of th[illegible] Ladies. I know every part of their Dreſs, a[illegible]d can name all their Things by their Names. [illegible] am conſulted about every Ornament they buy; [illegible]nd, I ſpeak it without Vanity, have a very pretty [illegible]ancy to Knots and the like. Sometimes I take a N[illegible]eedle, and Spot a Piece of Muſlin for pretty *Patt*[illegible] *Croſs-ſtitch*, who is my preſent Favourite, which [illegible]he ſays, I do neatly enough; or read one of yo[illegible]r Papers, and explain the Motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a ſort of petty Tyrant amongſt them, for I own I have my Humours. If any thing be amiſs, they are ſure Mr. *Sleek* will find fault; if any hoity-toity Things make a Fuſs, they are ſure to be taken to pieces the next Viſit. I am the dread of poor *Celia*, whoſe Wrapping-Gown is not right *India*; and am avoided by *Thalaſtris* in her Second-hand Manteau, which ſeveral Maſters of Arts think

very

'very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scour'd 'with half an Eye.

'THUS have I endeavour'd to improve my Under-'standing, and am desirous to communicate my inno-'cent Discoveries to those, who, like me, may distin-'guish themselves more to Advantage by their Bodies 'than their Minds. I do not think the Pains I have 'taken, in these my Studies, thrown away; since by 'these means, tho' I am not very valuable, I am how-'ever not disagreeable. Would Gentlemen but reflect 'upon what I say, they would take care to make the 'best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a 'Blockhead should be a Sloven. Though every Man 'cannot fill his Head with Learning, 'tis in any one's 'Power to wear a pretty Periwig; let him who cannot 'say a witty Thing, keep his Teeth white at least; he 'who hath no knack at writing Sonnets, may however 'have a soft Hand; and he may arch his Eye-brows, 'who hath not strength of Genius for the Mathema-'ticks.

'AFTER the Conclusion of the Peace we shall un-'doubtedly have new Fashions from *France*; and I have 'some reason to think that some Particularities in the 'Garb of their *Abbés* may be transplanted hither to Ad-'vantage. What I find becoming in their Dress I hope 'I may, without the Imputation of being Popishly in-'clined, adopt into our Habits; but would willingly 'have the Authority of the *Guardian* to Countenance 'me in this harmless Design. I would not hereby as-'sume to my self a Jurisdiction over any of our Youth, 'but such as are incapable of Improvement any other 'way. As for the aukward Creatures that mind their 'Studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over 'the aforementioned Order of Men, I desire a Com-'mission from you to exercise full Authority. Hereby 'I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce se-'veral pretty Oddnesses in the taking and tucking up 'of Gowns, to regulate the Dimensions of Wigs, to 'vary the Tufts upon Caps, and to enlarge or narrow 'the Hems of Bands, as I shall think most for the Pub-'lick Good.

'I have prepared a Treatise against the Cravat and
'Bardash, which I am told is not ill done; and have
'thrown together some hasty Observations upon Stock-
'ings, which my Friends assure me I need not be a-
'shamed of. But I shall not offer them to the Publick,
'till they are approved of at our Female Club; which
'I am the more willing to do, beause I am sure of their
'Praise; for they own I understand these things better
'than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your
'Encouragement; for next to keeping the University
'clean, my greatest Ambition is to be thought,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
Simon Sleek.

Nº 11. *Tuesday, March* 24.

——— Huc propius me,
Dum doceo Insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 80.

Attend my Lecture, whilst I plainly show,
That all Mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of Reproof, which takes off from the Sharpness of it; and an Address in Flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: But of all Flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues you do it for his Sake; the most winning Circumstance in the World being the Conformity of Manners. I speak of this as a Practice necessary in gaining People of Sense, who are not yet given up to Self-Conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much Delicacy. The following Letter puts this Matter in a pleasant and uncommon Light: The Author of it attacks this Vice with

with an Air of Compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'AS you profess to encourage all those who any 'way contribute to the Publick Good, I flatter 'my self I may claim your Countenance and Protection. 'I am by Profession a Mad Doctor, but of a peculiar 'Kind, not of those whose Aim it is to remove Phren- 'zies, but one who makes it my Business to confer an 'agreeable Madness on my Fellow-Creatures, for their 'mutual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the 'Philosophers, that Happiness and Misery consist chief- 'ly in the Imagination, nothing is more necessary to 'Mankind in general than this pleasing Delirium, which 'renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades 'him that all others are equally so.

'I have for several Years, both at home and abroad, 'made this Science my particular Study, which I may 'venture to say I have improved in almost all the Courts 'of *Europe*; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a 'Method, as to practise it on both Sexes, of what Dis- 'position, Age or Quality soever, with Success. What 'enables me to perform this great Work, is the Use of 'my *Obsequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to 'support the Spirits of human Nature. This Reme- 'dy is of the most grateful Flavour in the World, and 'agrees with all Tastes whatever. 'Tis delicate to the 'Senses, delightful in the Operation, may be taken at all 'Hours without Confinement, and is as properly given 'at a Ball or Play-house as in a private Chamber. It 'restores and vivifies the most dejected Minds, corrects 'and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge of a 'Man's self. One Dose of it will instantly disperse it 'self through the whole Animal System, dissipate the 'first Motions of Distrust so as never to return, and so 'exhilerate the Brain and rarify the Gloom of Reflexion, 'as to give the Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Viva- 'city of Behaviour, and a pleasing Dependence upon 'their own Capacities.

'LET a Person be never so far gone, I advise him 'not to despair; even though he has been troubled ma-'ny Years with restless Reflexions, which by long 'Neglect have hardened into settled Consideration. 'Those that have been stung with Satire may here 'find a certain Antidote, which infallibly disperses all 'the Remains of Poison that has been left in the Un-'derstanding by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart a-'gainst the Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of 'Epigrams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as 'has been often experienced by several Persons of both 'Sexes, during the Seasons of *Tunbridge* and the '*Bath*.

'I could, as farther Instances of my Success, pro-'duce Certificates and Testimonials from the Favourites 'and Ghostly Fathers of the most eminent Princes of '*Europe*; but shall content my self with the Mention of 'a few Cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand* '*Universal Restorative*, during the Practice of one 'Month only since I came to this City.

Cures in the Month of February, 1713.

'*GEORGE SPONDEE*, Esq; Poet, and In-'mate of the Parish of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, fell 'into violent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third Night. 'He had been frighted into a Vertigo by the Sound of 'Cat-calls on the First Day; and the frequent Hissings 'on the Second made him unable to endure the bare 'Pronunciation of the Letter *S*. I searched into the 'Causes of his Distemper; and by the Prescription of a 'Dose of my *Obsequium*, prepared *secundum Artem*, 'recovered him to his natural State of Madness. I 'cast in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill taste of* '*the Town, Envy of Criticks, bad Performance of the* '*Actors*, and the like. He is so perfectly cured that 'he has promised to bring another Play upon the Stage 'next Winter.

'A Lady of professed Virtue, of the Parish of St. '*James's Westminster*, who hath desired her Name 'may be concealed, having taken Offence at a Phrase 'of double Meaning in Conversation, undiscovered by

'any

'any other in the Company, suddenly fell into a cold 'Fit of Modesty. Upon a right Application of Praise 'of her Virtue, I threw the Lady into an agreeable 'waking Dream, settled the Fermentation of her Blood 'into a warm Charity, so as to make her look with 'Patience on the very Gentleman that offended.

'*HILARIA*, of the Parish of St. *Giles's in the 'Fields*, a Coquette of long Practice, was by the Repri-'mand of an old Maiden reduced to look grave in 'Company, and deny her self the Play of the Fan. In 'short, she was brought to such melancholy Circum-'stances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into 'Devotion at Church. I advis'd her to take a few *in-'nocent Freedoms with occasional Kisses*, prescribed her 'the *Exercise of the Eyes*, and immediately raised her 'to her former State of Life. She on a sudden recover-'ed her Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her 'Glances, and for these two *Sundays* last past has not 'once been seen in an attentive Posture. This the 'Church-Wardens are ready to attest upon Oath.

'*ANDREW TERROR*, of the *Middle-Temple*, '*Mohock*, was almost induced by an aged Bencher of 'the same House to leave off bright Conversation, and 'pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was so ill that his 'Hat began to flap, and he was seen one Day in the 'last Term at *Westminster-Hall*. This Patient had 'quite lost his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Distil-'lation of a few of my vivifying Drops in his Ear, 'drew him from his Lethargy, and restored him to his 'usual vivacious Misunderstanding. He is at present 'very easy in his Condition.

'I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innumera-'ble Cures I have performed within Twenty Days last 'past; but rather proceed to exhort all Persons of what-'ever Age, Complexion or Quality, to take as soon as 'possible of this my intellectual Oil; which applied at 'the Ear seizes all the Senses with a most agreeable 'Transport, and discovers its Effects, not only to the 'Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who converse with, 'attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that re-'ceives the kindly Infection. It is often administred by 'Chamber-Maids, Valets, or any the most ignorant

'Domestic; it being one peculiar Excellence of this 'my Oil, that 'tis most prevalent, the more unskilful 'the Person is or appears who applies it. It is abso'lutely necssary for Ladies to take a Dose of it just be'fore they take Coach to go a visiting.

'BUT I offend the Publick, as *Horace* said, when 'I trespass on any of your Time. Give me leave then, 'Mr. *Ironside*, to make you a Present of a Drachm or 'two of my Oil; though I have Cause to fear my Pre'scriptions will not have the Effect upon you I could 'wish: Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in 'my Favour by the Present of my Oil, but wholly de'pend upon your Publick Spirit and Generosity; which, 'I hope, will recommend to the World the useful En'deavours of,

SIR,

Your most Obedient, most Faithful, most Devoted,

most Humble Servant and Admirer,

GNATHO.

'*†* Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

'*N. B.* I teach the *Arcana* of my Art at reasonable 'Rates to Gentlemen of the Universities, who desire to 'be qualified for writing Dedications; and to young 'Lovers and Fortune-hunters, to be paid at the Day of 'Marriage. I instruct Persons of bright Capacities to 'flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter them'selves.

'I was the first Inventor of Pocket Looking-Glasses.

Wednesday,

Nº 12. *Wednesday, March* 25.

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus——
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 84.

Imitated.

You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former Reign,
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
Who scorn a Lad shou'd match his Father's Skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
POPE.

WHEN a Poem makes its first Appearance in the World, I have always observed, that it gives Employment to a greater number of Criticks, than any other kind of Writing. Whether it be that most Men, at some time of their Lives, have try'd their Talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd Observations upon the Polite Arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some Jealousy and Caution in bestowing Applause upon those who write chiefly for Fame. Whatever the Reasons be, we find few discouraged by the Delicacy and Danger of such an Undertaking.

I think it certain that most Men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable Pictures in the Fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false Applications of some Rules ill understood, or out of Deference to Men whose Opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain Schemes and Systems of Satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not Criticks themselves, but Readers of Criticks, who, without the Labour of perusing Authors, are able to give their Characters in general; and know just as much of the several

Species of Poetry, as those who read Books of Geography do of the Genius of this or that People or Nation. These Gentlemen deliver their Opinions sententiously, and in general Terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete Answers, they have often the Satisfaction of leaving the Board in Triumph. As young Persons, and particularly the Ladies, are liable to be led aside by these Tyrants in Wit, I shall examine two or three of the many Stratagems they use, and subjoin such Precautions as may hinder candid Readers from being deceived thereby.

THE first I shall take notice of is an Objection commonly offered, *viz. That such a Poem hath indeed some good Lines in it, but it is not a regular Piece.* This for the most part is urged by those whose Knowledge is drawn from some famous *French* Criticks, who have written upon the Epic Poem, the Drama, and the great kinds of Poetry, which cannot subsist without great Regularity; but ought by no means to be required in Odes, Epistles, Panegyricks, and the like, which naturally admit of greater Liberties. The Enthusiasm in Odes, and the Freedom of Epistles, is rarely disputed: But I have often heard the Poems upon Publick Occasions written in Heroick Verse, which I choose to call Panegyricks, severely censured upon this Account; the Reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of Numbers and Spirit as an Epic Poem, they ought therefore to have the same Regularity. Now an Epic Poem consisting chiefly in Narration, it is necessary that the Incidents should be related in the same Order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in Works of the abovementioned kind, there is no more Reason that such Order should be observed, than that an Oration should be as methodical as an History. I think it sufficient that the great Hints, suggested from the Subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the Reader for what follows, and so on: and that their Places cannot be changed without Disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle Deviations, sometimes bold and even abrupt Digressions, where the Dignity of the Subject seems to give the Impulse,

pulse, are Proofs of a noble Genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main Design, are marks of Address and Dexetrity.

ANOTHER Artifice made use of by Pretenders to Criticism, as an Insinuation, *That all that is good is borrowed from the Ancients.* This is very common in the Mouths of Pedants, and perhaps in their Hearts too; but is often urged by Men of no great Learning, for Reasons very obvious. Now Nature being still the same, it is impossible for any Modern Writer to paint her otherwise than the Ancients have done. If, for Example, I was to describe the General's Horse at the Battle of *Blenheim*, as my Fancy represented such a noble Beast, and that Description should resemble what *Virgil* hath drawn for the Horse of his Hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stollen my Description from *Virgil*, as to reproach the Duke of *Marlborough* for fighting only like *Æneas*. All that the most exquisite Judgment can perform is, out of that great Variety of Circumstances, wherein natural Objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place Images in such Views and Lights, as will affect the Fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just Painting of Nature, a learned Reader will find a new Beauty superadded in a happy Imitation of some famous Ancient, as it revives in his Mind the Pleasure he took in his first reading such an Author. Such Copyings as these give that kind of double Delight which we perceive when we look upon the Children of a beautiful Couple; where the Eye is not more charm'd with the Symmetry of the Parts, than the Mind by observing the Resemblance transmitted from Parents to their Offspring, and the ming'ed Features of the Father and Mother. The Phrases of Holy Writ, and Allusions to several Passages in the Inspired Writings, (though not produced as Proofs of Doctrine) add Majesty and Authority to the noblest Discourses of the Pulpit: In like manner an Imitation of the Air of *Homer* and *Virgil* raises the Dignity of Modern Poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

THE last Observation I shall make at present is upon the Disgust taken by those Criticks, who put on their

their Cloths prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written *with Ease*. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned World to understand, that every Thought which is agreeable to Nature, and exprest in Language suitable to it, is written with Ease. There are some Things which must be written with Strength, which nevertheless are easy. The Statue of the *Gladiator*, though represented in such a Posture as strains every Muscle, is as easy as that of *Venus*; because the one expresses Strength and Fury as naturally as the other doth Beauty and Softness. The Passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the Fancy to be entertained; and the Soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised figurative Stile; which Readers of low Apprehensions or soft and languid Dispositions (having heard of the Word, *Fustian* and *Bombast*) are apt to reject as stiff and affected Language. But Nature and Reason appoint different Garbs for different Things; and since I write this to the Men of Dress, I will ask them if a Soldier who is to mount a Breach, should be adorned like a Beau, who is spruced up for a Ball?

N° 13. *Thursday, March 26.*

Pudore & Liberalitate Liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quàm metu.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

I esteem it better to keep Children in awe by a Sense of Shame, and a Condescension to their Inclinations, than by Fear.

THE Reader has had some Account of the whole Family of the *Lizards*, except the younger Sons. These are the Branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other Houses, and new Generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived.

For

For this Reason it is, that a very peculiar Regard is to be had to their Education.

YOUNG Men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own Inclinations, delight either in those Accomplishments we call their Exercise, in the Sports of the Field, or in Letters. Mr. *Thomas*, the second Son, does not follow any of these with too deep an Attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear Ugraceful or Ignorant. This general Inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the Imputation of Pedantry. His Carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the Inclination of his Company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains Favour without Envy, and has every Man's good Wishes. It is remarkable, that from his Birth to this Day, though he is now Four and Twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a Debate with any of his Play-fellows or Friends.

HIS Thoughts, and present Applications, are to get into a Court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this Complacency of Manners a great natural Sagacity, and can very well distinguish between Things and Appearances. That way of Life, wherein all Men are Rivals, demands great Circumspection to avoid Controversies arising from different Interests; but he who is by Nature of a flexible Temper has his Work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his Behaviour towards Women; he has the Skill, in their Conversation, to converse with them as a Man would with those from whom he might have Expectations, but without making Requests. I don't know that I ever heard him make what they call a Compliment, or be particular in his Address to any Lady; and yet I never heard any Woman speak of him but with a peculiar Regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a Lover. The great Secret among them is to be amiable without Design. He has a voluble Speech, a vacant Countenance, and easy Action, which represents the Fact which he is relating with greater Delight than it would have been to have been present

at

at the Tranſaction he recounts. For you ſee it only your own way by the bare Narration, but have the additional Pleaſure of his Senſe of it by his manner of repreſenting it. There are mixed in his Talk ſo many pleaſant Ironies, that Things which deſerve the ſevereſt Language are made Ridiculous inſtead of Odious, and you ſee every thing in the moſt good-natur'd Aſpect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him ſo exquiſitely pleaſant, and never ſay an ill-natured thing. He is with all his Acquaintance the Perſon generally choſen to reconcile any Difference, and if it be capable of Accommodation *Tom Lizard* is an unexceptionable *Referée*. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employ'd, by each Oppoſite in a private manner, to feel the Pulſe of the Adverſary; and when each has propoſed the Deciſion of the matter by any whom the other ſhould name, he has taken hold of the Occaſion, and put on the Authority aſſigned by them both, ſo ſeaſonably, that they have began a new Correſpondence with each other, fortified by his Friendſhip to whom they both owe the Value they have for one another, and conſequently confer a greater meaſure of their Good-will upon the Interpoſer. I muſt repeat, that above all, my young Man is excellent at raiſing the Subject on which he ſpeaks, and caſting a Light upon it more agreeable to his Company, than they thought the Subject was capable of. He avoids all Emotion and Violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate Occaſion. Gentleneſs is what peculiarly diſtinguiſhes him from other Men, and it runs through all his Words and Actions.

Mr. *William*, the next Brother, is not of this ſmooth Make, nor ſo ready to accommodate himſelf to the Humours and Inclinations of other Men, but to weigh what paſſes with ſome Severity. He is ever ſearching into the firſt Springs and Cauſes of any Action or Circumſtance, inſomuch, that if it were not to be expected that Experience and Converſation would allay that Humour, it muſt inevitably turn him to Ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquiſitive Temper, that is of Uſe to him in the Way of Life which he propoſes to himſelf, to wit, the Study of the Law,

and

and the Endeavour to arrive at a Faculty in Pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any Pretensions to follow Men already eminent, any farther than as their Succeſs is an Encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cheriſh, in the principal and firſt place, his eager purſuit of ſolid Knowledge in his Profeſſion: For I think that clear Conception will produce clear Expreſſion, and clear Expreſſion proper Action: I never ſaw a Man ſpeak very well, where I could not apparently obſerve this, and it ſhall be a Maxim with me till I ſee an Inſtance to the Contrary. When young and unexperienced Men take any particular Perſon for their Pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch Things, to which their want of Knowledge makes them attribute Succeſs, and not to the real Cauſes of it. Thus one may have an Air, which proceeds from a juſt Sufficiency and Knowledge of the Matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome Motion of his Head and Body, which might become the Bench better than the Bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a Youth at his firſt Appearance, when it is not well even from the Sergeant of the greateſt Weight and Dignity. But I will, at this time, with an Hint only of his Way of Life, leave Mr. *William* at his Study in the *Temple*.

THE Youngeſt Son, Mr. *John*, is now in the Twentieth Year of his Age, and has had the good Fortune and Honour to be choſen laſt Election Fellow of *All-Souls* College in *Oxford*. He is very graceful in his Perſon; has Height, Strength, Vigour, and a certain Chearfulneſs and Serenity that creates a ſort of Love, which People at firſt Sight obſerve is ripening into Eſteem. He has a Sublime Vein in Poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in Speech or Writing, whatever he has earneſtly at Heart. This excellent young Man has devoted himſelf to the Service of his Creator; and with an Aptitude to every agreeable Quality, and every happy Talent, that could make a Man ſhine in a Court, or command in a Camp, he is reſolved to go into holy Orders. He is inſpired with a true Senſe of that Function, when choſen from a Regard to the Intereſts of Piety and Virtue, and a Scorn of whatever Men call

Great

Great in a transitory Being, when it comes in competition with what is Unchangeable and Eternal. Whatever Men would undertake from a Passion to Glory, whatever they would do for the Service of their Country, this Youth has a Mind prepared to atchieve for the Salvation of Souls. What gives me great Hopes that he will one Day make an extraordinary Figure in the Christian World, is, that his Invention, his Memory, Judgment and Imagination, are always employ'd upon this one View; and I do not doubt but in my future Precautions to present the Youth of this Age with more agreeable Narrations, compiled by this young Man on the Subject of Heroic Piety than any they can meet with in the Legends of Love and Honour.

N° 14. *Friday, March 27.*

Nec sit, qua sit iter, nec si sciat imperet———
Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 170.

———— *Nor did he know*
Which way to turn the Reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the Horses, had he known, obey.
ADDISON.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'YOU having in your First Paper declared, among 'other things, that you will publish whatever 'you think may conduce to the Advancement of 'the Conversation of Gentlemen, I cannot but hope you 'will give my young Masters, when I have told you 'their Age, Condition, and how they lead their Lives, 'and who, though I say it, are as docile as any Youth 'in *Europe*, a Lesson which they very much want, to 'restrain 'em from the Infection of bad Company, and 'squandering away their Time in idle and unworthy 'Pursuits. A Word from you, I am very well assured, 'will prevail more with them than any Remonstrance 'they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about

about Seventeen Years of Age, and the Younger Fifteen, born of noble Parentage, and to plentiful Fortunes. ' They have a very good Father and Mother, and alſo a ' Governor, but come very ſeldom (except againſt their ' Wills) in the Sight of any of them. That which I ob-' ſerve they have moſt Reliſh to is Horſes and Cock-' fighting, which they too too well underſtand, being ' almoſt poſitive at firſt Sight to tell you which Horſe ' will win the Match, and which Cock the Battle; ' and if you are of another Opinion, will lay you ' what you pleaſe on their own, and 'tis odds but ' you loſe. What I fear to be the greateſt Prejudice ' to them, is their keeping much cloſer to their Horſes ' Heels than their Books, and converſing more with ' their Stable-men and Lacquies than with their Re-' lations and Gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at ' this time better skill'd how to hold the Reins, ' and drive a Coach, than to tranſlate a Verſe in ' *Virgil* or *Horace*. For t'other Day taking a Walk ' abroad, they met accidentally in the Fields with ' two young Ladies, whoſe Converſation they were ' very much pleas'd with, and being deſirous to ' ingratiate themſelves further into their Favour, pre-' vail'd with 'em, tho' they had never ſeen them ' before in their Lives, to take the Air in a Coach of ' their Father's which waited for them at the End ' of *Grays-Inn-Lane*. The Youths ran with the Wings ' of Love, and ordered the Coachman to wait at the ' Town's End till they came back. One of our young ' Gentlemen got up before, and t'other behind, to act ' the Parts they had long, by the Direction and Ex-' ample of their Comrades, taken much Pains to qua-' lify themſelves for, and ſo galloped off. What theſe ' mean Entertainments will end in, it is impoſſible to ' fore-; but a *Precaution* upon that Subject might ' prevent very great Calamities in a very worthy Fa-' mily, who take in your Papers, and might perhaps be ' alarmed at what you lay before them upon this ' Subject. I am,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

T. S.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Writ to you on the 21ſt of this Month, which you did not think fit to take Notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, becauſe I am confident the Father of the young Lads, whom I mentioned, would have conſidered how far what was ſaid in my Letter concerned himſelf; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious Son, the Coachman, aged Seventeen Years, has ſince that time ran away with, and married one of the Girls I ſpoke of in my laſt. The manner of carrying on the Intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger Brother, who is almoſt Sixteen, ſtill a Bachelor, was as follows: One of the young Women whom they met in the Fields ſeem'd very much taken with my Maſter the elder Son, and was prevailed with to go into a Cake-houſe not far off the Town. The Girl it ſeems acted her part ſo well, ſo as to enamour the Boy, and make him inquiſitive into her Place of Abode, with all other Queſtions which were neceſſary toward further Intimacy. The Matter was ſo managed, that the Lad was made to believe there was no Poſſibility of converſing with her, by reaſon of a very ſevere Mother, but with the utmoſt Caution. What, it ſeems, made the Mother, forſooth, the more ſuſpicious was, that becauſe the Men ſaid her Daughter was pretty, ſomebody or other would perſuade her to Marry while ſhe was too young to know how to govern a Family. By what I can learn from Pretences as ſhallow as this, ſhe appeared ſo far from having a Deſign upon her Lover, that it ſeemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much Secrecy and Skill. Many were the Interviews theſe Lovers had in Four and Twenty H[ours] time: For it was managed by the Mother, that [he] ſhould run in and out as unobſerved by her, and the Girl be called in every other inſtant into the next Room, and rated (that ſhe could not ſtay in a Place) in his Hearing. The young Gentleman was at laſt ſo much in Love, as to be thought by the Daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could

not

not live without her. It was now time for the Mother to appear, who ſurpriſed the Lovers together in private, and baniſhed the Youth her Houſe. What is not in the Power of Love! The Charioteer, attended by his Faithful Friend the younger Brother, got out the other Morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a ſudden Friendſhip with a Lad of their own Age by the Force of Ten Shillings, who drove an Hackney Coach, the elder Brother took his Poſt in the Coach-Box, where he could act with a great deal of Skill and Dexterity, and waited at the Corner of the Street where his Miſtreſs lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that Diſguiſe. The whole Day was ſpent in Expectation of an Opportunity; but in many Parts of it he had kind Looks from a diſtant Window, which was anſwered by a Brandiſh of his Whip, and a Compaſs taken to drive round and ſhow his Activity, and Readineſs to convey her where ſhe ſhould command him. Upon the Approach of the Evening, a Note was thrown into his Coach by a Porter, to acquaint him that his Miſtreſs and her Mother ſhould take Coach exactly at Seven o' Clock; but that the Mother was to be ſet down, and the Daughter to go further, and call again. The happy Minute came at laſt, when our Hack had the Happineſs to take in his expected Fare, attended by her Mother, and the young Lady with whom he had firſt met her. The Mother was ſet down in the *Strand*, and her Daughter ordered to call on her when ſhe came from her Couſin's an Hour afterwards. The Mother was not ſo unskilful as not to have inſtructed her Daughter whom to ſend for, and how to behave herſelf when her Lover ſhould urge her Conſent. We yet know no further Particulars, but that my young Maſter was married laſt Night at *Knightsbridge*, in the Preſence of his Brother and two or three other Perſons; and that juſt before the Ceremony he took his Brother aſide, and ask'd him to marry the other young Woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this Adventure, but only obſerve, that if the Education of this compound Creature had been more careful as to his rational Part, the Animal Life in him had not, perhaps, been ſo forward,

but

'but he might have waited longer before he was a Husband. However, as the whole Town will in a Day or two know the Names, Persons, and other Circumstances, I think this properly lies before your Guardianship to consider for the Admonition of others; but my young Master's Fate is irrevocable.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

No 15. *Saturday, March* 28.

——sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
Ausus idem—— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
Roscommon.

I CAME Yesterday into the Parlour, where I found Mrs. *Cornelia*, my Lady's third Daughter, all alone, reading a Paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a Copy of Verses upon Love and Friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my Eye upon the Paper, and by the Order and Disposition of the Lines might distinguish that they were Poetry; and therefore, with an innocent Confusion in her Face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew[illegible] the Hand, at first Sight, I could not guess wheth[illegible] came from a Beau or a Lady, but having put on m[illegible] Spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar Modes in Spelling, and a certain Negligence in Grammar, that it was a Female Sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a Correspondent in the Country who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the Names of *Astrea* and *Dorinda*, and are mightily

ly admired for their easy Lines. As I should be loth to have a Poetess in our Family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the Bent of a young Lady's Genius, I chose rather to throw together some Thoughts upon that kind of Poetry which is distinguished by the Name of *Easy*, than to risque the Fame of Mrs. *Cornelia*'s Friend, by exposing her Work to publick View.

I have said, in a foregoing Paper, that every Thought which is agreeable to Nature, and expressed in a Language suitable to it, is written with Ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for Ease in all kinds of Poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the Notion of easy Writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy Mien, and easy Dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of Poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary in the first place to think easily. Now, according to different Subjects, Men think differently; Anger, Fury, and the rough Passions, awaken strong Thoughts: Glory, Grandeur, Power, raise great Thoughts: Love, Melancholy, Solitude, and whatever gently touches the Soul, inspires easy Thoughts.

OF the Thoughts suggested by these gentle Subjects, there are some which may be set off by Stile and Ornament: Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the Soul proportionably the more pleasing Emotions. The Figures of Stile added to them serve only to hide a Beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine Complexion. But here not only Liveliness of Fancy is requisite to exhibit a great Variety of Images; but also Niceness of Judgment to cull out those, which, without the Advantage of Foreign Art, will shine by their own intrinsick Beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand Labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in; and so Art will be hid by Art, which is the Perfection of easy Writing.

I will suppose an Author to be really possessed with the Passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a Judgment of him: since if he be not truly

truly moved, he must at least work up his Imagination as near as possible, to resemble Reality. I choose to instance in Love, which is observed to have produced the most finished Performances in this Kind. A Lover will be full of Sincerity, that he may be believed by his Mistress; he will therefore think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep Reflexions are made by a Head undisturbed; and Points of Wit and Fancy are the Work of an Heart at Ease: These two Dangers then, into which Poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the Lover's Way. The selecting proper Circumstances, and placing them in agreeable Light, are the finest Secrets of all Poetry; but the Recollection of little Circumstances is the Lover's sole Meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the Business of his Life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated Authors of this Rank excel in Love Verses. Out of ten thousand Instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

To myself I sigh often, without knowing why;
And when absent from Phyllis, *methinks I could die.*

A Man who hath ever been in Love will be touched at the reading of these Lines; and every one, who now feels that Passion, actually feels that they are true.

FROM what I have advanced it appears, how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy Writings fall into the Hands of an ordinary Reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no Pains. Thus he thinks indeed simply, but the Thoughts, not being chosen with Judgment, are not beautiful; he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a Man of Vivacity takes it in his Head to write this way, what Self-denial must he undergo, when bright Points of Wit occur to his Fancy? How difficult will he find it to reject florid Phrases, and pretty Embellishments of Stile? So true it is, that Simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and Ease to be acquired with the greatest Labour. Our Family knows,

knows very well how ill Lady *Flame* look'd, when she imitated Mrs. *Jane* in a plain Black-Suit. And, I remember, when *Frank Courtly* was saying the other Day, that any Man might write easy, I only ask'd him, if he thought it possible that Squire *Hawthorn* should ever come into a Room as he did? He made me a very handsom Bow, and answered with a Smile, Mr. *Ironside, you have convinced me.*

I shall conclude this Paper by observing that *Pastoral* Poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy Writing, hath the oftenest been attempted with ill Success of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my Thoughts upon that Subject to the Publick.

N° 16. *Monday, March* 30.

——— —— Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Blush not to patronize the Muse's *Skill.*

TWO Mornings ago a Gentleman came in to my Lady *Lizard*'s Tea-Table, who is distinguished in Town by the good Taste he is known to have in polite Writings, especially such as relate to Love and Galantry. The Figure of the Man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his Air and Manner were genteel and easy, and his Wit agreeable. The Ladies, in complaisance to him, turned the Discourse to Poetry. This soon gave him an Occasion of producing two new Songs to the Company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete Performances. The first, continued he, is by a Gentleman of an unrival'd Reputation in every Kind of Writing; and the second by a Lady, who does me the Honour to be in Love with me, because I am not handsom. Mrs. *Annabella* upon this (who never lets slip an Occasion of doing sprightly things)

things) gives a Twitch to the Paper with a Finger and a Thumb, and ſnatches it out of the Gentleman's Hands: Then caſting her Eye over it with a ſeeming Impatience, ſhe read us the Songs; and in a very obliging manner, deſired the Gentleman would let her have a Copy of them, together with his Judgment upon Songs in general; that I may be able, ſaid ſhe, to judge of Galantries of this Nature, if ever it ſhould be my Fortune to have a Poetical Lover. The Gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. *Annabella* the very next Morning, when ſhe was at her Toilet, had the following Packet delivered to her by a ſpruce *Valet de Chambre*.

The firſt SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's *Boſom lying,*
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The Cold regardleſs Maid to move,
With unavailing Pray'rs I ſue:
" *You firſt have taught me how to love,*
" *Ah teach me to be happy too!*

II.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my Sighs and Tears replies,
" *'Tis every prudent Maid's Concern*
" *Her Lover's Fondneſs to improve;*
" *If to be happy you ſhall learn,*
" *You quickly would forget to love.*

The Second SONG.

I.

B*Oaſt not, miſtaken Swain, thy Art*
To pleaſe my partial Eyes;
The Charms that have ſubdued my Heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

II. *Thy*

II.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond Whim betray'd,
In Oddneſs I delight.

III.

Vain Youth, to your Confuſion know,
'Tis to my Love's Exceſs
You all your fancy'd Beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

IV.

For your own Sake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my Fire:
Since you, my Swain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The Wonder of your Kind:
But be not of my Judgment proud,
Whom Love has render'd blind.

To Mrs. Annabella Lizard.

MADAM,

‘TO let you ſee how abſolute your Commands are over me, and to convince you of the Opinion I have of your good Senſe, I ſhall, without any Preamble of Compliments, give you my Thoughts upon Song-Writing, in the ſame Order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own Defence, to ſay, that I do not remember ever to have met with any Piece of Criticiſm upon this Subject; ſo that if I err, or ſeem ſingular in my Opinions, you will be the more at Liberty to differ from them, ſince I do not pretend to ſupport them by any Authority.

'IN all Ages, and in every Nation, where Poetry
'has been in Fashion, the Tribe of Sonneteers hath been
'very numerous. Every pert young Fellow that has a
'moving Fancy, and the least jingle of Verse in his
'Head, sets up for a Writer of Songs, and resolves to
'immortalize his Bottle or his Mistress. What a
'World of insipid Productions in this kind have we
'been pestered with since the Revolution, to go no
'higher? This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure
'from not forming a right Judgment of the Nature of
'these little Compositions. It is true, they do not re-
'quire an Elevation of Thought, nor any extraordina-
'ry Capacity, nor an extensive Knowledge; but then
'they demand great Regularity, and the utmost Nicety;
'an exact Purity of Stile, with the most easy and flow-
'ing Numbers; an elegant and unaffected Turn of Wit,
'with one uniform and simple design. Greater Works
'cannot well be without some Inequalities and Over-
'sights, and they are in them pardonable; but a Song
'loses all its Lustre if it be not polished with the greatest
'Accuracy. The smallest Blemish in it, like a Flaw in a
'Jewel, takes off the whole Value of it. A Song is, as
'it were, a little Image in Ennamel, that requires all
'the nice Touches of the Pencil, a Gloss and a Smooth-
'ness, with those delicate finishing Strokes, which would
'be superfluous and thrown away upon larger Figures,
'where the Strength and Boldness of a Masterly Hand
'gives all the Grace.

'SINCE you may have recourse to the *French* and
'*English* Translations, you will not accuse me of Pe-
'dantry, when I tell you that *Sappho*, *Anacreon*, and
'*Horace* in some of his shorter Lyricks, are the Com-
'pleteſt Models for little Odes or Sonnets. You will
'find them generally pursuing a single Thought in their
'Songs, which is driven to a Point, without those In-
'terruptions and Deviations so frequent in the Modern
'Writers of this Order. To do Justice to the *French*,
'there is no living Language that abounds so much in
'good Songs. The Genius of the People, and the
'Idiom of their Tongue, seems adapted to Compositi-
'ons of this sort. Our Writers generally crowd into
'one Song Materials enough for several; and so they

'starve

'ſtarve every Thought, by endeavouring to nurſe up 'more than one at a time. They give you a String of 'imperfect Sonnets, inſtead of one finiſhed Piece, which 'is a fault Mr. *Waller* (whoſe Beauties cannot be too 'much admired) ſometimes falls into. But, of all our 'Countrymen, none are more defective in their Songs, 'through a Redundancy of Wit, than Dr. *Donne*, and 'Mr. *Cowley*. In them, one Point of Wit flaſhes ſo faſt 'upon another, that the Reader's Attention is dazzled 'by the continual ſparkling of their Imagination; you 'find a new Deſign ſtarted almoſt in every Line, and 'you come to the end without the Satisfaction of ſeeing 'any one of them executed.

'A Song ſhould be conducted like an Epigram; and 'the only Difference between them is, that one does 'not require the Lyrick Numbers, and is uſually em'ployed upon Satirical Occaſions; whereas the Buſineſs 'of the other, for the moſt part, is to expreſs, (as my 'Lord *Roſcommon* tranſlates it from *Horace)*

Love's pleaſing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine.

'I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon this Sub'ject, by obſerving, that the *French* do very often con'found the Song and the Epigram, and take the one 'reciprocally for the other. An Inſtance of which I 'ſhall give you in a remarkable Epigram which paſſes 'current abroad for an excellent Song.

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel Malheur eſt le nôtre?
L'on ni croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

'FOR the Satisfaction of ſuch of your Friends as 'may not underſtand the Original, I ſhall venture to 'tranſlate it after my Faſhion, ſo as to keep ſtrictly to 'the Turn of Thought, at the Expence of loſing ſome'thing in the Poetry and Verſification.

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I ſpeak always well of thee:

But spite of all our Noise and Pother,
The World believes nor one nor t'other.

'THUS, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply 'with your Commands; not out of any Vanity of 'erecting myself into a Critick, but out of an earnest 'Desire of being thought, upon all Occasions,

Your most Obedient Servant.

N° 17. *Tuesday, March* 31.

——*Minimumque libidine peccant.*
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 134.

Lust is the smallest Sin they own. Dryden.

IF it were possible to bear up against the Force of Ridicule, which Fashion has brought upon People for acknowledging a Veneration for the most Sacred things, a Man might say that the time we now are in is set apart for Humiliation; and all our Actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty Years ago an eminent Divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his Congregation at *Whitehall*, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their Lives a new Turn, they must certainly go to a Place which he did not think fit to name in that Courtly Audience. It's with me as with that Gentleman; I would, if possible, represent the Errors of Life, especially those arising from what we call Galantry, in such a manner as the People of Pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to Gentlemen and Ladies, but speak of Sin as a Gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if therefore I should call my present Precaution *a Criticism upon Fornication*; and by representing the unjust Taste they have who affect that Way of Pleasure, bring a Distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their Satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for Rule,

a Rule, That he who follows this kind of Gratification, gives up much greater delight by pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common Women and the Stews, there is no one but will allow this Assertion at first Sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the Sex who are less profligate, descend to greater Basenesses than if they frequented Brothels, it should, methinks, bring this Iniquity under some Discountenance. The Rake, who without Sense of Character or Decency, wallows and ranges in common Houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his Health to Diseases; but the Man of Galantry cannot pursue his Pleasures without Treachery to some Man he ought to love, and making despicable the Woman he admires. To live in a continual Deceit, to reflect upon the Dishonour you do some Husband, Father or Brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are Circumstances which pall the Appetite, and give a Man of any Sense of Honour very painful Mortification. What more need be said against a Gentleman's Delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base Man in pursuing it? When it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very Being as a Man of Integrity who commences Galant. Let him or her who is Guilty this way but weigh the Matter a little, and the Criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable Companions; nay, their good Qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, People who have the Plague have a Delight in communicating the Infection; in like manner, the Sense of Shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the Guilty this Way to contribute to the Destruction of others. And Women are pleased to introduce more Women into the same Condition, tho' they can have no other Satisfaction from it, than that the Infamy is shared among greater Numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the Burden of each particular Person.

IT is a most melancholy Consideration, that for momentary Sensations of Joy, obtained by stealth, Men are forced into a Constraint of all their Words and Actions

in the general and ordinary Occurrences of Life. It is an Impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one Perſon, without being falſe to all the reſt of the World: The gay Figures in which Poetical Men of looſe Morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble Conſolations, when a Man is inclined to Soliloquy or Meditation upon his paſt Life; Flaſhes of Wit can promote Joy, but they cannot allay Grief.

DISEASE, Sickneſs and Misfortune are what all Men living are liable to, it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our Anguiſh under Diſeaſe, Sickneſs or Misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe Bloods are too warm to admit of theſe Compunctions; if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up Store for them: But I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet eraſed the Impreſſions and Advantages of a good Education and Fortune; they may be aſſured, *that whoever wholly give themſelves up to Luſt, will ſoon find it the leaſt Fault they are guilty of.*

IRRECONCILEABLE Hatred to thoſe they have injured, mean Shifts to cover their Offences, Envy and Malice to the Innocent, and a general Sacrifice of all that is Good-natured or Praiſe-worthy when it interrupts them, will poſſeſs all their Faculties, and make them utter Strangers to the noble Pleaſures which flow from Honour and Virtue. Happy are they, who from the Viſitation of Sickneſs, or any other Accident, are awakened from a Courſe which leads to an Inſenſibility of the greateſt Enjoyments in human Life.

A *French* Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whoſe Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story,

'Our Knight, ſays he, was pretty much addicted to 'the moſt faſhionable of all Faults. He had a looſe 'Rogue for a Lacquey, not a little in his Favour, tho' 'he had no other Name for him when he ſpoke of him 'but *the Raſcal*, or to him but *Sirrah*. One Morning 'when he was dreſſing, Sirrah, ſays he, be ſure you 'bring home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fel'low was a Perſon of Diligence and Capacity, and

'had

‘ had for some time adressed himself to a decay'd old ‘ Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her ‘ Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not yet sixteen ‘ Years of Age. The Mother's extreme Poverty, and ‘ the Insinuations of this Artful Lacquey concerning the ‘ soft Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made ‘ her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many ‘ were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mother ‘ to gain her Child's Consent to an Action, which she ‘ said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her ‘ to it; but Child, says she, can you see your Mother ‘ die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but ‘ bursting into Tears, said she would go any where. ‘ The Lacquey conveyed her with great Obsequi‘ousness and Secrecy to his Master's Lodging, and ‘ placed her in a commodious Apartment till he ‘ came home. The Knight, who knew his Man never ‘ failed of bringing in his Prey, indulged his Genius at ‘ a Banquet, and was in high Humour at an Entertain‘ment with Ladies, expecting to be received in the ‘ Evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. ‘ When he came home, his Lacquey met him with a ‘ saucy and joyful Familiarity, crying out, She is as ‘ handsom as an Angel, (for there is no other Simile on ‘ these Occasions) but the tender Fool has wept till her ‘ Eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a Maid and a ‘ Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Master ‘ to the Room where she was, and retired. The ‘ Knight, when he saw her bathed in Tears, said in ‘ some Surprise, Don't you know, young Woman, ‘ why you were brought hither? The unhappy Maid ‘ fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions of ‘ Sighs and Tears said to him, I know, alas! too well ‘ why I am brought hither; my Mother, to get Bread ‘ for her and myself, has sent me to do what you plea‘sed; but wou'd it would please Heaven I could die, ‘ before I am added to the Number of those miserable ‘ Wretches who live without Honour! With this Re‘flexion she wept anew, and beat her Bosom. The ‘ Knight stepping back from her, said, I am not so ‘ abandoned as to hurt your Innocence against your ‘ Will.

'THE Novelty of the Accident ſurpris'd him into Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a Cloak, he led her to a Relation's Houſe, to whoſe Care he recommended her for that Night. The next Morning he ſent for her Mother, and asked her if her Daughter was a Maid? the Mother aſſured him, that when ſhe delivered her to his Servant, ſhe was a Stranger to Man. Are not you then, reply'd the Knight, a wicked Woman to contrive the Debauchery of your own Child? She held down her Face with Fear and Shame, and in her Confuſion uttered ſome broken Words concerning her Poverty. Far be it, ſaid the Gentleman, that you ſhould relieve yourſelf from Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter is a fine young Creature; do you know of none that ever ſpoke of her for a Wife? The Mother anſwered, There is an honeſt Man in our Neighbourhood that loves her, who has often ſaid he would marry her with Two Hundred Pounds. The Knight ordered his Man to reckon out that Sum, with an Addition of Fifty to buy the Bride Clothes, and Fifty more as a Help to her Mother.

I appeal to all the Galants in Town, Whether poſſeſſing all the Beauties in *Great-Britain* could give half the Pleaſure, as this young Gentleman had in the Reflexion of having relieved a miſerable Parent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin from Publick Shame, and beſtowing a Virtuous Wife upon an honeſt Man?

AS all Men who are guilty this way have not Fortunes or Opportunities for making ſuch Atonements for their Vices, yet all Men may do what is certainly in their Power at this good Seaſon. For my part I don't care how ridiculous the Mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good Conſequence upon the Wretched, that I recommend the moſt abandoned and miſerable of Mankind to the Charity of all in proſperous Conditions under the ſame Guilt with thoſe Wretches. The *Lock* Hoſpit[illegible] in *Kent-ſtreet*, *Southwark*, for Men, that in *Kingſlan*[illegible] for Women, is a Receptacle for all Sufferers mangled [illegible] this Iniquity. Penitents ſhould in their own Hearts take upon them all the Shame and Sorrow they have eſcaped; and it would become them to make an Oblation

Oblation for their Crimes, by Charity to those upon whom Vice appears in that utmost Misery and Deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better Fortune, rather than greater Innocence. It would quicken our Compassion in this Case, if we considered there may be Objects there, who would now move Horror and Loathing, that we have once embraced with Transport; and as we are Men of Honour, (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our Friends for the Loss of their Noses.

Nº 18. *Wednesday, April* 1.

——— Animæque capaces
Mortis ——— Lucan.
Souls, undismay'd by Death.

THE Prospect of Death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our Eyes, it would imbitter all the Sweets of Life. The gracious Author of our Being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing Sensations and Reflexions, and meet with so many Amusements and Solicitudes, as divert our Thoughts from dwelling upon an Evil, which, by Reason of its seeming Distance, makes but languid Impressions upon the Mind. But how distant soever the Time of our Death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some Portion of our Life to consider the End of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated Times to meditate upon the final Period of our Existence here. The Principle of Self-Love, as we are Men, will make us enquire, what is like to become of us after our Dissolution? and our Conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the Good or Evil of our Actions here, we shall be translated to the Mansions of eternal Bliss or Misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it Madness to be unprepared against the black Moment;

 but

but when we reflect that perhaps that black Moment may be to night, how watchful ought we to be?

I was wonderfully affected with a Discourse I had lately with a Clergyman of my Acquaintance upon this Head, which was to this Effect: 'The Consideration, 'said the good Man, that my Being is precarious, moved 'me many Years ago to make a Resolution, which I 'have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest 'Satisfaction that a mortal Man can enjoy. Every 'Night before I address myself in private to my Crea'tor, I lay my Hand upon my Heart, and ask my self, 'Whether if God should require my Soul of me this 'Night, I could hope for Mercy from him? The bit'ter Agonies I underwent, in this my first Acquaint'ance with myself, were so far from throwing me into 'Despair of that Mercy which is over all God's Works, 'that they rather proved Motives to greater Circum'spection in my future Conduct. The oftner I exerci'sed myself in Meditations of this kind, the less was 'my Anxiety; and by making the Thoughts of Death 'familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking is 'become the sweetest of my Enjoyments. These Con'templations have indeed made me serious, but not sul'len; nay, they are so far from having sour'd my Tem'per, that as I have a Mind perfectly composed, and a 'secret Spring of Joy in my Heart, so my Conversati'on is pleasant, and my Countenance serene. I taste 'all the innocent Satisfactions of Life pure and sincere; 'I have no Share in Pleasures that leave a Sting behind 'them, nor am I cheated with that kind of Mirth, *in 'the midst of which there is Heaviness.*

OF all the Professions of Men, a Soldier's chiefly should put him upon this religious Vigilance. His Duty exposes him to such Hazards, that the Evil which to Men in other Stations may seem far distant, to him is instant, and ever before his Eyes. The Consideration, that what Men in a Martial Life purchase is gained with Danger and Labour, and must perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the Cause of much License and Riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the Spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible Dangers, Offences of this Nature meet with great Indulgence.

But

But there is a Courage better founded than this Animal Fury. The secret Assurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in Battle he will the more speedily be crown'd with true Glory, will add Strength to a Warrior's Arm, and Intrepidity to his Heart.

ONE of the most successful Stratagems whereby *Mahomet* became formidable, was the Assurance that Impostor gave his Votaries, that whoever was slain in Battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious *Paradise* his wanton Fancy had invented. The antient *Druids* taught a Doctrine which had the same Effect, though with this Difference from *Mahomet*'s, That the Souls of the slain should transmigrate into other Bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the Degrees of their Merit. This is told by *Lucan* with his usual Spirit.

You teach that Souls, from fleshly Chains unbound,
Seek not pale Shades and Erebus *profound,*
But fleeting hence to other Regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated Clay;
Hence Death's a Gap (if Men may trust the Lore)
'Twixt Lives behind and Ages yet before.
A blest Mistake! which Fate's dread Pow'r disarms,
And spurs its Vot'ries on to War's Alarms;
Lavish of Life, they rush with fierce Delight
Amidst the Legions, and provoke the Fight.
O'er-matching Death, and freely cast away
That Loan of Life the Gods are bound to pay.

OUR galant Countryman, Sir *Philip Sidney*, was a noble Example of Courage and Devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole Book of *Psalms* into *English* Verse. A Friend of mine informs me, that he hath the Manuscript by him, which is said in the Title to have been done *By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir* PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight*. They having never been printed, I shall present the Publick with one of them, which my Correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the Liberty only to alter one Word.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH seated where the River flows,
That wat'reth Babel's *thankful Plain,*
Which then our Tears, in pearled Rows,
Did help to water with the Rain:
The Thought of Sion *bred such Woes,*
That though our Harps we did retain,
Yet useless and untouched there,
On Willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our Harps were hanged so,
The Men whose Captives then we lay,
Did on our Griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say;
You that of Musick make such Show,
Come sing us now a Sion's *Lay:*
Oh no! we have no Voice nor Hand
For such a Song in such a Land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion *Hill,*
In foreign Soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my Hand forget his Skill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my Tongue fast glewed still
Unto my Roof, lie mute in me;
If thy Neglect within me spring,
Or ought I do, but Salem *sing.*

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
To quit the Pains of Edom's *Race,*
Who ca[illegible]lesly, yet hotly set
Thy [illegible] City to deface;
Did t[illegible]s the bloody Victors whet,
What time they enter'd first the Place,
"Down, down with it at any Hand,
"Make all a Waste, let nothing stand.

V. *And*

V.

And Babylon, *that didst us waste,*
Thyself shalt one Day wasted be:
And happy he, who what thou hast
Unto us done, shall do to thee;
Like Bitterness shall make thee taste,
Like woful Objects make thee see:
Yea, happy who thy little Ones
Shall take and dash against the Stones.

Nº 19. *Thursday, April* 2.

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque Cupido;
Ne Pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium Spes.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 98.

Lest Avarice, still poor, disturb thine Ease;
Or Fears shou'd shake, or Cares thy Mind abuse,
Or ardent Hope for things of little use. CREECH.

IT was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great Vices, that there are three which give Pleasure, as Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust; one, which tastes of nothing but Pain, as Envy; the rest have a Mixture of Pleasure and Pain, as Anger and Pride. But when a Man considers the State of his own Mind, about which every Member of the Christian World is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best Defence against Vice is preserving the worthiest Part of his own Spirit pure from any great Offence against it. There is a Magnanimity which makes us look upon our selves with Disdain, after we have been betray'd by sudden Desire, Opportunity of Gain, the Absence of a Person who excels us, the Fault of a Servant, or the ill Fortune of an Adversary, into the Gratification of Lust, Covetousness, Envy, Rage or Pride; when the more sublime Part of our Souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated Infirmities till they are become vicious Habits.

THE

THE Vice of Covetousness is what enters deepest into the Soul of any other; and you may have seen Men, otherwise the most agreeable Creatures in the World, so seized with the Desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual Guard and Watch over themselves from a remote Fear of Expence. No pious Man can be so circumspect in the Care of his Conscience, as the covetous Man is in that of his Pocket.

IF a Man would preserve his own Spirit, and his natural Approbation of higher and more worthy Pursuits, he could never fall into this Littleness, but his Mind would be still open to Honour and Virtue, in spite of Infirmities and Relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my Precautions as a GUARDIAN, is, that there is an universal Defection from the Admiration of Virtue. Riches and outward Splendor have taken up the Place of it; and no Man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this despicable Spirit debases our very Being, and makes our Passions take a new Turn from their natural Bent.

IT was a Cause of great Sorrow and Melancholy to me some Nights ago at a Play, to see a Crowd in the Habits of the Gentry of *England* stupid to the noblest Sentiments we have. The Circumstance happened in the Scene of Distress betwixt *Piercy* and *Anna Bullen*: One of the Centinels who stood on the Stage, to prevent the Disorders which the most unmmanerly Race of young Men that ever were seen in any Age frequently raise in Publick Assemblies, upon *Piercy*'s beseeching to be heard, burst into Tears; upon which the greatest Part of the Audience fell into a loud and ignorant Laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal Compassion in the poor Fellow, could hardly suppress by their Clapping. But the Man, without the least Confusion or Shame in his Countenance for what had happened, wiped away the Tears, and was still intent upon the Play. The Distress still rising, the Soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his Face from the Audience, to their no small Merriment. *Piercy* had the Galantry to take notice of his honest Heart; and, as I am told, gave him a Crown to help

him

him in his Affliction. It is certain this poor Fellow, in his humble Condition, had such a lively Compassion as a Soul unwedded to the World; were it otherwise, gay Lights and Dresses, with Appearances of People of Fashion and Wealth, to which his Fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his Attention and Admiration.

IT is every thing that is Praise-worthy, as well as pure Religion, (according to a Book too sacred for me to quote) *to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their Affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the World.* Every Step that a Man makes beyond moderate and reasonable Provision, is taking so much from the Worthiness of his own Spirit; and he that is intirely set upon making a Fortune, is all that while undoing the Man. He must grow deaf to the Wretched, estrange himself from the Agreeable, learn Hardness of Heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable Self. Indulgence in any one immoderate Desire or Appetite engrosses the whole Creature, and his Life is sacrificed to that one Desire or Appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their Condition, and shews the Man, whether a Prince or a Beggar, above his Fortune.

I have just now recorded a Foot Soldier for the Politest Man in a *British* Audience, from the Force of Nature, untainted with the Singularity of an ill-applied Education. A good Spirit, that is not abused, can add new Glories to the highest State in the World, as well as give Beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a Prayer of *Harry* the Fourth of *France* just before a Battle, in which he obtain'd an intire Victory.

O LORD of Hosts, who canst see through the thickest Veil and closest Disguise, who viewest the Bottom of my Heart, and the deepest Designs of my Enemies, who hast in thy Hands, as well as before thine Eyes, all the Events which concern human Life, if thou knowest that my Reign will promote thy Glory and the Safety of thy People, if thou knowest that I have no other Ambition

Ambition in my Soul, but to advance the Honour of thy Holy Name, and the Good of this State, favour, O great God, the Juſtice of my Arms, and reduce all the Rebels to acknowledge him whom thy ſacred Decrees, and the Order of a lawful Succeſſion, have made their Sovereign; but if thy good Providence has ordered it otherwiſe, and thou ſeeſt that I ſhould prove one of thoſe Kings whom thou giveſt in thine Anger, take from me, O merciful God, my Life and my Crown, make me this Day a Sacrifice to thy Will, let my Death end the Calamities of France, *and let my Blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this Quarrel.*

THE King uttered this generous Prayer in a Voice, and with a Countenance, that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with like Magnanimity: Then turning to the Squadron, at the Head of which he deſigned to charge, *My Fellow-ſoldiers,* ſaid he, *as you run my Fortune, ſo do I yours; your Safety conſiſts in keeping well your Ranks; but if the Heat of the Action ſhould force you to Diſorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you loſe the Sight of your Colours and Standards, look round for the white Plume in my Beaver, you ſhall ſee it where ever you are, and it ſhall lead you to Glory and to Victory.*

THE Magnanimity of this Illuſtrious Prince was ſupported by a firm Reliance on Providence, which inſpired him with a Contempt of Life, and an Aſſurance of Conqueſt. His generous Scorn of Royalty, but as it conſiſted with the Service of God, and Good of his People, is an Inſtance, that the Mind of Man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its Condition, even tho' it be that of a Monarch.

Nº 20. *Friday, April 3.*

——————— Minuti
Semper & infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio ——— Juv. Sat. 13. v. 189.

——— *Revenge, which ſtill we find*
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind. CREECH.

ALL Galantry and Faſhion, one would imagine, ſhould riſe out of the Religion and Laws of that Nation wherein they prevail; but alas! in this Kingdom, gay Characters, and thoſe which lead in the Pleaſure and Inclinations of the faſhionable World, are ſuch as are readieſt to practiſe Crimes the moſt abhorrent to Nature, and contradictory to our Faith. A Chriſtian and a Gentleman are made inconſiſtent Appellations of the ſame Perſon; you are not to expect eternal Life, if you do not forgive Injuries, and your mortal Life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a Murder, in Reſentment for an Affront: For good Senſe as well as Religion is ſo utterly baniſhed the World, that Men glory in their very Paſſions, and purſue Trifles with the utmoſt Vengeance; ſo little do they know that to Forgive is the moſt arduous Pitch Human Nature can arrive at: A Coward has often Fought, a Coward has often Conquered, but *a Coward never forgave.* The Power of doing that flows from a Strength of Soul conſcious of its own Force; whence it draws a certain Safety, which its Enemy is not of Conſideration enough to interrupt; for 'tis peculiar in the Make of a brave Man to have his Friends ſeem much above him, his Enemies much below him.

YET though the Neglect of our Enemies may, ſo intenſe a Forgiveneſs as the Love of them is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the Force of Conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined Moral, introduced by him who died for thoſe that perſecuted him; yet very juſtly

justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves Offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable Terms of Forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow? Especially when that Gift is attended with a Redemption from the cruellest Slavery to the most acceptable Freedom: For when the Mind is in Contemplation of Revenge, all its Thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate Pangs of Rancour, Envy, Hatred, and Indignation; and they who profess a Sweet in the Enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate Bliss of Reconciliation: At such an Instant the false Ideas we received unravel, and the Shiness, the Distrust, the secret Scorns, and all the base Satisfactions Men had in each others Faults and Misfortunes, are dispelled, and their Souls appear in their native Whiteness, without the least Streak of that Malice or Distaste which sullied them: And perhaps those very Actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique Glance with which Hatred doth always see things) were Horrid and Odious, when observed with honest and open Eyes, are Beauteous and Ornamental.

BUT if Men are averse to us in the most violent Degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable Temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate Opposition to them; and never let the Malice of our Enemies have so effectual an Advantage over us, as to escape our Good-will: For the neglected and despised Tenets of Religion are so Generous, and in so Transcendent and Heroick a manner disposed for publick Good, that 'tis not in a Man's Power to avoid their Influence; for the Christian is as much inclin'd to your Service when your Enemy, as the moral Man when your Friend.

BUT the Followers of a Crucified Saviour must root out of their Hearts all Sense that there is any thing great and noble in Pride or Haughtiness of Spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that Idea in our Souls, except we can think as worthily of our selves, when we practise the contrary Virtues; we must learn and be convinced, that there is something Sublime and Heroic in true Meekness and Humility, for they arise from a great, not a groveling Idea of Things; for as certainly

as Pride proceeds from a mean and narrow View of the little Advantages about a Man's ſelf, ſo Meekneſs is founded on the extended Contemplation of the Place we bear in the Univerſe, and a juſt Obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt Reſolves and Counſels. And as (to a well taught Mind) when you've ſaid an haughty and proud Man, you have ſpoke a narrow Conception, little Spirit, and deſpicable Carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a Man's meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a Perſon has arrived at the hardeſt Task in the World, in an univerſal Obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own Faults, and other Mens Virtues, and at the height of Pardoning every Man ſooner than himſelf; you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely and reſpectfully, is but a meer Juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame Offices. This Temper of Soul keeps us always awake to a juſt Senſe of Things, teaches us that we are as well akin to Worms as to Angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo nothing below thoſe. It keeps our Underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in Nature and the Sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by Accident or Fortune.

IT were to be wiſhed that all Men of Senſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the Dignity of Chriſtian Virtues, it would poſſibly enlarge their Souls into ſuch a Contempt of what Faſhion and Prejudice have made honourable, that their Duty, Inclination and Honour would tend the ſame way, and make all their Lives an uniform Act of Religion and Virtue.

AS to the great Cataſtrophe of this Day, on which the Mediator of the World ſuffered the greateſt Indignities and Death it ſelf for the Salvation of Mankind, it would be worth Gentlemens Conſideration, whether from his Example it would not be proper to kill all Inclinations to Revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new Notions of what is Great and Honourable.

THIS

THIS is neceſſary againſt the Day wherein he who died ignominiouſly for us *ſhall deſcend from Heaven to be our Judge, in Majeſty and Glory.* How will the Man who ſhall die by the Sword of Pride and Wrath, and in Contention with his Brother, appear before him, at *whoſe preſence Nature ſhall be in an Agony, and the great and glorious Bodies of Light be obſcured; when the Sun ſhall be darkened, the Moon turned into Blood, and all the Powers of Heaven ſhaken; when the Heavens themſelves ſhall paſs away with a great Noiſe, and the Elements diſſolve with fervent Heat; when the Earth alſo, and all the Works that are therein ſhall be burnt up?*

WHAT may juſtly damp in our Minds the Diabolical Madneſs, which prompts us to decide our petty Animoſities by the Hazard of Eternity, is, that in that one Act the Criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himſelf into the Preſence of his Judge, that is certainly his Caſe who dies in a Duel. I cannot but repeat it, He that dies in a Duel knowingly offends God, and in that very Action ruſhes into his offended Preſence. Is it poſſible for the Heart of Man to conceive a more terrible Image than that of a departed Spirit in this Condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its Body, and ſtruck with the terrible Reflexion, That to avoid the Laughter of Fools, and being the By-word of Idiots, it has now precipitated it ſelf into the Din of Demons, and the Howlings of Eternal Deſpair, how willingly now would it ſuffer the Imputation of Fear and Cowardiſe, to have one Moment left not to tremble in vain?

THE Scriptures are full of pathetical and warm Pictures of the Condition of an happy or miſerable Futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy Eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the Difficulties, which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the Allurements of Vice, abſorpt in the Pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of Virtue: And how happy muſt that Mortal be, who thinks himſelf in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of Death as a thing which it is an Infirmity not to deſire?

Nº 21. *Saturday, April* 4.

——————*Fungar inani*
Munere—— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 885.
An empty Office I'll discharge.

DR. *Tillotson*, in his Discourse concerning the *Danger of all known Sin, both from the Light of Nature and Revelation*, after having given us the Description of the Last Day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable Passage.

'I appeal to any Man, whether this be not a Representation of things very proper and suitable to *that Great Day*, wherein he who made the World shall come to judge it? And whether the Wit of Man ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the Majesty of God, and the solemn Judgment of the whole World? The Description which *Virgil* makes of the *Elysian Fields*, and the *Infernal Regions*, how infinitely do they fall short of the Majesty of the Holy Scripture, and the Description there made of *Heaven* and *Hell*, and of *the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord!* So that in Comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most govern'd Imagination of any Man that ever lived, and observed the greatest Decorum in his Characters and Descriptions. But who can declare *the great things of God*, but *he to whom God shall reveal them?*

THIS Observation was worthy a most Polite Man, and ought to be of Authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a Man of a just Taste and Judgment, or advanced it merely for the Service of his Doctrine as a Clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Gospels, with an Heart as much prepared in Favour of them as when he sits down to *Virgil* or *Homer*, will find no Passage there

there which is not told with more natural Force than any Epiſode in either of thoſe Wits, which were the Chief of mere Mankind.

THE laſt thing I read was the 24th Chapter of St. *Luke*, which gives an Account of the Manner in which our Bleſſed Saviour, after his Reſurrection, joined with two Diſciples on the Way to *Emmaus* as an ordinary Traveller, and took the Privilege of ſuch to inquire of them what occaſioned a Sadneſs he obſerved in their Countenances; or whether it was from any Publick Cauſe? Their Wonder that any Man ſo near *Jeruſalem* ſhould be a Stranger to what had paſſed there; their Acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this Prophet; and that now, the Third Day after his Death, they were in Doubt as to their pleaſing Hope which occaſioned the Heavineſs he took notice of, are all repreſented in a Stile which Men of Letters call *the Great and Noble Simplicity*. The Attention of the Diſciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his Leave of them, their Fondneſs of his Stay, and the Manifeſtation of the great Gueſt whom they had entertained while he was yet at Meat with them, are all Incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the Imagination of a Chriſtian Reader; and give to him ſomething of that Touch of Mind which the Brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?*

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe Matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe Gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere Secular Man, impartially conſidering the Effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the Soul of an intelligent Reader; and it is ſome Argument, that a thing is the immediate Work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the Labours of Man. When I look upon *Raphael*'s Picture of our Savour appearing to his Diſciples after his Reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt Diſpoſition of that Piece has in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject: The Evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a paſ-

ſionate Zeal and Love which the Painter has thrown in their Faces; the Huddle Group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant are admirable Repreſentations of Men abaſhed with their late Unbelief and Hardneſs of Heart. And ſuch Endeavours as this of *Raphael*, and of all Men not called to the Altar, are Collateral Helps not to be deſpiſed by the Miniſters of the Goſpel.

'TIS with this View that I preſume upon Subjects of this Kind, and Men may take up this Paper, and be catched by an Admonition under the Diſguiſe of a Diverſion.

ALL the Arts and Sciences ought to be employed in one Confederacy againſt the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Impiety; and it will be no ſmall Step in the Progreſs of Religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt Taſte and beſt Senſe a Man can have, who is cold to the *Beauty of Holineſs*.

AS for my part, when I have happened to attend the Corps of a Friend to his Interment, and have ſeen a graceful Man at the Entrance of a Church yard, who became the Dignity of his Function, and aſſumed an Authority which is natural to Truth, pronounce *I am the Reſurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die:* I ſay, upon ſuch an Occaſion, the Retroſpect upon paſt Actions between the Deceaſed whom I followed and my ſelf, together with the many little Circumſtances that ſtrike upon the Soul, and alternately give Grief and Conſolation, have vaniſhed like a Dream; and I have been relieved as by a Voice from Heaven, when the Solemnity has proceeded, and after a long Pauſe, I again heard the Servant of God utter, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter Day upon the Earth; and though Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for my ſelf, and my Eyes ſhall behold, and not another.* How have I been raiſed above this World and all its Regards, and how well prepared to receive the next Sentence which the holy Man has ſpoken, *We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord!*

THERE are I know Men of heavy Temper without Genius, who can read these Expressions of Scripture with as much Indifference as they do the rest of these loose Papers: However I will not despair but to bring Men of Wit into a Love and Admiration of Sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promise my self to see the Day when it shall be as much the Fashion among Men of Politeness to admire a Rapture of St. *Paul*, as any fine Expression in *Virgil* or *Horace*; and to see a well-dressed young Man produce an Evangelist out of his Pocket, and be no more out of Countenance than if it were a Classick Printed by *Elzevir*.

IT is a Gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by Men of distinguished Faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their Being with a Spirit suitable to those Faculties, and rouse slower Men by their Words, Actions, and Writings to a Participation of their Transports and Thanksgivings.

Nº 22. *Monday, April 6.*

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem Sylvasque inglorius —
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 485.

My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.
A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,
A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood. DRYDEN.

PASTORAL Poetry not only amuses the Fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of *Fairy-Land*, where our Ears are soothed with the Melody of Birds, bleating Flocks, and purling Streams; our Eyes inchanted with flowery Meadows and springing Greens; we are laid under cool Shades, and entertained with all the Sweets and Freshness of Nature. It is a Dream, 'tis a Vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. *Cornelia Lizard's* Head was so far turned with these Imaginations, when we were last in the Country, that she lost her Rest by listening to Nightingales; she kept a Pair of Turtles cooing in her Chamber, and had a tame Lamb running after her up and down the House. I used all gentle Methods to bring her to her self; and having had a Design heretofore of turning Shepherd myself, when I read *Virgil* or *Theocritus* at *Oxford*. But as my Age and Experience have armed me against any Temptation to the Pastoral Life, I can now with the greater Safety consider it; and shall lay down such Rules, as those of my Readers, who have the aforesaid Design, ought to observe, if they would follow the Steps of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses of ancient Times.

IN order to form a right Judgment of Pastoral Poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our Eyes on the first Ages of the World. For since that way of Life is not now in Being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before Mankind was formed into large Societies, or Cities were built, and Commerce established, the Wealth of the World consisted chiefly in Flocks and Herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the Employment of the first Princes, whose Subjects were Sheep and Oxen, and their Dominions the adjoining Vales. As they lived in great Affluence and Ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such Pleasures as that Condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of Life gave them Vigour of Body, and Serenity of Mind. The Abundance they were possest of secured them from Avarice, Ambition or Envy; they could scarce have any Anxieties or Contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some Rivalships amongst them, because many Lovers fix upon one Object, for the Loss of which they will be satisfied with no Compensation. Otherwise it was a State of Ease, Innocence, and Contentment; where Plenty begot Pleasure, and Pleasure begot Singing, and Singing begot Poetry, and Poetry begot Pleasure again.

THUS happy was the first Race of Men, but rude withal and uncultivated. For before they could make

any considerable Progress in Arts and Sciences, the Tranquillity of the Rural Life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious Spirits; who, having built Cities, raised Armies, and studied Policies of State, made Vassals of the defenceless Shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable Condition. Hence, if we consider the Pastoral Period before Learning, we shall find it unpolished; if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

THE Use that I would make of this short Review of the Country Life shall be this. An Author that would amuse himself by writing Pastorals, should form in his Fancy a Rural Scene of perfect Ease and Tranquillity, where Innocence, Simplicity, and Joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the Country; he must give us what is agreeable in that Scene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that Truth well painted will certainly please the Imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole Truth, but that Part which only is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an Image to the Fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the Mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing Pastorals, let the Tranquillity of that Life appear full and plain, but hide the Meanness of it; represent its Simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its Misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksom or unpleasant should have a Place in these Writings; I only mean that this State of Life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no Condition exempt from Anxiety, I will allow Shepherds to be afflicted with such Misfortunes, as the Loss of a favourite Lamb, or a faithless Mistress. He may, if you please, pick a Thorn out of his Foot; or vent his Grief for losing the Prize in Dancing; but these being small Torments, they recommend that State which only produces such trifling Evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my Notions of Innocence and Simplicity, as to deny the Use of a little Railing, or the Liberty of Stealing a Kid or a Sheephook. For these are likewise such petty Enormities,

that

that we muſt think the Country happy where theſe are the greateſt Tranſgreſſions.

WHEN a Reader is placed in ſuch a Scene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch Company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing Deluſion; and ſince every one doth not know how it comes to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

THE firſt Reaſon is, becauſe all Mankind love Eaſe. Though Ambition and Avarice employ moſt Mens Thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy Habits, that we do not indulge them out of Choice, but from ſome Neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek Happineſs, in which Eaſe is the principal Ingredient, and the End propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs Purſuits is Tranquillity. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the Repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the Pleaſure.

The ſecond Reaſon is our ſecret Approbation of Innocence and Simplicity. Human Nature is not ſo much depraved, as to hinder us from reſpecting Goodneſs in others, though we our ſelves want it. This is the Reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty Prattle of Children, and even the Expreſſions of Pleaſure or Uneaſineſs in ſome Part of the Brute Creation. They are without Artifice or Malice; and we love Truth too well to reſiſt the Charms of Sincerity.

A third Reaſon is our Love of the Country. Health, Tranquillity and pleaſing Objects are the Growth of the Country, and though Men, for the general Good of the World, are made to love populous Cities, the Country hath the greateſt Share in an uncorrupted Heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our Fancy, the Country is the Scene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely Images. This State was that wherein God placed *Adam* when in *Paradiſe*; nor could all the fanciful Wits of Antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite Delight in their *Elyſium*.

Nº 23. *Tuesday, April 7.*

——— *Extrema per illos*
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 473.

From hence Astræa *took her Flight; and here*
The Prints of her departing Steps appear. DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my Reader into the Fairy or Pastoral Land, and informed him what manner of Life, the Inhabitants of that Region lead; I shall, in this Day's Paper, give him some Marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that Country; or, in other Words, what are the Characteristicks of a true *Arcadian*.

FROM the foregoing Account of the Pastoral Life, we may discover that Simplicity is necessary in the Character of Shepherds. Their Minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine Spirits were undoubtedly in the World before Arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce Shepherds with good Sense and even with Wit, provided their Manner of Thinking be not too galant or refined. For all Men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way (Truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the Difference: Men, who by long Study and Experience have reduced their Ideas to certain Classes, and consider the general Nature of things abstracted from Particulars, express their Thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising Manner. Those who have little Experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their Sentiments in plain Descriptions, by Circumstances, and those Observations which either strike

ſtrike upon the Senſes, or are the firſt Motions of the Mind. And though the former raiſes our Admiration more, the latter gives more Pleaſure, and ſooths us more naturally. Thus a courtly Lover may ſay to his Miſtreſs,

With thee for ever I in Woods could reſt,
Where never human Foot the Ground hath preſt;
Thou e'en from Dungeons Darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a Deſart baniſh Solitude.

A Shepherd will content himſelf to ſay the ſame thing more ſimply.

Come, Roſalind, *Oh! come, for without thee*
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?

AGAIN, ſince Shepherds are not allowed to make deep Reflexions, the Addreſs required is ſo to relate an Action, that the Circumſtances put together ſhall cauſe the Reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate Circumſtance *Corydon* tells *Alexis* that he is the fineſt Songſter of the Country.

Of ſeven ſmooth Joints a mellow Pipe I have,
Which with his dying Breath Damætas *gave:*
And ſaid, This, Corydon, *I leave to thee,*
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.

As in another Paſtoral Writer, after the ſame manner a Shepherd informs us how much his Miſtreſs likes him.

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond Lydia *lurking in the Sedges lay.*
The Wanton laugh'd and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

If ever a Reflexion be pardonable in Paſtorals, it is where the Thought is ſo obvious, that it ſeems to come eaſily to the Mind; as in the following admirable Improvement of *Virgil* and *Theocritus*.

Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
The bordering Flow'rs leſs beauteous than they grow?

A Second Characteriſtick of a true Shepherd is Simplicity of Manners, or Innocence. This is ſo obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but Repetition to inſiſt long upon it. I ſhall only remind the Reader, that as the Paſtoral Life is ſuppoſed to be where Nature is not much depraved, Sincerity and Truth will generally run through it. Some ſlight Tranſgreſſions for the Sake of Variety may be admitted, which in effect will only ſerve to ſet off the Simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illuſtrate this Rule than by the following Example of a Swain who found his Miſtreſs aſleep.

Once Delia *ſlept on eaſy Moſs reclin'd,*
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs;
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

A third Sign of a Swain is, that ſomething of Religion, and even Superſtition, is part of his Character. For we find that thoſe who have lived eaſy Lives in the Country, and contemplate the Works of Nature, live in the greateſt Awe of their Author. Nor doth this Humour prevail leſs now than of old: Our Peaſants as ſincerely believe the Tales of Goblins and Fairies, as the Heathens thoſe of Fawns, Nymphs, and Satyrs. Hence we find the Works of *Virgil* and *Theocritus* ſprinkled with left-handed Ravens, blaſted Oaks, Witch-crafts, Evil Eyes, and the like. And I obſerve with great Pleaſure, that our *Engliſh* Author of the Paſtorals I have quoted hath practiſed this Secret with admirable Judgment.

I will yet add another Mark, which may be obſerved very often in the above-named Poets, which is agreeable to the Character of Shepherds, and nearly allied to Superſtition, I mean the uſe of Proverbial Sayings. I take the common Similitudes in Paſtoral to be of the Pro-

Proverbial Order, which are ſo frequent, that it is needleſs and would be tireſom to quote them. I ſhall only take notice upon this Head, that it is a nice Piece of Art to raiſe a Proverb above the vulgar Stile, and ſtill keep it eaſy and unaffected. Thus the old Wiſh, *God reſt his Soul*, is finely turned.

> *Then gentle* Sidney *liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend,*
> *Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend.*

Nº 24. *Wedneſday, April* 8.

——*Dicenda tacendaque calles?* Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 5.

————————*Doſt thou, ſo young,*
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold thy Tongue?
DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about Fifteen when he was firſt entered in the Univerſity, and being a Youth of a great deal of Fire, and a more than ordinary Application to his Studies, it gave his Converſation a very particular Turn. He had too much Spirit to hold his Tongue in Company; but at the ſame time ſo little Acquaintance with the World, that he did not know how to talk like other People.

AFTER a Year and a half's ſtay at the Univerſity, the came down among us to paſs away a Month or two in the Country. The firſt Night after his Arrival, as we were at Supper, we were all of us very much improved by *Jack*'s Table Talk. He told us, upon the Appearance of a Diſh of Wild-Fowl, that according to the Opinion of ſome Natural Philoſophers they might be lately come from the Moon. Upon which the *Sparkler* burſting out into a Laugh, he inſulted her with ſeveral Queſtions relating to the Bigneſs and Diſtance of the Moon and Stars; and after every Interrogatory would be winking upon me, and ſmiling at his Siſter's Ignorance. *Jack* gained his Point; for the Mother was

pleased, and all the Servants stared at the Learning of their young Master. *Jack* was so encouraged at this Success, that for the first Week he dealt wholly in Paradoxes. It was a common Jest with him to pinch one of his Sister's Lap-Dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the Girls were sorting a Set of Knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the Ribbons were of the same Colour; or rather, says *Jack*, of no Colour at all. My Lady *Lizard* herself, though she was not a little pleas'd with her Son's Improvements, was one Day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her Fingers as she was lighting the Lamp for her Tea-pot; in the midst of her Anguish, *Jack* laid hold of the Opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as Heat in Fire. In short, no Day pass'd over our Heads, in which *Jack* did not imagine he made the whole Family wiser than they were before.

THAT Part of his Conversation which gave me the most Pain, was what pass'd among those Country Gentlemen that came to visit us. On such Occasions *Jack* usually took upon him to be the Mouth of the Company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd Sayings and Absurdities of their College Cook. I found this Fellow had made a very strong Impression upon *Jack*'s Imagination; which he never considered was not the Case of the rest of the Company, till after many repeated Trials he found that his Stories seldom made any Body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon *Jack* as a young Tree shooting out into Blossoms before its Time; the Redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon Fruitfulness.

IN order to wear out the Vein of Pedantry which ran through his Conversation, I took him out with me one Evening, and first of all insinuated to him this Rule, which I had my self learned from a very great Author, *To think with the Wise, but talk with the Vulgar.* *Jack*'s good Sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the Laughter of the Ignorant by a contrary Behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his Notions to him-

himſelf, and converſe in the common received Sentiments of Mankind. He at the ſame time deſired me to give him any other Rules of Converſation which I thought might be for his Improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular Affection for the young Man, I gave him the next Morning the following Rules in Writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable Man he now is.

THE Faculty of interchanging our Thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the Word *Converſation*, has always been repreſented by Moral Writers as one of the nobleſt Privileges of Reaſon, and which more particularly ſets Mankind above the Brute Part of the Creation.

THOUGH nothing ſo much gains upon the Affections as this *Extempore Eloquence*, which we have conſtantly Occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every Day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

THE Converſation of moſt Men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for Want of Wit and Learning, as of Good-Breeding and Diſcretion.

IF you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular Vanity or Paſſion of your own, but always with a Deſign either to divert or inform the Company. A Man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his Diſcourſe. He is never out of Humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt Judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt Perſon ſeldom fails to gain the Good-will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe no body envies a Man, who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

WE ſhould talk extremely little of our ſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our Faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied Virtues. Our private and domeſtick Affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in Converſation. What does it concern the Company how many Horſes you keep in your Stables? Or whether your Servant is moſt Knave or Fool?

A Man may equally affront the Company he is in, by engroſſing all the Talk, or obſerving a contemptuous Silence.

BEFORE you tell a Story it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort Character, and give the Company a true Idea of the principal Perſons concerned in it. The Beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular Perſon, or on ſuch a particular Occaſion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Advantages of Youth, few young People pleaſe in Converſation; the Reaſon is, that want of Experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a Deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

IT is certain that Age it ſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the Mouth of one much younger.

NOTHING, however, is more inſupportable to Men of Senſe, than an empty formal Man who ſpeaks in Proverbs, and decides all Controverſies with a ſhort Sentence. This Piece of Stupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the Air of Wiſdom.

A prudent Man will avoid talking much of any particular Science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. *Cowley* in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever diſcovered he was a great Poet by his Diſcourſe: Beſides the Decency of this Rule, it is certainly founded in good Policy. A Man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a Subject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other Matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WOMEN are frightened at the Name of Argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy Turn, or witty Expreſſion, than by Demonſtration.

WHENEVER you commend, add your Reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the Approbation of a Man of Senſe from the Flattery of Sycophants, and Admiration of Fools.

RALLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole Company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the Person rallied.

THOUGH Good-humour, Sense and Discretion can seldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy sometimes to prepare your self in a particular Manner for Conversation, by looking a little farther than your Neighbours into whatever is become a reigning Subject. If our Armies are besieging a Place of Importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a Bill of Consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with Pleasure, if you have nicely informed your self of the Strength, Situation, and History of the first, or of the Reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same Effect if when any single Person begins to make a Noise in the World, you can learn some of the smallest Accidents in his Life or Conversation, which though they are too fine for the Observation of the Vulgar, give more Satisfaction to Men of Sense, (as they are the best Openings to a real Character) than the Recital of his most glaring Actions. I know but one ill Consequence to be feared from this Method, namely, that coming full charged into Company, you should resolve to unload whether an handsom Opportunity offers it self or no.

THOUGH the asking of Questions may plead for it self the specious Names of Modesty, and a Desire of Information, it affords little Pleasure to the rest of the Company who are not troubled with the same Doubts; besides which, he who asks a Question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the Mercy of another before he receives an Answer.

NOTHING is more silly than the Pleasure some People take in what they call *speaking their Minds*. A Man of this Make will say a rude thing for the mere Pleasure of saying it, when an opposite Behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his Friend, or made his Fortune.

IT is not impossible for a Man to form to himself as exquisite a Pleasure in complying with the Humour and Sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since 'tis the certain Sign of a Superior Genius,

Genius, that can take and become whatever Dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the Company of the Polite. The Virtues of Men are catching as well as their Vices, and your own Obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands Attention in one Man and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the Diſcourſe of another.

Nº 25. *Thurſday, April* 9.

——Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptè eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur?—— Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 2.

——What Friend of his *
So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing Humour of crying up Authors that have writ in the Days of our Forefathers, and of paſſing ſlightly over the Merit of our Contemporaries, is a Grievance, that Men of a free and unprejudiced Thought have complained of through all Ages in their Writings.

I went home laſt Night full of theſe Reflexions from a Coffee-houſe, where a great many excellent Writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it ſeemed to me) upon the Account of their Date, than upon any intrinſick Value or Demerit. The Converſation ended with great Encomiums upon my Lord *Verulam*'s Hiſtory of *Henry* the VIIth. The Company were unanimous in their Approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the Traditional Vogue of that Book throughout the whole Nation, to venture my Thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my Judgment upon that Work to the Publick, (ſo great a Veneration have I for the Memory of a Man whoſe

* Of the Poet *Lucilius*.

whose Writings are the Glory of our Nation) but that the Authority of so leading a Name may perpetuate a vitious Taste amongst us, and betray future Historians to copy after a Model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

AS to the Fidelity of the History, I have nothing to say; to examine it impartially in that View would require much Pains and Leisure: But as to the Composition of it, and sometimes the Choice of Matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced Reader. A complete Historian should be endowed with the essential Qualifications of a great Poet. His Stile must be majestick and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his Narration should be animated, short and clear, and so as even to outrun the Impatience of the Reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in Words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous Circumstances in an Action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious Mind. This is what we find in the great Models of Antiquity, and in a more particular manner in *Livy*, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest Emotions.

BUT my Lord *Verulam*, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious Stile of Declaimers, using two Words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way Similies as some of our old Play-Writers. He abounds in low Phrases, beneath the Dignity of History and often condescends to little Conceits and Quibbles. His political Reflexions are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his Thoughts is full of Affectation and Pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole Work more the Air of a recluse Scholar, than of a Man versed in the World.

AFTER passing so free a Censure upon a Book which for these hundred Years and upwards has met with the most universal Approbation, I am obliged in my own Defence to transcribe some of the many Passages I formerly collected for the Use of my first Charge Sir *Marmaduke Lizard*. It would be endless should I point out the frequent Tautologies and Circumlocutions that

that occur in every Page, which do (as it were) rarify inſtead of condenſing his Thoughts and Matter. It was, in all probability, his Application to the Law that gave him a Habit of being ſo wordy; of which I ſhall put down two or three Examples.

'THAT all Records, wherein there was any Memory or Mention of the King's Attainder, ſhould be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the File—Divers ſecret and nimble Scouts and Spies, &c. to learn, ſearch and diſcover all the Circumſtances and Particulars——To aſſail, ſap, and work into the Conſtancy of Sir *Robert Clifford*.

I leave the following Paſſages to every one's Conſideration, without making any farther Remarks upon them.

'HE ſhould be well enough able to ſcatter the *Iriſh* as a flight of Birds, and rattle away his Swarm of Bees with their King.—The Rebels took their way towards *York*, &c. but their Snow-ball did not gather as it went——So that (in a kind of Mattacina of Human Fortune) he turned a Broach that had worn a Crown; whereas Fortune commonly doth not bring in a Comedy or Farce after a Tragedy—The Queen was crowned, &c. about two Years after the Marriage, like an old Chriſtening that had ſtaid long for Godfathers——Deſirous to trouble the Waters in *Italy*, that he might fiſh the better, caſting the Net not out of St. *Peter*'s, but out of *Borgia*'s Bark——And therefore upon the firſt Grain of Incenſe that was ſacrificed upon the Altar of Peace at *Bulloigne*, *Perkin* was ſmok'd away—This was the End of this little Cockatrice of a King, that was able to deſtroy thoſe that did not eſpy him firſt—It was obſerved that the great Tempeſt, which drove *Philip* into *England*, blew down the *Golden Eagle* from the Spire of St. *Paul*'s; and in the Fall, it fell upon a Sign of the *Black-Eagle*, which was in *Paul*'s Church-yard in the Place where the School-houſe now ſtandeth, and battered it, and broke it down: Which was a ſtrange ſtooping of a Hawk upon a Fowl.——The King began to find where his Shoe did wring him——In whoſe Boſom or Budget moſt of *Perkins*'s Secrets were laid up——One might know afar off where the Owl

'was

' was by the Flight of Birds—— Bold Men, and care-
' less of Fame, and that took Toll of their Master's
' Grist —— *Empson* and *Dudley* would have cut another
' Chop out of him. —— *Peter Hialas*, some call him
' *Elias*, surely he was the Forerunner of, *&c.*— *Lionel*,
' Bishop of *Concordia*, was sent as Nuncio, *&c.* but
' notwithstanding he had a good ominous Name to have
' made a Peace, nothing followed —— Taxing him for a
' great Taxer of his People —— Not by Proclamations,
' but by Court-Fames, which commonly print better
' than printed Proclamations— Sir *Edward Poynings*
' was enforced to make a wild Chace upon the wild
' *Irish* —— In sparing of Blood by the bleeding of so
' much Treasure—and although his own Case had both
' Steel and Parchment more than the other; that is to
' say, a Conquest in the Field, and an Act of Parlia-
' ment — That Pope knowing that King *Henry* the
' Sixth was reputed in the World abroad but for a simple
' Man, was afraid it would but diminish the Estimation
' of that kind of Honour, if there were not a distance
' kept between Innocents and Saints.

NOT to trouble my Reader with any more Instances of the like Nature, I must observe that the whole Work is ill conducted, and the Story of *Perkin Warbeck* (which should have been only like an Episode in a Poem) is spun out to near a third Part of the Book. The Character of *Henry* the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his History than a Character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many Particulars as confound the Resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the Reader to form any distinct Idea of the Person. It is not thus the Ancients drew their Characters; but in a few just and bold Strokes gave you the distinguishing Features of the Mind (if I may be allowed the Metaphor) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a Light, that you grew intimate with your Man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

AFTER all it must be consider'd in favour of my Lord *Verulam*, that he lived in an Age wherein chaste and correct Writing was not in Fashion and when Pedantry was the Mode even at Court: So that it is no Wonder if the prevalent Humour of the Times bore down

down his Genius, though superior in Force perhaps to any of our Countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

Nº 26. *Friday, April* 10.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam & pudorem & sedatam cupidinem.

Plaut.

A Woman's true Dowry, in my Opinion, is, Virtue, Modesty, and Desires restrain'd; not that which is usually so called.

AN healthy old Fellow that is not a Fool, is the happiest Creature living. It is at that Time of Life only Men enjoy their Faculties with Pleasure and Satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the Phrase is; we speak the downright Truth, and whether the rest of the World will give us the Privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the Women from this one Consideration; and having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in Nature, and as they are adorned with Virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A Set of Fops, from one Generation to another, has made such a Pother with *Bright Eyes, the Fair Sex, the Charms, the Air,* and something so incapable to be expressed but with a Sigh, that the Creatures have utterly gone out of their very Being, and there are no Women in all the World. If they are not Nymphs, Shepherdesses, Graces, or Goddesses, they are to a Woman all of them *the Ladies.* Get to a Christening at any Alley in the Town, and at the meanest Artificer's, and the Word is, *Well, who takes care of the Ladies?* I have taken notice that ever since the Word *Forsooth* was banished for *Madam,* the Word *Woman* has been discarded for *Lady.* And as there is now never a Woman in *England,* I hope I may talk of *Women* with-

out Offence to the *Ladies*. What puts me in this present Disposition to tell them their own is, that in the Holy Week I very civilly desired all Delinquents in point of Chastity to make some Atonement for their Freedoms, by bestowing a Charity upon the miserable Wretches who languish in the *Lock* Hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old Fellow, and say I do not understand the World. It is not, it seems, within the Rules of Good-breeding to tax the Vices of People of Quality, and the Commandments were made for the Vulgar. I am indeed informed of some Oblations sent into the House, but they are all come from the Servants of Criminals of Condition. A poor Chambermaid has sent in Ten Shillings out of her Hush-Money, to expiate her Guilt of being in her Mistress's Secret; but says she dare not ask her Ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young Gentleman, in the Absence of her Husband, three Hours together, for any Harm; but as my Lady is a Person of great Sense, the Girl does not know but that they were reading some good Book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her Ten Shillings for the Guilt of concealing it. We have a Thimble from a Country Girl that owns she has had Dreams of a fine Gentleman who comes to their House, who gave her half a Crown, and bid her have a care of the Men in this Town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the Thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The Ten Shillings, this Thimble, and an Occamy Spoon from some other unknown poor Sinner, are all the Atonement which is made for the Body of Sin in *London* and *Westminster*. I have computed that there is One in every Three Hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest Computation, how great a Number are those who make no Account of my Admonition. It might be expected one or two of the Two Hundred and Ninety-nine honest, might out of mere Charity and Compassion to Iniquity, as it is a Misfortune, have done something upon so good a Time, as that wherein they were solicited. But Major *Crabtree*,

a four

a ſour Pot-Companion of mine, ſays, the Two Hundred Ninety and Nine are one way or other as little Virtuous as the Three Hundredth unchaſte Woman, I would ſay Lady. It is certain, that we are infeſted with a parcel of Jillflirts, who are not capable of being Mothers of brave Men, for the Infant partakes of the Temper and Diſpoſition of its Mother. We ſee the unaccountable Effects which ſudden Frights and Longings have upon the Offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of Thinking of the Mother has its Influence upon what ſhe bears about her Nine Months. Thus from the want of Care in this Particular of chooſing Wives, you ſee Men, after much Care, Labour, and Study, ſurpriſed with prodigious Starts of Ill-Nature and Paſſion, that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them in Embrio, and the Man was determined Surly, Peeviſh, Froward, Sullen or Outrageous before he ſaw the Light. The laſt time I was in a Publick Place I fell in Love by Proxy for Sir *Harry Lizard*. The young Woman happens to be of Quality: Her Father was a Gentleman of as noble a Diſpoſition, as any I ever met with. The Widow her Mother, under whoſe Wing ſhe loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a Pattern to Perſons of Condition. Good-Senſe, heightened and exerted with Good-breeding, is the Parent's diſtinguiſhing Character; and if we can get this Young Woman into our Family, we ſhall think we have a much better Purchaſe than others, who, without her good Qualities, may bring into theirs the greateſt Acceſſion of Riches. I ſent Sir *Harry* by laſt Night's Poſt the following Letter on the Subject.

Dear Sir HARRY,

' UPON our laſt Parting, and as I had juſt mounted ' the little Roan I am ſo fond of, you called me ' back; and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me ' by the Hand, and with Alluſion to ſome pleaſant Diſ- ' courſe we had had a Day or two before in the Houſe, ' concerning the preſent Mercantile way of contracting ' Marriages, with a Smile and a Bluſh you bid me look ' upon ſome Women for you, and ſend Word how they ' went:

' went: I did not ſee one to my Mind till the laſt *Opera* ' before *Eaſter*. I aſſure you I have been as unquiet ' ever ſince, as I wiſh you were till you had her: Her ' Height, her Complexion, and every thing but her ' Age, which is under Twenty, are very much to my ' Satisfaction; there is an ingenious Shame in her Eyes, ' which is to the Mind what the Bloom of Youth is to ' the Body, neither implies that there are Virtuous Ha- ' bits and Accompliſhments already attained by the Poſ- ' ſeſſor, but they certainly ſhew an unprejudiced Capa- ' city towards them. As to the Circumſtance of this ' young Woman's Age, I am reconciled to her Want of ' Years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them; ' you don't ſee in her the odious Forwardneſs to I know ' not what, as in the aſſured Countenances, naked ' Boſoms, and confident Glances of her Cotempora- ' ries.

' I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole ' Heart, if you can win it; ſhe is in no Familiarities ' with the Fops, her Fan has never been yet out of her ' own Hand, and her Brother's Face is the only Man's ' ſhe ever looked in Stedfaſtly.

' WHEN I have gone thus far, and told you that I ' am very confident of her as to her Virtue and Educa- ' tion, I may ſpeak a little freely to you as you are a ' young Man: There is a Dignity in the young Lady's ' Beauty, when it ſhall become her to receive your Friends ' with a good Air and affable Countenance; when ſhe ' is to repreſent that Part of you, which you moſt de- ' light in, the frank and chearful Reception of your ' Friends, her Beauty will do as much Honour to your ' Table, as they will give you pleaſure in your Bed.

' IT is no ſmall Inſtance of Felicity to have a Wo- ' man, from whoſe Behaviour your Friends are more ' endeared to you; and for whoſe Sake your Children ' are as much valued as for your own.

' IT is not for me to celebrate the lovely Height of ' her Forehead, the ſoft Pulp of her Lips, or to deſcribe ' the amiable Profile which her fine Hair, Cheeks and ' Neck made to the Beholders that Night, but ſhall leave ' them to your own Obſervation when you come to ' Town; which you may do at your Leiſure, and be

' Time

'Time enough, for there are many in Town richer
' than her whom I recommend.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Nº 27. *Saturday, April* 11.

Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 332.

Struck with Compassion of so sad a State.

IN Compassion to those gloomy Mortals, who by their Unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those Impressions of Joy and Hope, which the Celebration of the late glorious Festival naturally leaves on the Mind of a Christian, I shall in this Paper endeavour to evince that there are Grounds to expect a future State, without supposing in the Reader any Faith at all, not even the Belief of a Deity. Let the most stedfast Unbeliever open his Eyes, and take a Survey of the sensible World, and then say if there be not a Connexion, and Adjustment, and exact and constant Order discoverable in all the Parts of it. Whatever be the Cause, the thing itself is evident to all our Faculties. Look into the Animal System, the Passions, Senses, and locomotive Powers; is not the like Contrivance and Propriety observable in these two? Are they not fitted to certain Ends, and are they not by Nature directed to proper Objects?

IS it possible then that the smallest Bodies should, by a Management superior to the Wit of Man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective Natures; and yet the Spirits or Souls of Men be neglected, or managed by such Rules as fall short of Man's Understanding? Shall every other Passion be rightly placed

placed by Nature, and shall that Appetite of Immortality natural to all Mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious Application of the inferior Animal Powers in the meanest Vocations be answered by the Ends we propose, and shall not the generous Efforts of a virtuous Mind be rewarded? In a word, Shall the Corporeal World be all Order and Harmony, the Intellectual Discord and Confusion? He who is Bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural Rule, of *Reasoning from Analogy*; must run counter to that Maxim of common Sense, *That Men ought to form their Judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced.*

IF any thing looks like a Recompence of calamitous Virtue on this side the Grave, it is either an Assurance that thereby we obtain the Favour and Protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befals us in this, in another Life meet with a just Return; or else that Applause and Reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous Actions. The former of these, our *Free-thinkers*, out of their singular Wisdom and Benevolence to Mankind, endeavour to erase from the Minds of Men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this Life, where so many ill Actions are reputable, and so many good Actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtile Hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging Light, and modest Virtue lies concealed; where the Heart and the Soul are hid from the Eyes of Men, and the Eyes of Men are dimmed and vitiated. *Plato*'s Sense in relation to this Point is contained in his *Gorgias* where he introduces *Socrates* speaking after this manner.

'IT was in the Reign of *Saturn* provided by a Law, 'which the Gods have since continued down to this 'time, That they who had lived virtuously and piously 'upon Earth, should after Death enjoy a Life full of 'Happiness, in certain Islands appointed for the Habitation of the Blessed: But that such as had lived 'wickedly should go into the Receptacle of Damned 'Souls, named *Tartarus*, there to suffer the Punishments they deserved. But in all the Reign of *Saturn*, and in the Beginning of the Reign of *Jove*, 'living

'living Judges were appointed, by whom each Person 'was judged in his Life-time in the same Day on 'which he was to die. The Consequence of which 'was, that they often passed wrong Judgments. *Pluto* 'therefore, who presided in *Tartarus*, and the Guar-'dians of the Blessed Islands, finding that on the other 'side many unfit Persons were sent to their respective 'Dominions, complain'd to *Jove*, who promised to 'redress the Evil. He added, the Reason of these un-'just Proceedings are that Men are judged in the Body. 'Hence many conceal the Blemishes and Imperfecti-'ons of their Minds by Beauty, Birth and Riches; not 'to mention, that at the time of Trial there are crowds 'of Witnesses to attest their having lived well. These 'things mis-lead the Judges, who being themselves 'also of the number of the Living, are surrounded each 'with his own Body, as with a Veil thrown over his 'Mind. For the future, therefore, it is my Intention 'that Men do not come on their Trial till after 'Death, when they shall appear before the Judge, dis-'robed of all their Corporeal Ornaments. The Judge 'himself too shall be a pure unveiled Spirit, beholding 'the very Soul, the naked Soul of the Party before 'him. With this View I have already constituted 'my Sons, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, Judges, who are 'Natives of *Asia*; and *Æacus*, a Native of *Europe*. 'These, after Death, shall hold their Court in a cer-'tain Meadow, from which there are two Roads, lead-'ing the one to *Tartarus*, the other to the Islands of '*the Blessed*.

FROM this, as from numberless other Passages of his Writings, may be seen *Plato*'s Opinion of a future State. A thing therefore in regard to us so comforta-ble, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the Analogy of Nature, and so universally credited by all Orders and Ranks of Men, of all Nations and Ages, what is it that should move a few Men to re-ject? Surely there must be something of Prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret Thoughts of a *Free-Thinker*, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: The Senses and Faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair, or preserve the Body from the

the Injuries it is liable to in its present Circumstances. But in an Eternal State where no Decays are to be repaired, no outward Injuries to be fenced against, where there are no Flesh and Bones, Nerves or Blood-Vessels, there will certainly be none of the Senses: and that there should be a State of Life without the Senses is inconceivable?

BUT as this manner of Reasoning proceeds from a Poverty of Imagination, and Narrowness of Soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those Defects, and open their Views, by laying before them a Case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

LET us suppose a Person blind and deaf from his Birth, who being grown to Man's Estate, is by the Dead Palsy, or some other Cause, deprived of his Feeling, Tasting, and Smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his Hearing removed, and the Film taken from his Eyes, What the five Senses are to us, that the Touch, Taste and Smell were to him. And any other ways of Perception of a more refined and extensive Nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one Day be adapted to perceive those things which *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive.* And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three Senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new Inlets of Perception; as in a Modern *Free-thinker* to imagine there can be no State of Life and Perception without the Senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same Person's Eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing Objects, and his Ears with a melodious Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick: Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant Representation, some faint and glimmering Idea of the ecstatic State of the Soul in that Article in which she emerges from this Sepulchre of Flesh into Life and Immortality.

N. B.

N. B. *It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious Foreigner, who has published many exemplary Jests for the use of Persons in the Article of Death, was very much out of Humour in a late Fit of Sickness, till he was in a fair way of Recovery.*

Nº 28. *Monday, April* 13.

Ætas Parentum pejor Avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.
Hor. Od. 6. l. 5. v. 46.

Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours: next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, *Bion* and *Moschus* are the most famous amongst the *Greek* Writers of Pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of *Theocritus*, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all Poets, *Virgil* himself. He hath the Advantage confessedly of the *Latin*, in coming before him, and writing in a Tongue more proper for Pastoral. The Softness of the *Dorick* Dialect, which this Poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the Ancient *Roman* Writers owned their Language could not approach. But besides this Beauty, he seems to me to have had a Soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of Writing than *Virgil*, whose Genius led him naturally to Sublimity. It is true that the great *Roman*, by the Niceness of his Judgment, and great Command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating Judge will find there the Seeds of that Fire which burned afterwards so bright in the *Georgicks*, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold Strokes appear chiefly in those Eclogues of *Virgil*, which ought not

to be numbred amongst his Pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the Pastoral kind; but by the best Judges are only called his Select Poems, as the Word *Eclogue* originally means.

THOSE who will take the Pains to consult *Scaliger*'s Comparison of these two Poets, will find that *Theocritus* hath out-done him in those very Passages which the Critick hath produced in honour of *Virgil*. There is, in short, more Innocence, Simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing Marks of Pastoral, in the *Greek* than the *Roman*; and all Arguments from the Exactness, Propriety, Conciseness and Nobleness of *Virgil*, may very well be turned against him. There is indeed sometimes a Grossness and Clownishness in *Theocritus*, which *Virgil*, who borrowed his greatest Beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that *Virgil*, out of the Excellence of Genius only, hath come short of *Theocritus*; and had possibly excelled him, if in greater Subjects he had not been born to excel all Mankind.

THR *Italians* were the first, amongst the Moderns, that fell into Pastoral Writing. It is observed, that the People of that Nation are very profound and abstruse in their Poetry as well as Politicks; fond of surprising Conceits and far-fetched Imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From Persons of this Character, how can we expect that Air of Simplicity and Truth, which hath been proved so essential to Shepherds? There are two Pastoral Plays in this Language, which they boast of as the most elegant Performances in Poetry that the latter Ages have produced; the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, and *Guarini*'s *Pastor Fido*. In these the Names of the Persons are indeed Pastoral, and the *Sylvan* Gods, the *Dryads*, and the *Satyrs* appointed with the Equipage of Antiquity; but neither their Language, Sentiments, Passions or Designs, like those of the Pretty Triflers in *Virgil* and *Theocritus*. I shall produce an Example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as Patterns of the *Italian* way of Thinking in Pastoral. *Sylvia* in *Tasso*'s Poem enters adorned with a Garland of Flowers, and views herself in a Fountain with such Self-admiration, that she breaks out into a

Speech to the Flowers on her Head, and tells them, *ſhe doth not wear them to adorn herſelf, but to make them aſhamed.* In the *Paſtor Fido*, a Shepherdeſs reaſons after an abſtruſe Philoſophical manner about the Violence of Love, and expoſtulates with the Gods, *for making Laws ſo rigorous to reſtrain us, and at the ſame time giving us invincible Deſires.* Whoever can bear theſe, may be aſſured he hath no Taſte for Paſtoral.

WHEN I am ſpeaking of the *Italians*, it would be unpardonable to paſs by *Sannazarius*. He hath changed the Scene in this kind of Poetry from Woods and Lawns, to the barren Beach and boundleſs Ocean: introduces Sea-calves in the room of Kids and Lambs, Sea-mews for the Lark and the Linnet, and preſents his Miſtreſs with Oiſters inſtead of Fruits and Flowers. How good ſoever his Stile and Thoughts may be; yet who can pardon him for his Arbitrary Change of the ſweet Manners and pleaſing Objects of the Country, for what in their own Nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no Followers, or if any, ſuch as knew little of his Beauties, and only copied his Faults, and ſo are loſt and forgotten.

THE *French* are ſo far from thinking abſtruſely, that they often ſeem not to think at all. It is all a Run of Numbers, Common-place Deſcriptions of Woods, Floods, Groves, Loves, *&c.* Thoſe who write the moſt accurately fall into the manner of their Country; which is Galantry. I cannot better illuſtrate what I would ſay of the *French*, than by the Dreſs in which they make their Shepherds appear in their Paſtoral Interludes upon the Stage, as I find it deſcribed by a celebrated Author. 'The Shepherds, ſaith he, are all embroi-'dered, and acquit themſelves in a Ball better than our '*Engliſh* Dancing-Maſters. I have ſeen a couple of Ri-'vers appear in Red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, inſtead 'of having his Head covered with Sedges and Bull-'ruſhes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Periwig, 'and a Plume of Feathers; but with a Voice ſo full of 'Shakes and Quavers, that I ſhould have thought the 'Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agree-'able Muſick.

Tueſday,

Nº 29. *Tuesday, April* 14.

Ride si sapis—— Mart. Epig. 41. l. 2. v. 1.

Laugh, if you're wise.

IN order to look into any Person's Temper, I generally make my first Observation upon his Laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the Passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of Convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: and Laughter being a visible Symptom of some inward Satisfaction, 'tis then, if ever, we may believe the Face. There is, perhaps, no better Index to point us to the Particularities of the Mind than this, which is in it self one of the chief Distinctions of our Rationality. For, as *Milton* says,

——*Smiles from Reason flow, to Brutes deny'd,*
And are of Love the Food——

It may be remarked in general under this Head, that the Laugh of Men of Wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-Laugh, as such Persons are never without some Diffidence about them; but that of Fools is the most honest, natural, open Laugh in the World.

I have often had Thoughts of Writing a Treatise upon this Faculty, wherein I would have laid down Rules for the better Regulation of it at the Theatre; I would have criticised on the Laughs now in vogue, by which our Comic Writers might the better know how to transport an Audience into this pleasing Affection. I had set apart a Chapter for a Dissertation on the Talents of some of our modern Comedians; and as it was the Manner of *Plutarch* to draw Comparisons of his Heroes and Orators, to set their Actions and Eloquence in a fairer Light; so I would have made the Parallel of *Pinketh-*

man, *Norris* and *Bullock*; and so far shown their different Methods of raising Mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the Jest was the Poet's, or the Actor's.

AS the Play-house affords us the most Occasions of observing upon the Behaviour of the Face, it may be useful (for the Direction of those who would be Criticks this Way) to remark, that the Virgin Ladies usually dispose themselves in the Front of the Boxes, the young married Women compose the second Row, while the Rear is generally made up of Mothers of long standing, undesigning Maids and contented Widows. Whoever will cast his Eye upon them under this View, during the Representation of a Play, will find me so far in the right, that a *Double Entendre* strikes the first Row into an affected Gravity, or careless Indolence, the second will venture at a Smile, but the third take the Conceit entirely, and express their Mirth in a downright Laugh.

WHEN I descend to Particulars, I find the reserved Prude will relapse into a Smile at the extravagant Freedoms of the Coquette, the Coquette in her turn laughs at the Starchness and aukward Affectation of the Prude; the Man of Letters is tickled with the Vanity and Ignorance of the Fop, and the Fop confesses his Ridicule at the Unpoliteness of the Pedant.

I fancy we may range the several Kinds of Laughers under the following Heads.

The *Dimplers*.
The *Smilers*.
The *Laughers*.
The *Grinners*.
The *Horse-Laughers*.

THE *Dimple* is practised to give a Grace to the Features, and is frequently made a Bait to entangle a gazing Lover; this was called by the Ancients the *Chian* Laugh.

THE Smile is for the most part confined to the Fair Sex, and their Male Retinue. It expresses our Satisfaction in a silent sort of Approbation, doth not too much

much disorder the Features, and is practised by Lovers of the most delicate Address. This under Motion of the Physiognomy the Ancients called the *Ionic* Laugh.

THE *Laugh* among us is the common *Risus* of the Ancients.

THE *Grin* by Writers of Antiquity is called the *Syncrusian*; and was then, as 'tis at this time, made use of to display a beautiful Set of Teeth.

THE *Horse-Laugh*, or the *Sardonick*, is made use of with great Success in all kinds of Disputation. The Proficients in this Kind by a well-timed Laugh, will baffle the most solid Argument. This upon all Occasions supplies the want of Reason, is always received with great Applause in Coffee-house Disputes, and that Side the Laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his Antagonist.

THE Prude hath a wonderful Esteem for the *Chian* Laugh or Dimple; she looks upon all the other Kinds of Laughter as Excesses of Levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant Jests to disorder her Countenance with the Ruffle of a Smile. Her Lips are composed with a Primness peculiar to her Character, all her Modesty seems collected into her Face, and she but very rarely takes the Freedom to sink her Cheek into a Dimple.

THE young Widow is only a *Chian* for time, her Smiles are confined by Decorum, and she is obliged to make her Face sympathize with her Habit; she looks demure by Art, and by the strictest Rules of Decency is never allowed the Smile till the first Offer or Advance towards her is over.

THE Effeminate Fop, who by the long Exercise of his Countenance at the Glass, hath reduced it to an exact Discipline, may claim a Place in this Clan. You see him upon any Occasion, to give Spirit to his Discourse, admire his own Eloquence by a Dimple.

THE *Ionics* are those Ladies that take a greater Liberty with their Features, yet even these may be said to smother a Laugh, as the former to stifle a Smile.

THE Beau is an *Ionic* out of Complaisance, and practises the Smile the better to sympathize with the Fair.

Fair. He will sometimes join in a *Laugh* to humour the Spleen of a Lady, or applaud a piece of Wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his Mouth within the Rules of Good-breeding; he takes the Laugh from the Ladies, but is never guilty of so great an Indecorum as to begin it.

THE *Ionic* Laugh is of universal Use to Men of Power at their Levées; and is esteemed by judicious Place-Hunters a more particular Mark of Distinction than the Whisper. A young Gentleman of my Acquaintance valued himself upon his Success, having obtained this Favour after the Attendance of three Months only.

A judicious Author some Years since Published a Collection of Sonnets, which he very successfully called *Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to purge Melancholy*: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious Title of these Volumes, and must censure the World of Ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the Jocose Labours of my Friend Mr. *D'Urfey*, who was so large a Contributor to this Treatise, and to whose humourous Productions so many Rural Squires in the remotest Parts of this Island are obliged for the Dignity and State which Corpulency gives them. The Story of the Sick Man's breaking an Imposthume by a sudden Fit of Laughter, is too well known to need a Recital. It is my Opinion, that the above Pills would be extremely proper to be taken with *Asses Milk*, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed Lungs. *Democritus* is generally represented to us as a Man of the largest Size, which we may attribute to his frequent Exercise of his risible Faculty. I remember *Juvenal* says of him

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.
Sat. 10. v. 33.

He shook his Sides with a perpetual Laugh.

THAT sort of Man whom a late Writer has called the *Butt* is a great Promoter of this healthful Agitation, and is generally stocked with so much Good-humour, as to strike in with the Gaiety of Conversation, though some

ſome innocent Blunder of his own be the Subject of the Rallery.

I ſhall range all old amorous Dotards under the Denomination of *Grinners*; when a young blooming Wench touches their Fancy, by an Endeavour to recal Youth into their Cheeks, they immediately overſtrain their Muſcular Features, and ſhrivel their Countenance into this frightful Merriment.

THE Wag is of the ſame kind, and by the ſame Artifice labours to ſupport his Impotence of Wit; but he very frequently calls in the *Horſe-Laugh* to his Aſſiſtance.

THERE are another kind of *Grinners*, which the Ancients call *Megarics*, and ſome Moderns have, not injudiciouſly, given them the Name of the *Snearers*. Theſe always indulge their Mirth at the Expence of their Friends, and all their Ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable Ill-nature. I could wiſh theſe Laughers would conſider, that let 'em do what they can, there is no laughing away their own Follies by laughing at other People's.

THE Mirth of the Tea-Table is for the moſt part *Megaric*, and in Viſits the Ladies themſelves very ſeldom ſcruple the ſacrificing a Friendſhip to a Laugh of this Denomination.

THE Coquette hath a great deal of the *Megaric* in her; but in ſhort, ſhe is a Proficient in Laughter, and can run through the whole Exerciſe of the Features; ſhe ſubdues the formal Lover with the *Dimple*, accoſts the Fop with the *Smile*, joins with the Wit in the downright *Laugh*; to vary the Air of her Countenance frequently rallies with the *Grinn*; and when ſhe has ridiculed her Lover quite out of his Underſtanding, to compleate his Misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the *Horſe-Laugh*.

THE *Horſe-Laugh* is a diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of the Rural Hoyden, and 'tis obſerved to be the laſt Symptom of Ruſticity that forſakes her under the Diſcipline of the Boarding-School.

PUNSTERS, I find, very much contribute towards the *Sardonic*, and the Extremes of either Wit or Folly ſeldom fail of raiſing this noiſy kind of Applauſe.

plauſe. As the Ancient Phyſicians held the *Sardonic* Laugh very beneficial to the Lungs; I ſhould, methinks, adviſe all my Countrymen of Conſumptive and Hectical Conſtitutions to aſſociate with the moſt facetious Punſters of the Age. *Perſius* hath very elegantly deſcribed a *Sardonic* Laugher in the following Line,

Ingeminat tremulos Naſo criſpante cachinnos.
Sat. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled Peals of trembling Laughter burſts,
Convulſing every Feature of the Face.

LAUGHTER is a Vent of any ſudden Joy that ſtrikes upon the Mind, which being too volatile and ſtrong, breaks out in this Tremor of the Voice. The Poets make uſe of this Metaphor when they would deſcribe Nature in her richeſt Dreſs, for Beauty is never ſo lovely as when adorned with the Smile, and Converſation never ſits eaſier upon us, than when we now and then diſcharge our ſelves in a Symphony of Laughter, which may not improperly be called *The Chorus of Converſation.*

Nº 30. *Wedneſday, April* 15.

——— *redeunt Saturnia Regna.* Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 6.

——————— *Saturnian Times*
Roll round again. DYRDEN.

THE *Italians* and *French* being diſpatched, I come now to the *Engliſh*, whom I ſhall treat with ſuch Meekneſs as becomes a good Patriot; and ſhall ſo far recommend this our Iſland as a proper Scene for Paſtoral under certain Regulations, as will ſatisfy the courteous Reader that I am in the Landed Intereſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that our Countrymen have ſo good an Opinion of the Ancients, and think ſo modeſtly of themſelves, that the generality of Paſtoral

Paſtoral Writers have either ſtol'n all from the *Greeks* and *Romans*, or ſo ſervilely imitated their Manners and Cuſtoms, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over ſome *Engliſh* Paſtorals a few Days ago, I peruſed at leaſt fifty lean Flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed Ravens, beſides blaſted Oaks, withering Meadows, and weeping Deities. Indeed moſt of the occaſional Paſtorals we have, are built upon one and the ſame Plan. A Shepherd asks his Fellow, why he is ſo pale, if his favourite Sheep hath ſtrayed, if his Pipe be broken, or *Phyllis* unkind; He anſwers, None of theſe Misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for *Damon*, (or ſometimes the God *Pan*) is dead. This immediately cauſes the other to make Complaints, and call upon the lofty Pines and Silver Streams to join in the Lamentation. While he goes on, his Friend interrupts him, and tells him that *Damon* lives, and ſhows him a Track of Light in the Skies to confirm it; then invites him to Cheſnuts and Cheeſe. Upon this Scheme moſt of the noble Families in *Great Britain* have been comforted; nor can I meet with any Right Honourable Shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforeſaid *Damon*.

HAVING already informed my Reader wherein the Knowledge of Antiquity may be ſerviceable, I ſhall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the Ancients. There are ſome things of an eſtabliſhed Nature in Paſtoral, which are eſſential to it, ſuch as a Country Scene, Innocence, Simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, ſuch as Habits, Cuſtoms, and the like. The Difference of the Climate is alſo to be conſidered, for what is proper in *Arcadia*, or even in *Italy*, might be very abſurd in a colder Country. By the ſame Rule the Difference of the Soil, of Fruits and Flowers, is to be obſerved. And in ſo fine a Country as *Britain*, what occaſion is there for that Profuſion of *Hyacinths* and *Pæſtan* Roſes, and that *Cornucopia* of Foreign Fruits, which the *Britiſh* Shepherds never heard of! How much more pleaſing is the following Scene to an *Engliſh* Reader!

This Place may seem for Shepherds leisure made,
So lovingly these Elves unite their Shade,
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath:
The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,
Thro' which the springing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup of a golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daisies white, and Endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thrush,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!
In pleasing Consort all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.

THE Theology of the ancient Pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity intirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical Superstition of Hob-thrushes, Fairies, Goblins and Witches. The Fairies are capable of being made very entertaining Persons, as they are described by several of our Poets; and particularly by Mr. *Pope*.

About this Spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper Elves their Moon light Sports pursue,
Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,
And Airy Musick warbled through the Shade.

WHAT hath been said upon the Difference of Climate, Soil and Theology, reaches the Proverbial Sayings, Dress, Customs and Sports of Shepherds. The following Examples of our Pastoral Sports are extremely beautiful.

Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong rustick Routs the chief for Wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin *came;*
Who better seen than I in Shepherds Arts,
To please the Lads, and win the Lasses Hearts?
How deftly to mine Oaten Reed, so sweet,
Wont they upon the Green to shift their Feet?

And

And when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well devised Tale from me to learn.
For many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chase the lingring Sun a-down the Sky.

——— O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowslip that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet, and Garden Rose:
Your Hamlets strew, and every publick Way,
And consecrate to Mirth Albino's *Day.*
My self will lavish all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet flowing ore:
Old Moulin *there shall harp, young* Mico *sing,*
And Cuddy *dance the Round amidst the Ring,*
And Hobbinol *his antick Gambols play.*

THE Reason why such Changes from the Ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that Poetry being Imitation, and that Imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the Customs which are most familiar, or universally known, since no Man can be deceived or delighted with the Imitation of what he is Ignorant of.

IT is easy to be observed that these Rules are drawn from what our Countrymen *Spencer* and *Philips* have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the Beauties of the Ancients, whose manner of Thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our Language would allow them, they have formed a Pastoral Stile according to the *Doric* of *Theocritus*, in which I dare not say they have excelled *Virgil*; but I may be allowed, for the Honour of our Language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty Rusticity than the *Latin*. To their Works I refer my Reader to make Observations upon the Pastoral Stile; where he will sooner find that Secret than from a Folio of Criticisms.

Thursday,

Nº 31. Thurſday, April 16.

Fortem poſce animum —— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 357.

Ask of the Gods Content and Strength of Mind.

MY Lady *Lizard* is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her Children about her engaged in any profitable Diſcourſe. I found her laſt Night ſitting in the midſt of her Daughters, and forming a very beautiful Semi-circle about the Fire. I immediately took my Place in an Elbow-Chair, which is always left empty for me in one Corner.

OUR Converſation fell inſenſibly upon the Subject of Happineſs, in which every one of the young Ladies gave her Opinion, with that Freedom and Unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in Company only with their Mother and myſelf.

Mrs. *Jane* declared, that ſhe thought it the greateſt Happineſs to be married to a Man of Merit, and placed at the Head of a well-regulated Family. I could not but obſerve, that in her Character of a Man of Merit, ſhe gave us a lively Deſcription of *Tom Worthy*, who has long made his Addreſſes to her. The Siſters did not diſcover this at firſt, 'till ſhe began to run down Fortune in a Lover, and among the Accompliſhments of a Man of Merit, unluckily mentioned white Teeth and black Eyes.

Mrs. *Annabella*, after having rallied her Siſter upon her Man of Merit, talked much of Conveniences of Life, Affluence of Fortune, and Eaſineſs of Temper, in one whom ſhe ſhould pitch upon for a Husband. In ſhort, tho' the Baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the Sum of her Wiſhes was a rich Fool, or a Man ſo turned to her Purpoſes, that ſhe might enjoy his Fortune, and inſult his Underſtanding.

THE Romantick *Cornelia* was for living in a Wood among Choirs of Birds, with Zephyrs, Echos, and Rivulets

vulets to make up the Confort; ſhe would not ſeem to include a Husband in her Scheme, but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of Cooing Turtles, Moſſy Banks, and Beds of Violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe was not without Thoughts of a Companion in her Solitudes.

MISS *Betty* placed her *Summum bonum* in Equipages, Aſſemblies, Balls and Birth-nights, talked in Raptures of Sir *Edward Shallow*'s gilt Coach, and my Lady *Tattle*'s Room, in which ſhe ſaw Company; nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her Mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her Looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch a Redundance of Vanity and Impertinence.

MY Favourite, the *Sparkler*, with an Air of Innocence and Modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as Happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; for, as Mr. *Ironſide* has often told us, ſays ſhe, we ſhould endeavour to be eaſy here and happy hereafter: At the ſame time ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what Rules this Eaſe of Mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it Happineſs, is beſt attained.

MY Lady *Lizard* joined in the ſame Requeſt with her youngeſt Daughter, adding with a ſerious Look, The thing ſeemed to her of ſo great Conſequence, that ſhe hoped I would for once forget they were all Women, and give my real Thoughts of it with the ſame Juſtneſs I would uſe among a Company of my own Sex. I complied with her Deſire, and communicated my Sentiments to them on this Subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following Purpoſe.

AS nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt Men in all Ages have ſpent ſo much time to diſcover what Happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent Writer, named *Varro*, reckons up no leſs than two hundred eighty eight different Opinions upon this Subject; and another, called *Lucian*, after having given us a long Catalogue of the the Notions of ſeveral Philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the Abſurdity

ſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

THAT which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this Caſe, is the Reſolution they took to fix a Man's Happineſs to one determined Point, which I conceive cannot be made up, but by the Concurrence of ſeveral Particulars.

I ſhall readily allow *Virtue* the firſt Place, as ſhe is the Mother of *Content.* It is this which calms our Thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with Eaſe and Pleaſure. *Naked Virtue*, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a Man happy. It muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate Proviſion of all the Neceſſities of Life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily Pains. A Fit of the Stone was ſharp enough to make a Stoick cry out, That *Zeno* his Maſter taught him falſe, when he told him that Pain was no Evil.

BUT beſides this, *Virtue* is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a Man happy, that the Exceſs of it in ſome Particulars, joined to a ſoft and Feminine Temper, may often give us the deepeſt Wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in *Pity, Love,* and *Friendſhip.* In the two laſt Paſſions it often happens, that we ſo intirely give up our Hearts, as to make our Happineſs wholly depend upon another Perſon; a Truſt for which no human Creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient Security.

THE Man therefore who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual Virtue, attain to ſuch a *Strength of Mind*, as to confine his Happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A Man of this Make will perform all thoſe Good-natured Offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding Pity, without being ſo far affected at the common Misfortunes of human Life, as to diſturb his own Repoſe. His Actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a Principle of Virtue, and a Senſe of his Duty; whereas a Man of a ſofter Temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A Man

A Man endowed with that *Strength of Mind* I am here ſpeaking of, tho' he leaves it to his Friend or Miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the Power of either to make him miſerable.

FROM what has been already ſaid it will alſo appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our Happineſs in the Applauſe of others, ſince by this Means we make it wholly independent of our ſelves. People of this Humour, who place their chief Felicity in Reputation and Applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to Envy, the moſt painful as well as the moſt abſurd of all Paſſions.

THE ſureſt Means to attain that *Strength of Mind* and independent State of Happineſs I am here recommending, is A virtuous Mind ſufficiently furniſhed with Ideas to ſupport Solitude, and keep up an agreeable Converſation with it ſelf. Learning is a very great Help on this Occaſion, as it lays up an infinite Number of Notions in the Memory, ready to be drawn out, and ſet in Order upon any Occaſion. The Mind often takes the ſame Pleaſure in looking over theſe her Treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper Forms, as a Prince does in a Review of his Army.

AT the ſame time I muſt own, that as a Mind thus furniſhed, feels a ſecret Pleaſure in the Conſciouſneſs of its own Perfection, and is delighted with ſuch Occaſions as call upon it to try its Force, a lively Imagination ſhall produce a Pleaſure very little inferior to the former in Perſons of much weaker Heads. As the firſt therefore may not be improperly call'd, *The Heaven of a Wiſe Man*; the latter is extremely well repreſented by our Vulgar Expreſſion, which terms it *A Fool's Paradiſe*. There is, however, this Difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that Strength and Greatneſs of Mind I have been all along deſcribing as ſo eſſential to render a Man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every Accident, and loſt under the common Misfortune.

IT is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the Changes of Fortune, that riſes at the Sight of Dangers, and could make *Alexander* (in that Paſſage of his Life ſo much admired by the Prince of *Condé*) when

when his Army mutinied, bid his Soldiers return to *Macedon*, and tell their Countrymen that they had left their King conquering the World; since for his Part he could not doubt of raising an Army where-ever he appear'd. It is this that chiefly exerts it self when a Man is most oppressed, and gives him always in Proportion to whatever Malice or Injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous Man insensibly set a Value upon himself, and throws a Varnish over his Words and Actions, that will at last command Esteem, and give him a greater Ascendant over others, than all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune.

N° 32. *Friday, April* 17.

——— ipse volens, facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas ——— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 146.

The willing Metal will obey thy Hand,
Following with Ease, if, favour'd by thy Fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian State:
If not, no Labour can the Tree constrain;
And Strength of stubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.
DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my Thoughts upon Pastoral Poetry, after a Didactic Manner, in some foregoing Papers, wherein I have taken such Hints from the Criticks as I thought rational, and departed from 'em according to the best of my Judgment, and substituted others in their Place, I shall close the whole with the following Fable or Allegory.

IN ancient Times there dwelt in a pleasant Vale of *Arcadia* a Man of very ample Possessions, named *Menalcas*; who deriving his Pedigree from the God *Pan*, kept very strictly up to the Rules of the Pastoral Life, as it was in the *Golden Age*. He had a Daughter, his only Child, called *Amaryllis*. She was a Virgin of a most in-

chanting

chanting Beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected Air; but having been bred up wholly in the Country, was baſhful to the laſt Degree. She had a Voice that was exceeding ſweet, yet had a Ruſticity in its Tone, which however to moſt who heard her ſeemed an additional Charm. Though in her Converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her Lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in Diſguſt after a tedious Courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For *Menalcas* had not only reſolved to take a Son-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the Cuſtoms of his Family; but had received one Evening, as he walked in the Fields, a Pipe of an Antique Form from a *Faun*, or as ſome ſay, from *Oberon* the Fairy, with a particular Charge not to beſtow his Daughter upon any one who could not play the ſame Tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

WHEN the Time that he had deſigned to give her in Marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a Decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring Youths to make Trial of this Muſical Inſtrument, with Promiſe that the Victor ſhould poſſeſs his Daughter, on Condition that the Vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what Puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high Conceits of their own Worth, appeared on the appointed Day, in a Dreſs and Equipage ſuitable to their reſpective Fancies.

THE Place of Meeting was a flowery Meadow, through which a clear Stream murmured in many irregular Meanders. The Shepherds made a ſpacious Ring for the contending Lovers; and in one Part of it there ſat upon a little Throne of Turf, under an Arch of Eglantine and Wood-bines, the Father of the Maid, and at his right Hand the Damſel crowned with Roſes and Lilies. She wore a flying Robe of a ſlight green Stuff; ſhe had her Sheephook in one Hand, and the fatal Pipe in the other.

THE firſt who approached her was a Youth of a graceful Preſence and courtly Air, but dreſt in a richer Habit than had ever been ſeen in *Arcadia*. He wore a Crimſon Veſt, cut indeed after the Shepherd's Faſhion, but ſo enriched with Embroidery, and ſparkling with Jewels,

Jewels, that the Eyes of the Spectators were diverted from considering the Mode of the Garment by the dazzling of the Ornaments. His Head was covered with a Plume of Feathers, and his Sheep-hook glittered with Gold and Enamel. He accosted the Damsel after a very galant manner, and told her, * *Madam, you need not to consult your Glass to adorn your self To day; you may see the Greatness of your Beauty in the Number of your Conquests.* She having never heard any Compliment so polite, could give him no Answer, but presented the Pipe. He applied it to his Lips, and began a Tune which he set off with so many Graces and Quavers, that the Shepherds and Shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great Skill and Regularity of Steps, which they had never been bred to. *Menalcas* ordered him to be stript of his costly Robes, and to be clad in a Russet Weed, and confined him to tend the Flocks in the Valleys for a Year and a Day.

* *Vid.* Fontenelle.

THE Second that appeared was in a very different Garb. He was clothed in a Garment of rough Goatskins, his Hair was matted, his Beard neglected; in his Person uncouth, and aukward in his Gate. He came up fleering to the Nymph, and told her † *He had hugg'd his Lambs, and kiss'd his young Kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.* The Fair one blushed with Modesty and Anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the Pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some Difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring Notes, that the Shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no Musick. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy Parts of *Arcadia*, to keep the Goats, and commanded never to touch a Pipe any more.

† *Vid.* Theocritus.

THE Third that advanced appeared in Clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with Pain. He marched up to the Maiden with a thoughtful Look and stately Pace, and said, ‡ *Divine* Amaryllis, *you wear not those Roses to improve your Beauty, but to make them ashamed.* As she did not comprehend his Mean-

‡ *Vid.* Tasso.

Meaning, she presented the Instrument without Reply. The Tune that he play'd was so intricate and perplexing, that the Shepherds stood stock still, like People astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the Perfection of Musick, and composed by the most skilful Master in *Hesperia*. *Menalcas* finding that he was a Stranger, hospitably took Compassion on him, and delivered him to an old Shepherd, who was ordered to get him Clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

THE Fourth that step'd forwards was young *Amyntas*, the most beautiful of all the *Arcadian* Swains, and secretly beloved by *Amaryllis*. He wore that Day the same Colours as the Maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured Air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the Fatal Present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his Vows to the Gods, he poured forth such melodious Notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every Heart with Delight. The Swains immediately mingled in the Dance, and the old Shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such Musick by Night, which they imagined to be played by some of the Rural Deities. The good old Man leaped from his Throne, and after he had embraced him, presented him to his Daughter, which caused a general Acclamation.

WHILE they were in the midst of their Joy, they were surprised with a very odd Appearance. A Person in a blue Mantle, crown'd with Sedges and Rushes, step'd into the middle of the Ring. He had an Angling-Rod in his Hand, a Pannier upon his Back, and a poor meagre Wretch in wet Clothes carried some Oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? He told them, he was come to invite *Amaryllis* from the Plains to the Sea-Shore, that his Substance consisted in Sea-Calves, and that he was acquainted with the *Nereids* and the *Naiads*. *Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?* said *Menalcas*; *To them then shalt thou return.* The Shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an Enemy to *Arcadia*, and plunged him in the River, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

AMYN-

AMYNTAS and *Amaryllis* lived a long and happy Life, and governed the Vales of *Arcadia*. Their Generation was very long-lived, there having been but four Descents in above two thousand Years. His Heir was called *Theocritus*, who left his Dominions to *Virgil*, *Virgil* left his to his Son *Spencer*, and *Spencer* was succeeded by his eldest-born *Philips*.

Nº 33. *Saturday, April* 18.

——*Dignum ſapiente, bonoque eſt.*

Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

Worthy a wiſe Man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a Rule to myſelf not to publiſh any thing on a *Saturday*, but what ſhall have ſome Analogy to the Duty of the Day enſuing. It is an unſpeakable Pleaſure to me, that I have lived to ſee the Time when I can obſerve ſuch a Law to myſelf, and yet turn my Diſcourſe upon what is done at the Play-Houſe. I am ſure the Reader knows I am going to mention *the Tragedy of CATO*. The Principal Character is moved by no Conſideration, but Reſpect to that ſort of Virtue, the Senſe of which is retained in our Language under the Word *Publick Spirit*. All Regards to his Domeſtick are wholly laid aſide, and the Hero is drawn as having, by this Motive, ſubdued Inſtinct itſelf, and taking Comfort from the Diſtreſſes of his Family, which are brought upon them by their Adherence to the Cauſe of Truth and Liberty. There is nothing uttered by *Cato* but what is worthy the beſt of Men; and the Sentiments which are given him, are not only the moſt warm for the Conduct of this Life, but ſuch as we may think will not need to be eraſed, but conſiſt with the Happineſs of the Human Soul in the next. This illuſtrious Character has its proper Influence on all below it; the other virtuous Perſonages are, in their Degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the Principal; the Conduct of the Lovers, (who are more warm, though more diſcreet,

creet, than ever yet appeared on the Stage, has in it a constant Sense of the great Catastrophe which was expected from the Approach of *Cæsar*. But to see the Modesty of an Heroine, whose Country and Family were at the same time in the most imminent Danger, preserv'd, while she breaks out into the most fond and open Expressions of her Passion for her Lover, is an Instance of no common Address. Again, to observe the Body of a galant young Man brought before us, who, in the Bloom of his Youth, in the Defence of all that is Good and Great, had received numberless Wounds; I say, to observe that this dead Youth is introduced only for the Example of his Virtue, and that his Death is so Circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his Virtue, it was for the good of the World, and his own Family, that his warm Temper was not to be put upon farther Trial, but his Task of Life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an Employment worthy the Consideration of our young *Britons.* We are obliged to Authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our Affections and Passions against ourselves, but to make us so soon resigned to the Death of *Marcus*, of whom we were so fond, is a Power that would be unfortunately lodged in a Man without the Love of Virtue.

WERE it not that I speak on this Occasion, rather as a Guardian than a Critick, I could proceed to the Examination of the Justness of each Character, and take notice that the *Numidian* is as well drawn as the *Roman*. There is not an Idea in all the Part of *Syphax* which does not apparently arise from the Habits which grow in the Mind of an *African*; and the Scene between *Juba* and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal Education, is full of Instruction: *Syphax* urges all that can be said against Philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill Ends by Men who abuse their Talents; and *Juba* sets the less Excellencies of Activity, Labour, Patience of Hunger, and Strength of Body, which are the admired Qualifications of a *Numidian*, in their proper Subordination to the Accomplishments of the Mind. But this Play is so well recommended by others, that I will not, for that, and some private Reasons, enlarge any farther. Dr. *Garth* has very agreeably rallied the Mercenary

cenary Traffick between Men and Women of this Age in the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Porter* who acted *Lucia*. And Mr. *Pope* has prepared the Audience for a new Scene of Passion and Transport on a more noble Foundation than they have before been entertained with in the *Prologue*. I shall take the Liberty to gratify the Impatience of the Town by inserting these two excellent Pieces, as Earnests of the Work itself, which will be printed within few Days.

PROLOGUE to *CATO*.

By Mr. *POPE*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragick Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman *Drops from* British *Eyes.*
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was.*
No common Object to your Sight displays;
But what with Pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato *gives his little Senate Laws,*
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

Ev'n

Ev'n when proud Cæsar, *'midst triumphal Cars,*
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *Figure drawn in State;*
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd— Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye;
The World's great Victor past unheeded by;
Her last good Man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæsar's *less than* Cato's *Sword.*
Britons *attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,*
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning Arts from* Greece, *whom she subdu'd.*
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French *Translation, and* Italian *Song:*
Dare to have Sense your selves, assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British *Ear,*
As Cato's *self had not disdain'd to hear.*

EPILOGUE to *CATO*.

By Dr. *GARTH*.

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER*.

W*HAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!*
Who would not listen when young Lovers woo!
What! die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost:
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves——you may
Be spiteful——and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your selves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:

We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and six.
Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms;
What Pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Ev'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now,
There Golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddess who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Soul sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And Crowns less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains;
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time:
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *Son.*

N° 34. *Monday, April* 20.

——*Mores multorum vidit*——
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many Men, and many Manners saw.

IT is a most vexatious thing to an old Man, who endeavours to square his Notions by Reason, and to talk from Reflexion and Experience, to fall in with a Circle of young Ladies at their Afternoon Tea-Table. This happened very lately to be my Fate. The Conversation

versation, for the first half Hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the Purpose. The various Motions of the Fan, the Tossings of the Head, intermixt with all the pretty kinds of Laughter, made up the greatest Part of the Discourse. At last, this modish way of Shining, and being Witty, settled into something like Conversation, and the Talk ran upon *Fine Gentlemen*. From the several Characters that were given, and the Exceptions that were made, as this or that Gentleman happen'd to be named, I found that a Lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the Town swarms with fine Gentlemen. A nimble Pair of Heels, a smooth Complexion, a full-bottom Wig, a laced Shirt, an embroidered Suit, a Pair of fringed Gloves, a Hat and Feather; any one or more of these and the like Accomplishments ennobles a Man, and raises him above the Vulgar, in a Female Imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious Behaviour, a plain Dress, a thick Pair of Shoes, a Leathern Belt, a Wastecoat not lined with Silk, and such like Imperfections, degrade a Man, and are so many Blots in his Escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay Assembly, who excepted to the Gentility of Sir *William Hearty*, because he wore a Frize Coat, and breakfasted upon Toast and Ale. I pretended to admire the Fineness of her Taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those aukward healthy Gentlemen, that seem to make Nourishment the chief end of Eating. I gave her an Account of an honest *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who, (when I was a Traveller) used to invite his Acquaintance at *Paris* to break their Fast with him upon cold Rost Beef and Mum. There was, I remember, a little *French* Marquiss, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon Beef and Pudding, of which our Countryman would dispatch a Pound or two with great Alacrity, while this Antagonist was piddling at a Mushroom, or the Haunch of a Frog. I could perceive the Lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good Friends by virtue of a Maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly Female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious Reflexions upon what had passed;

and though, in Complaisance, I disguised my Sentiments, to keep up the Good-humour of my fair Companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old Fellow, yet out of the Good-will I bear to the Sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by *Counterfeits*, I shall give them the distinguishing Marks of *a true Fine Gentleman*.

WHEN a good Artist would express any remarkable Character in Sculpture, he endeavours to work up his Figure into all the Perfection his Imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their Example, in the Idea I am going to trace out of a fine Gentleman, by assembling together such Qualifications as seem requisite to make the Character compleat. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine Gentleman I mean a Man compleatly qualify'd as well for the Service and Good, as for the Ornament and Delight of Society. When I consider the Frame of Mind peculiar to a Gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the Dignity and Elevation of Spirit that Human Nature is capable of: To this I would have joined a clear Understanding, a Reason free from Prejudice, a steady Judgment, and an extensive Knowledge. When I think of the Heart of a Gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate Passions, and full of Tenderness, Compassion and Benevolence. When I view the fine Gentleman with regard to his Manners, methinks I see him modest without Bashfulness, frank and affable without Impertinence, obliging and complaisant without Servility, chearful and in Good-humour without Noise. These amiable Qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many Men, that have a Genius to excel this Way. A finished Gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great Characters in Life. Besides the natural Endowments with which this distinguished Man is to be born, he must run through a long Series of Education. Before he makes his Appearance and shines in the World, he must be principled in Religion, instructed in all the moral Virtues, and led through the whole Course of the polite Arts and Sciences. He should be no Stranger to Courts and to Camps; he must Travel to open his Mind, to enlarge

enlarge his Views, to learn the Policies and Interests of foreign States, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national Prejudices; of which every Country has its Share. To all these more essential Improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable Ornaments of Life, such as are the Languages and the bodily Exercises most in vogue: Neither would I have him think even Dress itself beneath his Notice.

IT is no very uncommon Thing in the World to meet with Men of Probity; there are likewise a great many Men of Honour to be found: Men of Courage, Men of Sense, and Men of Letters are frequent. But a true fine Gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a Compound of the various good Qualities that embellish Mankind. As the great Poet animates all the different Parts of Learning by the Force of his Genius, and irradiates all the Compass of his Knowledge by the Lustre and Brightness of his Imagination; so all the great and solid Perfections of Life appear in the finished Gentleman, with a beautiful Gloss and Varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a Manner, or rather a Charm, that draws the Admiration and Good-will of every Beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers.

N. B. *The Gilt Chariot, the Diamond Ring, the Gold Snuff-Box and Brocade Sword-Knot, are no essential Parts of a fine Gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his Eye upon them but once a Day.*

Nº 35. *Tueſday, April* 21.

O vitæ Philoſophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! Cic.

O Philoſophy, Thou Guide of Life, and Diſcoverer of Virtue!

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I AM a Man who have ſpent great Part of that Time in rambling through Foreign Countries, which young Gentlemen uſually paſs at the Univerſity; by which courſe of Life, although I have acquired no ſmall Inſight into the Manners and Converſation of Men, yet I could not make proportionable Advances in the way of Science and Speculation. In my Return through *France*, as I was one Day ſetting forth this my Caſe to a certain Gentleman of that Nation, with whom I had contracted a Friendſhip, after ſome Pauſe, he conducted me into his Cloſet, and opening a little Amber Cabinet, took from thence a ſmall Box of Snuff; which he ſaid, was given him by an Uncle of his, the Author of *the Voyage to the World of* Deſcartes; and, with many Profeſſions of Gratitude and Affection, made me a Preſent of it, telling me at the ſame time, that he knew no readier way to furniſh and adorn a Mind with Knowledge in the Arts and Sciences, than that ſame Snuff rightly applied.

'YOU muſt know, ſaid he, that *Deſcartes* was the firſt who diſcovered a certain Part of the Brain, called by Anatomiſts the *Pineal Gland*, to be the immediate Receptacle of the Soul, where ſhe is affected with all ſorts of Perceptions, and exerts all her Operations by the Intercourſe of the Animal Spirits which run thro' the Nerves that are thence extended to all Parts of the Body. He added, that the ſame Philoſopher having conſidered the Body as a Machine, or Piece of Clock-work which performed all the vital Operations without the Concurrence of the Will, began to think a way

may

'may be found out for ſeparating the Soul for ſome 'time from the Body, without any Injury to the latter; 'and that after much Meditation on that Subject, the 'above-mentioned Virtuoſo compoſed the Snuff he then 'gave me; which, if taken in a certain Quantity, would 'not fail to diſengage my Soul from my Body. Your 'Soul (continued he) being at Liberty to tranſport her'ſelf with a Thought where-ever ſhe pleaſes, may enter 'into the *Pineal Gland* of the moſt learned Philoſopher, 'and being ſo placed become Spectator of all the Ideas 'in his Mind, which would inſtruct her in a much leſs 'time than the uſual Methods. I returned him Thanks, 'and accepted his Preſent, and with it a Paper of Di'rections.

'YOU may imagine it was no ſmall Improvement 'and Diverſion, to paſs my Time in the *Pineal Glands* 'of Philoſophers, Poets, Beaux, Mathematicians, La'dies and Stateſmen. One while to trace a Theorem in 'Mathematicks through a long Labyrinth of intricate 'Turns, and Subtilties of Thought; another, to be 'conſcious of the ſublime Ideas and comprehenſive 'Views of a Philoſopher, without any fatigue or waſt'ing of my own Spirits. Sometimes to wander through 'perfumed Groves, or enamelled Meadows, in the Fan'cy of a Poet: At others to be preſent when a Battle 'or a Storm raged, or a glittering Palace roſe in his Ima'gination; or to behold the Pleaſures of a Country 'Life, the Paſſion of a generous Love, or the Warmth 'of Devotion wrought up to Rapture. Or (to uſe the 'Words of a very ingenious Author) to

Behold *the Raptures which a Writer knows,*
When in his Breaſt a Vein of Fancy glows,
Behold *his Buſineſs while he works the Mine,*
Behold *his Temper when he ſees it ſhine.*

Eſſay on the different Stiles of Poetry.

'THESE gave me inconceivable Pleaſure. Nor 'was it an unpleaſant Entertainment, ſometimes to de'ſcend from theſe ſublime and magnificent Ideas to the 'Impertinences of a Beau, the dry Schemes of a Coffee-'Houſe Politician, or the tender Images in the Mind of 'a young

'a young Lady. And, as in order to frame a right Idea 'of Human Happiness, I thought it expedient to make 'a Trial of the various Manners wherein Men of diffe- 'rent Pursuits were affected; I one Day entered into 'the Pineal Gland of a certain Person, who seemed very 'fit to give me an Insight into all that which consti- 'tutes the Happiness of him who is called a *Man of* '*Pleasure*. But I found myself not a little disappoint- 'ed in my Notion of the Pleasures which attend a Vo- 'luptuary, who has shaken off the Restraints of Rea- 'son.

'HIS Intellectuals, I observed, were grown unser- 'viceable by too little Use, and his Senses were de- 'cay'd and worn out by too much. That perfect In- 'action of the higher Powers prevented Appetite in 'prompting him to sensual Gratifications; and the out- 'running natural Appetite produced a Loathing instead 'of a Pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate Cravings 'of Youth, without the Enjoyments of it; and the 'Weakness of old Age, without its Tranquillity. 'When the Passions were teized and roused by some 'powerful Object, the Effect was, not to delight or 'sooth the Mind, but to torture it between the return- 'ing Extremes of Appetite and Satiety. I saw a Wretch 'racked, at the same time, with a painful Remembrance 'of past Miscarriages, a distaste of the present Objects 'that solicite his Senses, and a secret dread of Futurity. 'And I could see no manner of Relief or Comfort in 'the Soul of this miserable Man, but what consisted in 'preventing his Cure, by inflaming his Passions and sup- 'pressing his Reason. But tho' it must be own'd, he 'had almost quenched that Light which his Creator 'had set up in his Soul, yet in spite of all his Efforts, I 'observed at certain Seasons frequent Flashes of Re- 'morse strike thro' the Gloom, and interrupt that Satis- 'faction he enjoy'd in hiding his own Deformities 'from himself.

'I was also present at the original Formation or Pro- 'duction of a certain Book in the Mind of a Free-think- 'er, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let 'you into the secret Manner and internal Principles by 'which that Phænomenon was formed, I shall in my

next

'next give you an Account of it. I am, in the mean 'time,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

Ulysses Cosmopolita.

N. B. Mr. *Ironside* has lately received out of *France* ten Pound Averdupoise Weight of this Philosophical Snuff, and gives Notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed Sentiments of all Persons of Eminence in Court, City, Town, and Country.

N° 36. *Wednesday, April* 22.

Punnica *se quantis attollet Gloria* Rebus!

Virg. Æn. 4. v. 49.

What Rebus's *exalt the* Punnic *Fame!*

THE Gentleman, who doth me the Favour to write the following Letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his *Apology for Punning* he only celebrates the Art, as it is a Part of Conversation. I look upon premeditated Quibbles and Puns committed to the Press as unpardonable Crimes. There is as much Difference betwixt these and the Starts in common Discourse, as betwixt casual Rencounters, and Murder with Malice Præpense.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

SIR,

'I Have, from your Writings, conceived such an Opi'nion of your Benevolence to Mankind, that I trust 'you will not suffer any Art to be vilified, which 'helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort 'of Wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the '*Pun*; and I perswade myself that I shall merit your 'Esteem, by recommending it to your Protection; 'since there can be no greater Glory to a generous Soul

 'than

than to ſuccour the Diſtreſt. I ſhall therefore, without farther Preface, offer to your Conſideration the following *Modeſt Apology for Punning*; wherein I ſhall make uſe of no double Meanings or Equivocations: Since I think it unneceſſary to give it any other Praiſes than Truth and common Senſe, its profeſſed Enemies, are forced to grant.

'IN order to make this an uſeful Work, I ſhall ſtate the Nature and Extent of *the Pun*, I ſhall diſcover the Advantages that flow from it, the Moral Virtues that it produces, and the Tendency that it hath to promote Vigour of Body, and Eaſe of Mind.

'THE Pun is defined by one, who ſeems to be no Well-wiſher to it, to be *a Conceit ariſing from the uſe of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Senſe.* Now if this be the Eſſence of the Pun, how great muſt we allow the Dignity of it to be, when we conſider that it takes in moſt of the conſiderable Parts of Learning! For is it not moſt certain, that all learned Diſputes are rather about Sounds than Senſe? Are not the Controverſies of Divines about the different Interpretations of Terms? Are not the Diſputations of Philoſophers about Words, and all their pompous Diſtinctions only ſo many Unravellings of double Meanings? Who ever loſt his Eſtate in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, but complained that he was Quibbled out of his Right? Or what Monarch ever broke a Treaty, but by virtue of Equivocation? In ſhort ſo great is the Excellence of this Art, ſo diffuſive its Influence, that when I go into a Library I ſay to my ſelf, *What Volumes of Puns do I behold!* When I look upon the Men of Buſineſs I cry out, *How powerful is the Tribe of the Quibblers!* When I ſee Stateſmen and Ambaſſadors, I reflect, *How ſplendid the Equipage of the Quirk, in what Pomp do the Punſters appear!*

'BUT as there are *Serious* Puns, ſuch as I have inſtanced in, ſo likewiſe there are Puns *Comical.* Theſe are what I would recommend to my Countrymen; which I ſhall do by diſplaying the Advantages flowing from them.

THE

'THE first Advantage of Punning is, that it gives 'us the Compass of our own Language. This is very 'obvious. For the great Business of the Punster is to 'hunt out the several Words in our Tongue that agree 'in Sound, and have various Signification. By this 'Means he will likewise enter into the Nicety of Spell-'ing, an Accomplishment regarded only by middling 'People, and much neglected by Persons of great and 'no Quality. This Error may produce unnecessary 'Folio's amongst Grammarians yet unborn. But to 'proceed. A Man of Learning hath, in this manner 'of Wit, great Advantages; as indeed, what Advan-'tages do not flow from Learning? If the Pun fails in '*English*, he may have speedy Recourse to the *Latin* 'or the *Greek*, and so on. I have known Wonders per-'formed by this Secret. I have heard the *French* assist-'ed by the *German*, the *Dutch* mingle with the *Itali-'an*, and where the Jingle hath seemed desperate in 'the *Greek*, I have known it revive in the *Hebrew*. 'My Friend *Dick Babel* hath often, to show his Parts, 'started a Conceit at the Equinoctial, and pursued it 'through all the Degrees of Latitude; and after he 'punned round the Globe, hath sat down like *Alexan-'der*, and mourned that he had no more Worlds to con-'quer.

'ANOTHER Advantage in Punning is, that it 'ends Disputes, or what is all one, Puns *Comical* de-'stroy Puns *Serious*. Any Man that drinks a Bottle 'knows very well, that about *Twelve*, People that do 'not Kiss or Cry are apt to Debate. This often occa-'sions Heats and Heart-Burnings, unless one of the 'Disputants vouchsafes to end the Matter with a Joke. 'How often have *Aristotle* and *Cartesius* been reconci-'led by a merry Conceit, how often have Whigs 'and Tories shook Hands over a Quibble, and the 'clashing of Swords been prevented by the Jingling of 'Words!

'ATTENTION of Mind is another Benefit en-'joyed by Punsters. This is discoverable from the Per-'petual Gape of the Company where they are, and the 'earnest Desire to know what was spoken last, if a 'Word escapes any one at the Table. I must add, that

'quick Apprehension is required in the Hearer, readily 'to take some things which are very far fetched; as 'likewise great Vivacity in the Performer, to reconcile 'distant and even hostile Ideas by the mere Mimickry 'of Words and Energy of Sound.

'MIRTH or Good-humour is the last Advantage, 'that, out of a Million, I shall produce to recommend 'Punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I 'come to demonstrate its Operation upon the Mind and 'Body. I shall now discover what Moral Virtues it 'promotes, and shall content my self with Instancing 'in those which every Reader will allow of.

'A Punster is adorned with Humility. This our Ad-'versaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a 'Condescension in any Man to trifle, as they arrogantly 'call it, with Words. I must however confess, for my 'own Share, I never punned out of the Pride of my 'Heart, nor did I ever know one of our Fraternity that 'seemed to be troubled with the Thirst of Glory.

'THE Virtue called *Urbanity* by the Moralists, or a 'Courtly Behaviour, is much cultivated by this Science. 'For the whole Spirit of Urbanity consists in a Desire 'to please the Company, and what else is the Design 'of the Punster? Accordingly we find such Bursts of 'Laughter, such Agitations of the Sides, such Contor-'tions of the Limbs, such earnest Attempts to recover 'the dying Laugh, such Transport in the Enjoyment of 'it, in equivocating Assemblies; as Men of Common-'Sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

'BUT nothing more displays it self in the Punster, 'than Justice, the Queen of all the Virtues. At the 'Quibbling Board every Performer hath his Due. The 'Soul is struck at once, and the Body recognizes the 'Merit of each Joke by sudden and comical Emotions. 'Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only 'Words, but even Syllables have Justice done them; 'where no Man invades the Right of another, but with 'perfect Innocence and Good-nature takes as much De-'light in his Neighbour's Joy, as in his own?

'From what hath been advanced, it will easily ap-'pear, that this Science contributes to Ease of Body, 'and Serenity of Mind. You have, in a former Pre-

'*caution*, advis'd your Hectical Readers to associate 'with those of our Brotherhood, who are, for the most 'Part, of a corpulent Make, and a round vacant Coun-'tenance. It is natural the next Morning, after a Mer-'riment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the Night 'before: And I appeal to any one whether it will not 'occasion greater Peace of Mind to consider, that he 'hath only been waging harmless War with Words; 'than if he had stirred his Brother to Wrath, grieved 'the Soul of his Neighbour by Calumny, or increased 'his own Wealth by Fraud. As for Health of Body, I 'look upon Punning as a *Nostrum*, a *Medicina Gymna-'stica*, that throws off all the bad Humours, and occa-'sions such a brisk Circulation of the Blood, as keeps 'the Lamp of Life in a clear and constant Flame. I 'speak, as all Physicians ought to do, from Experience. 'A Friend of mine, who had the Ague this Spring, 'was, after the failing of several Medicines and Charms, 'advised by me to enter into a Course of Quibbling. 'He threw his Electuaries out at his Window, and took 'ABRACADABRA off from his Neck, and by the mere 'Force of Punning upon that long Magical Word, 'threw himself into a fine breathing Sweat, and a quiet 'Sleep. He is now in a fair Way of Recovery, and 'says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the *Jesuits* for their 'Powder, than for their Equivocation.

'SIR, this is *My Modest Apology for Punning*, which 'I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we 'have a learned University where it is in Request, and 'I am told that a famous Club hath given it Protection. 'If this meets with Encouragement, I shall write a 'Vindication of the *Rebus*, and do Justice to the *Conun-'drum*. I have indeed looked philosophically into their 'Natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the 'several Subordinations and Divisions of *Low Wit*. 'This the Ladies perhaps may not understand; but I 'shall thereby give the Beaux an Opportunity of show-'ing their Learning. I am,

SIR,

with great Respect,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant.

Nº 37. *Thurſday, April* 23.

Me Duce Damnſoas homines compeſcite curas.
Ovid. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, Mortals, from my Precepts, to control
The furious Paſſions, that diſturb the Soul.

IT is natural for an old Man to be fond of ſuch Entertainments as revive in his Imagination the agreeable Impreſſions made upon it in his Youth: The Set of Wits and Beauties he was firſt acquanted with, the Balls and Drawing Rooms in which he made an agreeable Figure, the Muſick and Actors he heard and ſaw, when his Life was freſh and his Spirits vigorous and quick, have uſually the Preference in his Eſteem to any ſucceeding Pleaſures that preſent themſelves when his Taſte is grown more languid. It is for this Reaſon I never ſee a Picture of Sir *Peter Lely*'s, who drew ſo many of my firſt Friends and Acquaintance, without a ſenſible Delight; and I am in Raptures when I reflect on the Compoſitions of the famous Mr. *Henry Laws*, long before *Italian* Muſick was introduced in our Nation. Above all I am pleaſed in obſerving that the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, which in my youthful Days have ſo frequently filled my Eyes with Tears, hold their Rank ſtill, and are the great Support of our Theatre.

IT was with this agreeable Prepoſſeſſion of Mind, I went, ſome time ago, to ſee the old Tragedy of *Othello*, and took my Female Wards with me, having promiſed them a little before to carry them to the firſt Play of *Shakeſpear*'s which ſhould be acted. Mrs. *Cornelia*, who is a great Reader, and never fails to peruſe the Play-Bills, which are brought to her every Day, gave me notice of it early in the Morning. When I came to my Lady *Lizard*'s at Dinner, I found the young Folks all dreſt, and expecting the Performance of my Promiſe. I went with them at the proper Time, placed them to-

gether

gether in the Boxes, and my self by them in a Corner Seat. As I have the chief Scenes of the Play by Heart, I did not look much on the Stage, but formed to my self a new Satisfaction in keeping an Eye on the Faces of my little Audience, and observing, as it were by Reflexion, the different Passions of the Play represented in their Countenances. Mrs. *Betty* told us the Name of several Persons of Distinction as they took their Places in the Boxes, and entertained us with the History of a new Marriage or two 'till the Curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. *Jane* was touched with the Love of *Desdemona*, and in a Concern to see how she would come off with her Parents. *Annabella* had a rambling Eye, and for some time was much taken up with observing what Gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the Dress of the Ladies, than with any thing that pass'd on the Stage. Mrs. *Cornelia*, who I have often said is addicted to the Study of Romances, commended that Speech in the Play in which *Othello* mentions his *Hair-breadth Scapes in th' imminent deadly Breach*, and recites his Travels and Adventures with which he had captivated the Heart of *Desdemona*. The *Sparkler* looked several times frighted; and as the Distress of the Play was heightned, their different Attention was collected, and fix'd wholly on the Stage, 'till I saw them all, with a secret Satisfaction, betray'd into Tears.

I have often consider'd this Play as a noble, but irregular, Production of a Genius, which had the Power of animating the Theatre beyond any Writer we have ever known. The Touches of Nature in it are strong and masterly, but the Oeconomy of the Fable, and in some Particulars the Probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe Terms, I should say as *Waller* does of the *Maid's Tragedy*,

Great are its Faults, but glorious is its Flame.

BUT it would be a poor Employment in a Critick to observe upon the Faults, and shew no Taste for the Beauties, in a Work that has always struck the most sensible Part of our Audiences in a very forcible Manner.

THE ch[illegible] Subject of this Piece is the Passion of [illegible] which the Poet has represented at large, in its Birth,

Birth, its various Workings and Agonies, and its horrid Consequences. From this Passion, and the Innocence and Simplicity of the Person suspected, arises a very moving Distress.

IT is a Remark, as I remember, of a Modern Writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the Nature of the Passions, that the *most extravagant Love is nearest to the strongest Hatred.* The Moor is furious in both these Extremes. His Love is tempestuous, and mingled with a Wildness peculiar to his Character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the Change which is to follow.

HOW savage, yet how ardent is that Expression of the Raptures of his Heart, when looking after *Desdemona* as she withdraws, he breaks out,

> *Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,*
> *But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,*
> Chaos *is come again.*

THE deep and subtle Villany of *Iago*, in working this Change from Love to Jealousy in so tumultuous a Mind as that of *Othello*, prepossessed with a Confidence in the disinterested Affection of the Man who is leading him on insensibly to his Ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly Hand. *Iago*'s broken Hints, Questions, and seeming Care to hide the Reason of them, his obscure Suggestions to raise the Curiosity of the Moor; his personated Confusion, and refusing to explain himself, while *Othello* is drawn on and held in suspence 'till he grows impatient and angry, then his throwing in the Poison, and naming to him in a Caution the Passion he would raise,

> —— *O beware of Jealousy!* ——

are inimitable Strokes of Art, in that Scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the Theatre.

TO return to the Character of *Othello*; his Strife of Passions, his Starts, his Returns of Love, and Threatnings to *Iago* who put his Mind on the Rack; his Relapses afterwards to Jealousy, his Rage against his Wife, and his asking Pardon of *Iago*, whom he thinks he had

abuſed for his Fidelity to him, are Touches which no one can overlook that has the Sentiments of Human Nature, or has conſider'd the Heart of Man in its Frailties, its Penances, and all the Variety of its Agitations. The Torments which the Moor ſuffers are ſo exquiſitely drawn, as to render him as much an Object of Compaſſion, even in the barbarous Action of murdering *Deſdemona*, as the innocent Perſon her ſelf who falls under his Hand.

BUT there is nothing in which the Poet has more ſhewn his Judgment in this Play, than in the Circumſtance of the Handkerchief, which is employ'd as a Confirmation to the Jealouſy of *Othello* already raiſed. What I would here obſerve is that the very ſlightneſs of this Circumſtance is the Beauty of it. How finely has *Shakeſpear* expreſſed the Nature of Jealouſy in thoſe Lines, which on this Occaſion he puts into the Mouth of *Iago*,

Trifles light as Air
Are to the Jealous Confirmations ſtrong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.

IT would be eaſy for a taſteleſs Critick to turn any of the Beauties I have here mentioned into Ridicule; but ſuch an one would only betray a Mechanical Judgment formed out of borrow'd Rules and Common place Reading, and not ariſing from any true Diſcernment in Human Nature and its Paſſions.

AS the Moral of this Tragedy is an admirable Caution againſt haſty Suſpicions, and the giving Way to the firſt Tranſports of Rage and Jealouſy, which may plunge a Man in a few Minutes into all the Horrors of Guilt, Diſtraction and Ruin, I ſhall further enforce it, by relating a Scene of Misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened ſome Years ago in *Spain*; and is an Inſtance of the moſt Tragical Hurricane of Paſſion I have ever met with in Hiſtory. It may be eaſily conceived, that an Heart ever big with Reſentments of its own Dignity, and never allay'd by Reflexions which make us honour our ſelves for acting with Reaſon and Equality, will take Fire precipitantly. It will on a ſudden flame too high to be extinguiſhed. The ſhort Story I am going to tell is a lively Inſtance of the Truth of this

this Observation, and a just Warning to those of jealous Honour to look about them, and begin to possess their Souls as they ought, for no Man of Spirit knows how terrible a Creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

DON ALONZO, a *Spanish* Nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous Wife, with whom he had lived for some Years in great Tranquillity. The Gentleman, however, was not free from the Faults usually imputed to his Nation, he was proud, suspicious and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his House, whom, on a Complaint from his Lady, he had punished for a small Offence with the utmost Severity. The Slave vow'd Revenge, and communicated his Resolution to one of the Lady's Women, with whom he lived in a Criminal Way. This Creature also hated her Mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make *Don Alonzo* jealous, by insinuating that the Gard'ner was often admitted to his Lady in private, and promising to make him an Eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a Message to the Gard'ner, that his Lady having some hasty Orders to give him, would have him come that Moment to her in her Chamber. In the mean time she had placed *Alonzo* privately in an outer Room, that he might observe who passed that Way. It was not long before he saw the Gard'ner appear. *Alonzo* had not Patience, but following him into the Apartment, struck him at one Blow with a Dagger to the Heart; then dragging his Lady by the Hair without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

HERE he paused, looking on the dead Bodies with all the Agitations of a Dæmon of Revenge; when the Wench who had occasion'd these Terrors, distracted with Remorse, threw herself at his Feet, and in a Voice of Lamentation, without Sense of the Consequence, repeated all her Guilt. *Alonzo* was overwhelmed with all the violent Passions at one Instant, and uttered the broken Voices and Motions of each of them for a Moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his Agony of Love, Anger, Disdain, Revenge and Remorse, by murdering the Maid, the Moor, and himself.

Friday

N° 38. *Friday, April 24.*

———*Prodire tenus si non datur Ultra.*
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 32.

Thus far at least, tho' here we stop.

I Have lately given a *Precaution* concerning the Difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a *Fine Gentleman.* That Character has been long wholly engrossed by well-drest Beaux, and Men of Sense have given up all Pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for is the Character of a *pretty Gentleman*; for here the Dress may be more careless, and some Wit is thought necessary; whereas a *fine Gentleman* is not obliged to converse further than the offering his Snuff-box round the Room. However, the *pretty Gentleman* must have his Airs, and tho' they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have Understanding can bring themselves to be Proficients this Way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some Difficulty in being allowed to have *much of the Gentleman* in them: To obtain this Epithet, a Man of Sense must arrive at a certain Desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the World goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this Attempt, since nothing can mend the general Taste, but setting the true Character in as publick a View as the false. This indeed can never be done to the Purpose, while the Majority is so great on the wrong Side; one of a hundred will have the Shout against him; but if People of Wit would be as zealous to assist old *Ironside*, as he is to promote them and their Interest, a little time would give these things a new Turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good Sense in the Nation to my Assistance, in my Ambition to produce a new Race of Mankind, to take the Places of such as have hitherto

hitherto pretended to engross the Fashion. The University Scholar shall be called upon to learn his Exercise, and frequent mixt Company; the Military and the Travelled Man, to read the best Authors; the Country Gentleman, to divide his Time, so as together with the Care of his Estate, to make an equal Progress in Learning and Breeding; and when the several Candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint Under-Officers to examine their Qualifications, and as I am satisfied with their Report, give out my Passports recommending them to all Companies as *the Guardian's fine Gentlemen*. If my Recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present *fine Gentlemen* will see the Necessity of Retirement, till they can come abroad with Approbation. I have indeed already given out Orders in this Behalf, and have directed Searchers to attend at the Inns, where the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young Fellow, of any Hopes in the World, directly to my Lodgings as soon as he Lands, for I will take him, tho' I know I can only make him *much of a Gentleman*; for when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a *Gentleman-like Man*. As the World now goes, we have no adequate Idea of what is meant by *Gentlemanly, Gentleman-like*, or *much of a Gentleman*; you can't be cheated at Play, but it is certainly done by *a very Gentleman-like Man*; you can't be deceived in your Affairs, but it was done in some *Gentlemanly Manner*; you can't be wronged in your Bed, but all the World will say of him that did the Injury, it must be allowed *he is very much of a Gentleman*. Here is a very pleasant Fellow, a Correspondent of mine, that puts in for that Appellation even to High-way Men; I must confess the Gentleman he personates is very apparently such, tho' I did not look upon that sort of Fellow in that Light, till he favoured me with his Letter, which is as follows.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

' I Have been upon the High-way these six Years, in
' the *Park*, at the *Play*, at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, *Epsom*,
' and at every other Place where I could have any Pro-
' ... spect

'spect of stealing a Fortune; but have met with no 'Success, being disappointed either by some of your 'damned *Ironside* Race, or by old cursed Curs who 'put more Bolts on their Doors and Bars in their Win-'dows than are in *Newgate*. All that see me own I am 'a *Gentleman-like Man*; and whatever rascally things 'the grave Folks say I am guilty of, they themselves 'acknowledge I am a *Gentlemanly kind of Man*, and in 'every respect accomplished for running away with a 'Lady. I have been bred up to no Business, am illi-'terate, have spent the small Fortune I had in purcha-'sing Favours from the Fair Sex: The Bounty of their 'Purses I have received, as well as the Endearments of 'their Persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it a-'mong themselves, for I always was a Keeper when I 'was kept. I am fearless in my Behaviour, and never 'fail of putting your Bookish sort of Fellows, your 'Men of Merit, forsooth, out of Countenance. I 'triumph when I see a modest young Woman blush at 'an Assembly, or a Virgin betray'd into Tears at a 'well-wrought Scene in a Tragedy. I have long forgot 'Shame, for it proceeds from a Consciousness of some 'Defect, and I am, as I told you, a *Gentlemanly Man*. 'I never knew any but you musty Philosophers applaud 'Blushes, and you your selves will allow that they are 'caused, either by some real Imperfection, or the Ap-'prehension of Defect where there is not any; but for 'my Part I hate Mistakes, and shall not suspect my self 'wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my 'Person, Estate and Character, I desire you would ad-'mit me as a Suitor to one of the *Lizards*, and beg 'your speedy Answer to this; for it is the last time 'my black Coat will bear Scouring, or my long Wig 'Buckling.

I am, SIR,

The Fair Ladies, and

Your humble Servant,

Will. Bareface.

THOSE

THOSE on the High-way, who make a ſtand with a Piſtol at your Breaſt (compelled perhaps by Neceſſity, Misfortune, or driven out of an honeſt Way of Life, to anſwer the Wants of a craving Family) are much more excuſable than thoſe of their Fraternity, who join the Converſations of Gentlemen, and get into a Share of their Fortunes without one good Art about them. What a Crowd of theſe *Gentlemen-like Men* are about this Town? For from an unjuſt Modeſty, and Incapacity for Common-Life, the ordinary Failings of Men of Letters and Induſtry in our Nation, it happens that Impudence ſuppreſſes all Virtue, and aſſumes the Reward and Eſteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthleſs Rogues have the Smiles of the Fair, and the Favours of the Great: To be well dreſſed and in Health, and very impudent, in this licentious undiſtinguiſhing Age, is enough to conſtitute a Perſon *very much of a Gentleman*; and to this paſs are we come, by the Proſtitution of Wit in the Cauſe of Vice, which has made the moſt unreaſonable and unnatural things prevail againſt all the Suggeſtions of common Senſe: No body denies that we live in a Chriſtian Country, and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective Opportunities, to commit Adultery or Murder, would be thought *very little of a Gentleman.*

Nº 39. *Saturday, April* 25.

——*Ægri Somnia.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 7.

A Sick Man's Dreams.

MY Correſpondent, who has acquired the Faculty of entering into other Mens Thoughts, having, in purſuance to a former Letter, ſent me an Account of certain uſeful Diſcoveries he has made by the help of that Invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the Publick in this Paper.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'ON the 11th Day of *October* in the Year 1712, 'having left my Body locked up safe in my 'Study I repaired to the *Grecian* Coffee-house, where 'entring into the *Pineal Gland* of a certain eminent '*Free-thinker*, I made directly to the highest part of 'it, which is the Seat of the Understanding, expecting to 'find there a comprehensive Knowledge of all things Hu-'man and Divine; but, to my no small Astonishment, 'I found the Place narrower than ordinary, insomuch 'that there was not any room for a Miracle, Prophesy, 'or *Separate Spirit*.

'THIS obliged me to descend a Story lower, into 'the Imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but 'Cold and Comfortless. I discover'd *Prejudice* in the 'Figure of a Woman standing in a Corner, with her 'Eyes close shut, and her Fore-fingers stuck in her 'Ears; many Words in a confused Order, but spoken 'with great Emphasis, issued from her Mouth. These 'being condensed by the Coldness of the Place formed 'a sort of Mist, through which methought I saw a 'great Castle, with a Fortification cast round it, and 'a Tower adjoining to it, that through the Windows 'appeared to be filled with Racks and Halters. Be-'neath the Castle I could discern vast Dungeons, 'and all about it lay scattered the Bones of Men. It 'seemed to be garrisoned by certain Men in Black, 'of Gigantick Size, and most terrible Forms. But as 'I drew near, the Terror of the Appearance vanish-'ed, and the Castle I found to be only a Church, 'whose Steeple with its Clock and Bell Ropes was 'mistaken for a Tower filled with Racks and Halters. 'The terrible Giants in black shrunk into a few inno-'cent Clergymen. The Dungeons were turned into 'Vaults designed only for the Habitation of the Dead, 'and the Fortifications proved to be a Church-yard 'with some scattered Bones in it, and a plain Stone 'Wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my Curiosity was 'raised by a loud Noise that I heard in the inferior 'Region. Descending thither I found a Mob of the 'Passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tu-

'multuary

‘ multuary Proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they
‘ affected a Democracy. After much Noiſe and
‘ Wrangle, they at length all hearkened to *Vanity*,
‘ who propoſed the raiſing of a great Army of No-
‘ tions which ſhe offered to lead againſt thoſe dreadful
‘ Phantoms in the Imagination that had occaſioned all
‘ this Uproar.

‘ AWAY poſted *Vanity*, and I after her, to the Store-
‘ houſe of Ideas; where I beheld a great Number of
‘ lifeleſs Notions confuſedly thrown together, but upon
‘ the Approach of *Vanity* they began to crawl. Here
‘ were to be ſeen among other odd Things, Sleeping
‘ Deities, Corporeal Spirits, and Worlds formed by
‘ Chance, with an endleſs Variety of Heathen Notions,
‘ the moſt irregular and groteſque imaginable. And
‘ with theſe were jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian Extra-
‘ ction; but ſuch was the Dreſs and Light they were
‘ put in, and their Features were ſo diſtorted, that
‘ they looked little better than Heathens. There was
‘ likewiſe aſſembled no ſmall Number of Phantoms in
‘ ſtrange Habits, who proved to be idolatrous Prieſts of
‘ different Nations. *Vanity* gave the Word, and ſtraight-
‘ way the *Talopoins*, *Faquirs*, *Bramines* and *Bonzes*
‘ drew up in a Body. The Right Wing conſiſted of
‘ Ancient Heathen Notions, and the Left Wing of
‘ Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, for Num-
‘ bers, compoſed a very formidable Army; but the
‘ Precipitation of *Vanity* was ſo great, and ſuch was
‘ their own inbred Averſion to the Tyranny of Rules
‘ and Diſcipline, that they ſeemed rather a confuſed
‘ Rabble than a regular Army. I could, neverthe-
‘ leſs, obſerve that they all agreed in a Squinting
‘ Look, or Caſt of their Eyes toward a certain Perſon
‘ in a Maſque, who was placed in the Centre, and
‘ whom by ſure Signs and Tokens I diſcovered to be
‘ *Atheiſm*.

‘ *Vanity* had no ſooner led her Forces into the Ima-
‘ gination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the Caſtle
‘ and giving no Quarter. They began the Aſſault
‘ with a loud Outcry and great Confuſion. I for my
‘ part made the beſt of my Way and re-entered my own
‘ Lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a Bookſel-

‘ ler's

'ler's for *a Discourse on Free-thinking*, which had 'made some Noise, I met with the Representatives of 'all those Notions drawn up in the same confused Order 'upon Paper. Sage *Nestor*, I am

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

Ulysses Cosmopolita.

N. B. 'I went round the Table, but could not find 'a Wit or Mathematician among them.

I imagine the Account here given may be useful in directing to the proper Cure of a *Free-thinker*. In the first Place, it is plain his Understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodize his Ideas; to which end the Study of the Mathematicks may be useful. I am farther of Opinion, that as his Imagination is filled with Amusements, arising from Prejudice, and the obscure or false Lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good Company, and now and then carry him to Church; by which means he may in Time come to a right Sense of Religion, and wear off the ill Impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the Reformation of a modern *Free-thinker*, that above all things he be careful to subdue his Vanity; that being the principal Motive which prompts a little Genius to distinguish it self by Singularities that are hurtful to Mankind.

OR if the Passion of Vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your *Free-thinkers*, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the Interests of Religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest Genii of the Age have a Respect for things Sacred; that their Rhapsodies find no Admirers, and that the Name *Free-thinker* has, like *Tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original Signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to Wit and Reason. In fine, let them know that whatever Temptations a few Men of Parts might formerly have had, from the Novelty of the thing, to oppose the received Opinions of Christians, yet that now the Humour is worn out, and Blasphemy

phemy and Irreligion are Distinctions which have long since descended down to Lacqueys and Drawers.

BUT it must be my Business to prevent all Pretenders in this Kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this I communicated an Intelligence which I received, of a Gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late Fit of Sickness, contrary to his own Doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that Occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this Advice to the World, the following Advertisement got a Place in the *Post-Boy*.

' WHEREAS in the Paper called the *Guardian*, ' of *Saturday* the 11th of *April* Instant, a Corollary Reflexion was made on Monsieur *D*——, a ' Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in *Paris*, ' Author of a Book lately Published, entitled,

' A Philological Essay, or Reflexions on the Death ' of *Free-thinkers*, with the Characters of the most eminent Persons of both Sexes, Ancient and Modern, that ' died pleasantly and uncooncerned, *&c.* Sold by *J. Baker* in *Pater-noster-Row*.

' suggesting, as if that Gentleman, now in *London*, *was very much out of Humour, in a late Fit of Sickness, till he was in a fair way of Recovery.* This is to ' assure the Publick, that the said Gentleman never express'd the least Concern at the Approach of Death, ' but expected the fatal Minute with a most Heroical ' and Philosophical Resignation; of which a Copy of ' Verses he writ, in the serene Intervals of his Distemper, is an invincible Proof.

ALL that I contend for, is, that this Gentleman was out of Humour when he was sick: and the Advertiser to confute me says, that *in the serene Intervals of his Distemper*, that is, when he was not Sick, he writ Verses. I shall not retract my Advertisement till I see those Verses, and I'll choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his Nurse, nor then neither, except she is an House-keeper. I must tie this Gentleman close to the Argument, for if he had not actually his Fit upon him, there is nothing Courageous

in

in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they Heroick Verses.

THE Point of being Merry at the Hour of Death is a Matter that ought to be settled by Divines; but the Publisher of the Philological Essay produces his chief Authorities from *Lucretius*, the Earl of *Rochester*, and Mr. *John Dryden*, who were Gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their Assertions, by saying or swearing they were all Fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a Man should be facetious at his Death, it would be very well if these Gentlemen, Monsieur *D*— and Mr. *B*— would repent betimes, and not trust to a Death-Bed Ingenuity; by what has appeared hithereto, they have only raised our Longing to see their posthumous Works.

THE Author of *Poetæ Rusticantis literatum Otium* is but a meer Phraseologist, the Philological Publisher is but a Translator, but I expected better Usage from Mr. *Abel Roper* who is an Original.

N° 40. *Monday, April* 27.

Compulerantque Greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.
Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 2. & ult.

Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd the Plains—
Since when? 'tis Corydon *among the Swains,*
Young Corydon *without a Rival reigns.*
DRYDEN.

I Designed to have troubled the Reader with no farther Discourses of *Pastorals*, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author, whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr. *Philips*'s; I shall employ this Paper in Observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without Apprehension of offending that

Gentleman, whoſe Character it is, that he takes the greateſt Care of his Works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt Concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the firſt Rule of Paſtoral, that its Idea ſhould be taken from the Manners of the *Golden Age*, and the Moral form'd upon the Repreſentation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that Deſign degrade a Poem from being true Paſtoral. In this view it will appear that *Virgil* can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: His Firſt and Ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the Ravages of Armies, and Oppreſſions of the Innocent; *Corydon*'s Criminal Paſſion for *Alexis* throws out the Second; the Calumny and Railing in the Third are not proper to that State of Concord; the Eighth repreſents unlawful Ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth, they are given up by * *Heinſius*, *Salmaſius*, *Rapin*, and the Criticks in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of all the *Idyllia* of *Theocritus* are to be admitted as Paſtorals; and even out of that Number, the greater Part will be excluded for one or other of the Reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remark'd in a former Paper, that *Virgil*'s Eclogues, taken all together, are rather *Select Poems* than *Paſtorals*; I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs Truth, of *Theocritus*. The Reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the Criticks, *viz. They never meant them all for Paſtorals.* Which it is plain *Philips* hath done, and in that Particular excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

* *See* Rapin *de* Carm. Paſt. *pars* 3.

AS Simplicity is the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of Paſtoral, *Virgil* has been thought guilty of too Courtly a Stile: His Language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among Peaſants. I have frequently wondered that ſince he was ſo converſant in the Writings of *Ennius*, he had not imitated the Ruſticity of the *Doric*, as well, by the help of the old obſolete *Roman* Language, as *Philips* hath by the antiquated *Engliſh*: For Example, might he not have ſaid *Quoi* inſtead of *Cui*;

Quoijum for *Cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilome* for *of Old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless Younglings* for *simple Lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Philips* hath of *Spencer*.

Mr. *POPE* hath fallen into the same Error with *Virgil*. His Clowns do not converse in all the Simplicity proper to the Country: His Names are borrow'd from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis* and *Thyrsis* on *British* Plains, as *Virgil* had done before him on the *Mantuan*: whereas *Philips*, who hath the strictest Regard to Propriety, makes choice of Names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy; such as *Hobbinol*, *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, and *Colin Clout*.

SO easy as Pastoral Writing may seem, (in the Simplicity we have described it) yet it requires *great Reading*, both of the *Ancients* and *Moderns*, to be a Master of it. *Philips* hath given us manifest Proofs of his Knowledge of Books; it must be confessed his Competitor hath imitated some single Thoughts of the Ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the Happiness of an University Education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that Order and Method which Mr. *Philips* observes, whose whole third Pastoral is an Instance how well he hath studied the fifth of *Virgil*, and how judiciously reduced *Virgil*'s Thoughts to the Standard of Pastoral; as his Contention of *Colin Clout* and the *Nightingale*, shows with what Exactness he hath imitated *Strada*.

WHEN I remarked it as a principal Fault to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a Foreign Growth, in Descriptions where the Scene lies in our Country, I did not design that Observation should extend also to Animals, or the Sensitive Life; for *Philips* hath with great Judgment described *Wolves* in *England* in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a Poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. *Pope* hath done) to one particular Season of the Year, one certain Time of the Day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain *Spencer* neglected this Pedantry, who in his

Pastoral of *November* mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale.

Sad Philomel *her Song in Tears doth steep.*

AND Mr. *Philips*, by a Poetical Creation, hath raised up finer Beds of Flowers than the most industrious Gardiner; his Roses, Lilies and Daffadils blow in the same Season.

BUT the better to discover the Merits of our two Contemporary Pastoral Writers, I shall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by setting several of their particular Thoughts in the same Light, whereby it will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the Advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds singing alternately:

Hobb. *Come,* Rosalind, *O come, for without thee*
What Pleasure can the Country have for me:
Come, Rosalind, *O come: my brinded Kine,*
My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all is thine.
Lanq. *Come,* Rosalind, *O come; here shady Bowers,*
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; *Here ever let us stay,*
And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

Our other Pastoral Writer, in expressing the same Thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. *In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,*
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove,
But Delia *always; forc'd from* Delia's *Sight,*
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's *like Autumn ripe, yet mild as* May,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring displeases when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

In the first of these Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently describe the Behaviour of their Mistresses.

Hobb. *As* Marian *bath'd, by chance I passed by;*
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long Eye:

Then

Then swift beneath the Crystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one sultry Day,*
Fond Lydia *lurking in the Sedges lay,*
The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in Haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

The other Modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of Versifying) hath it as follows.

Streph. *Me gentle* Delia *beckons from the Plain,*
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

Daph. *The sprightly* Sylvia *trips along the Green;*
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies.
How much at Variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this kind of Poetry are fonder of, than Descriptions of Pastoral Presents. *Philips* says thus of a Sheephook,

Of Season'd Elm; where Studs of Brass appear,
To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year,
The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

The other of a Bowl embossed with Figures,

——— *where wanton Ivy twines,*
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
The various Seasons of the rolling Year;
And what is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

The Simplicity of the Swain in this Place, who forgets the Name of the *Zodiack*, is no ill Imitation of *Virgil*; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would *Philips* have dressed his Thought in his *Doric*?

And what That hight, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet Array are seen.

IF the Reader would indulge his Curiosity any farther in the Comparison of Particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of *Philips* with the second of his Contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several Parallel Places will occur to every one.

HAVING now shown some Parts, in which these two Writers may be compared, it is a Justice I owe to Mr. *Philips*, to discover those in which no Man can compare with him. First, that *beautiful Rusticity*, of which I shall only produce two Instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the Day to see!

That Simplicity of Diction, the melancholy Flowing of the Numbers, the Solemnity of the Sound, and the easy Turn of the Words, in this *Dirge* (to make use of our Author's Expression) are extremely Elegant.

IN another of his Pastorals a Shepherd utters a *Dirge* not much inferior to the former, in the following Lines.

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad, the rather might I say;
Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on the flow'ry Plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the Ear with these artful Repetitions of the Epithets; and how significant is the last Verse! I defy the most common Reader to repeat them without feeling some Motions of Compassion.

IN the next Place I shall rank his *Proverbs*, in which I formerly observed he excels: For Example,

A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
And, to their Cost, green Years old Proverbs cross.
——*He that late lies down, as late will rise,*
And, Sluggard-like, till Noon-day snoring lies.
Against Ill-luck *all cunning Foresight fails;*
Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.
——*Nor fear, from* upright *Sentence,* Wrong.

Lastly

Lastly his *Elegant Dialect*, which alone might prove him the eldest Born of *Spencer*, and our only true *Arcadian*, I should think it proper for the several Writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several *Counties*: *Spencer* seems to have been of this Opinion; for he hath laid the Scene of one of his Pastorals in *Wales*, where, with all the Simplicity natural to that Part of our Island, one Shepherd bids the other *Good-morrow* in an unusual and elegant Manner.

> Diggon Davy, *I bid hur God day:*
> Or Diggon *hur is, or I mis-say.*

Diggon answers,

> *Hur was hur while it was Day-light;*
> *But now hur is a most wretched Wight,* &c.

BUT the most beautiful Example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable Piece, which I chanced to find among some old Manuscripts, entituled *A Pastoral Ballad*; which I think, for its Nature and Simplicity, may (notwithstanding the Modesty of the Title) be allowed a Perfect Pastoral: It is composed in the *Somersetshire* Dialect, and the Names such as are proper to the Country People. It may be observed, as a farther Beauty of this Pastoral, the Words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no Apology for inserting some few Lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the Subject, as she is going a Milking;

> Cicily. Rager *go vetch tha* * *Kee, or else tha Zun*
> *Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.*

* That is the *Kine* or *Cows*.

> Roger. *Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be*
> *To dreave our Bull to Bull tha Parson's Kee.*

It is to be observed, that this whole Dialogue is formed upon the Passion of Jealousy; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the Jealousy of the Shepherdess *Cicily*, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. *Ah* Rager, Rager, *chez was zore avraid*
When in yond Vield you kiss'd tha Parson's Maid:
Is this the Love that once to me you zed
When from the Wake thou broughtst me Ginger-bread?

Roger. Cicily *thou charg'st me false,—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha Parson's Maid is still a Maid for me.

In which Answer of his are express'd at once that *Spirit of Religion*, and that *Innocence of the Golden Age*, so necessary to be observed by all Writers of Pastoral.

AT the Conclusion of this Piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the World.

So Rager *parted vor to vetch tha Kee,*
And vor her Bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to shew my Fondness for Antiquity so far as to prefer this Ancient *British* Author to our present *English* Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that both *Spencer* and *Philips* have hit into the same Road with this old *West-Country* Bard of ours.

AFTER all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any Injustice to Mr. *Pope*, that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral Writer; since upon the whole he is of the same Class with *Moschus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded that Rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of *Virgil's*, it may be said, that according to the Description we have given of this sort of Poetry, they are by no means *Pastorals*, but *something better*.

Tuesday,

N° 41. *Tuesday, April* 28.

Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
Epilogue to *Cato.*

THE following Letter has so much Truth and Reason in it, that I believe every Man of Sense and Honour in *England*, will have a just Indignation against the Person, who could commit so great a Violence, as that of which my Correspondent complains.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Claim a Place in your Paper for what I now write 'to you, from the Declaration which you made at 'your first Appearance, and the very Title you assume 'to your self.

'IF the Circumstance, which I am going to men'tion, is over-look'd by one who calls himself *Guardian*, 'I am sure Honour and Integrity, Innocence and 'Virtue, are not the Objects of his Care. — The *Exa'miner* ends his Discourse of *Friday* the 24th Instant 'with these Words.

'*No sooner was D——— among the Whigs, and con'firmed past retrieving, but Lady* Char—te *is taken 'Knotting in Saint* James's *Chapel during Divine 'Service, in the immediate Presence both of God and 'Her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the 'Family might appear to be intirely come over. I spare 'the Beauty for the sake of her Birth, but certainly 'there was no Occasion for so publick a Proof, that her 'Fingers are more dextrous in* Tying *a* Knot, *than her 'Father's Brains in perplexing the Government.*

'IT is apparent that the Person here intended is by 'her Birth a Lady, and Daughter of an Earl of *Great 'Britain*, and the Treatment this Author is pleas'd to

'give her, he makes no Scruple to own ſhe is expoſed 'to by being his Daughter. Since he has aſſum'd a 'Licence to talk of this Nobleman in Print to his Diſ-'advantage, I hope his Lordſhip will pardon me, that 'out of the Intereſt which I, and all true *Engliſhmen*, 'have in his Character, I take the Liberty to defend 'him.

'I am willing, on this Occaſion, to allow the Claim 'and Pretenſion to Merit to be ſuch, as the ſame Au-'thor deſcribes in his preceding Paper.

'BY *active Merit* (ſays the *Examiner* of the 21ſt) '*I underſtand, not only the Power and Ability to ſerve,* '*but the actual Exerciſe of any one or more Virtues, for* '*promoting the good of ones Country, and a long and* '*ſteady Courſe of real Endeavours to appear uſeful in a* '*Government; or where a Perſon, eminently qualified* '*for publick Affairs, diſtinguiſhes himſelf in ſome Criti-*'*cal Juncture, and at the Expence of his Eaſe and* '*Fortune, or with the Hazard of his Perſon, expoſes* '*himſelf to the Malice of a deſigning Faction, by thwart-*'*ing their wicked Purpoſes, and contributing to the* '*Safety, Repoſe and Welfare of a People.*

'LET us examine the Conduct of this noble Earl by 'this Deſcription; upon the late Glorious Revolution, 'when it was in Debate in what manner the People of '*England* ſhould expreſs their Gratitude to their Deli-'verer, this Lord, from the utmoſt Tenderneſs and 'Loyalty to his unhappy Prince, and apprehenſive of 'the Danger of ſo great a Change, voted againſt King '*William's* Acceſſion to the Throne: However his fol-'lowing Services ſufficiently teſtified the Truth of that 'his memorable Expreſſion, *Though he could not make a* '*King, he could obey him.* The whole Courſe and 'Tenor of his Life ever ſince has been viſibly ani-'mated, by a ſteady and conſtant Zeal for the Monarchy 'and Epiſcopacy of theſe Realms. He has been ever 'reviled by all who are cold to the Intereſts of our 'Eſtabliſhed Religion, or Diſſenters from it, as a Fa-'vourer of Perſecution, and a Bigot to the Church, 'againſt the Civil Rights of his Fellow Subjects. Thus 'it ſtood with him at the Trial of Dr. *Sacheverell*, 'when this noble Earl had a very great ſhare in ob-

'taining

'taining the gentle Sentence which the House of Lords 'pronounced on that Occasion: But, indeed, I have 'not heard that any of his Lordship's Dependents joined '*Saint Harry* in the Pilgrimage which *that Meek Man* 'took afterwards round *England*, followed by Drum, 'Trumpet and Acclamations to *Visit the Churches*.—— 'Civil Prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw 'the Publick Affairs into such Hands as had no Pre-'tensions to Popularity in either Party, but from the 'Distribution of the Queen's Favours.

'DURING such, and other later Transactions '(which are too fresh to need being recounted) the Earl 'of *Nottingham* has had the Misfortune to differ with 'the Lords who have the Honour to be employed in the 'Administration; but even among these Incidents he 'has highly distinguished himself in procuring an Act 'of Parliament, to prevent that those who Dissent from 'the Church should serve in the State.

'I hope these are great and critical Junctures, where-'in this Gentleman has shown himself a Patriot and 'Lover of the Church in as eminent manner as any 'other of his Fellow Subjects. *He has at all Times, 'and in all Seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence 'to all Innovations.* But it is from this Behaviour, that 'he has deserved so ill of the *Examiner*, as to be term-'ed a *late Convert* to those whom he calls Factious, 'and introduced in his Profane Dialogue of *April* the 6th, 'with a Servant and a Madwoman. I think I have, 'according to the *Examiner's* own Description of Merit, 'shown how little this Nobleman deserves such Treat-'ment. I shall now appeal to all the World, to consider 'whether the Outrage committed against the young 'Lady had not been cruel, and insufferable, towards 'the Daughter of the highest Offender.

'THE utmost Malice and Invention could go no 'farther than to forge a Story of her having inadvertent-'ly done an indifferent Action in a Sacred Place. Of 'what Temper can this Man be made, that could have 'no Sense of the Pangs he must give a young Lady to be 'barely mentioned in a Publick Paper, much more to 'be named in a Libellous manner, as having offended 'God and Man.

'BUT

'BUT the Wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it 'strike on his Imagination, that *Knotting* and *Perplexing* 'would make a Quaint Sting at the end of his Paper, 'and had no Compunction, though he introduced his 'Witticism at the Expence of a young Lady's Quiet, 'and (as far as in him lies) her Honour. Does he thus 'finish his Discourse of Religion? This is indeed *to lay* '*at us, and make every Blow fell to the Ground.*

'THERE is no Party concerned in this Circum-'stance; but every Man that hopes for a Virtuous Wo-'man to his Wife, that would defend his Child, or 'protect his Mistress, ought to receive this Insolence as 'done to himself. *In the immediate Presence of God* '*and her Majesty, that the Family might appear to be* '*intirely come over,* says the fawning Miscreant.—It is 'very visible which of those Powers (that he has put 'together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he 'mistakes his way in making his Court to a pious Sove-'reign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find 'Protection for insulting a Virtuous Woman, who 'comes to call upon him in the Royal Chapel.

'IF Life be (as it ought to be with People of their 'Character, whom the *Examiner* attacks) less valuable 'and dear than Honour and Reputation, in that pro-'portion is the *Examiner* worse than an Assassin. We 'have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the 'Disgraces of the Brave and the Unfortunate. We have 'seen him double the Anguish of the unhappy Man, we 'have seen him trample on the Ashes of the Dead; but 'all this has concerned greater Life, and could touch 'only Publick Characters, they did but remotely affect 'our Private and Domestick Interests; but when due 'Regard is not had to the Honour of Women, all hu-'man Society is assaulted. The highest Person in the 'World is of that Sex, and has the utmost Sensibility 'of an Outrage committed against it. She who was the 'best Wife that ever Prince was blessed with, will, tho' 'she sits on a Throne, jealously regard the Honour 'of a young Lady who has not entered into that 'Condition.

'LADY *Char—te*'s Quality will make it impossible 'that this cruel Usage can escape her Majesty's Notice,

'and

'and 'tis the Business of every honest Man to trace the 'Offender, and expose him to the Indignation of his 'Sovereign.

N° 42. *Wednesday, April* 29.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris Hirudo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Sticking like Leeches, till they burst with Blood.
ROSCOMMON.

TOM *Lizard* told us a Story, the other Day, of some Persons which our Family know very well, with so much Humour and Life, that it caused a great deal of Mirth at the Tea-Table. His Brother *Will*, the *Templar*, was highly delighted with it, and the next Day being with some of his Inns-of-Court Acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the Benevolence, or the Pride of his Heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called *a pleasant Humour enough*. I was in great Pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the Company very little moved by it. *Will* blushed, looked round the Room, and with a forced Laugh, *Faith, Gentlemen,* said he, *I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable Story when I heard it.*

WHEN I came home I fell into a profound Contemplation upon Story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at Heart as the Good of my Country, I resolved to lay down some Precautions upon this Subject.

I have often thought that a Story-teller is born, as well as a Poet. It is, I think, certain, that some Men have such a peculiar Cast of Mind, that they see things in another Light, than Men of grave Dispositions. Men of a lively Imagination, and a mirthful Temper, will represent things to their Hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious Spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the

the ſight of ſome odd Occurrences in Life; yet the very ſame Occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told Story, where the diſagreeable Parts of the Images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the Fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an Art, but what we call a *Knack*; it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon Wit as upon Humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper Geſticulations of the Body, which naturally attend ſuch merry Emotions of the Mind. I know very well, that a certain Gravity of Countenance ſets ſome Stories off to Advantage, where the Hearer is to be ſurpriſed in the End; but this is by no means a general Rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt, by chearful Looks, and whimſical Agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the Succeſs of a Story very often depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features, of him who relates it. I have been of this Opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the Chin of *Dick Dewlap*. I very often had the Weakneſs to repine at the Proſperity of his Conceits, which made him paſs for a Wit with the Widow at the Coffee-houſe, and the ordinary Mechanicks that frequent it; nor could I my ſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, though upon Examination I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found, after ſome time, that the Merit of his Wit was founded upon the Shaking of a fat Paunch, and the toſſing up of a Pair of Roſy Jowls. Poor *Dick* had a Fit of Sickneſs, which robbed him of his Fat and his Fame at once; and it was full three Months before he regained his Reputation, which roſe in Proportion to his Floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good Conſtitution for Wit.

THOSE, who are thus adorned with the Gifts of Nature, are apt to ſhow their Parts with too much Oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all the Profeſſors of this Art never to tell Stories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the Subject Matter of the Converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irkſom; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of Alluſion. Thoſe, that are altogether new, ſhould never be uſhered in, without a ſhort and

pertinent

pertinent Character of the chief Persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the Company acquainted with them; and it is a certain Rule, that slight and trivial Accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more Mirth, than the brightest Points of Wit in unknown Characters. A little Circumstance, in the Complexion or Dress of the Man you are talking of, sets his Image before the Hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the Story. Thus, I remember *Tom Lizard*, after having made his Sisters merry with an Account of a formal old Man's way of Complimenting, owned very frankly, that his Story would not have been worth one Farthing, if he had made the Hat of him whom he represented one Inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct Characters, and selecting pertinent Circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of Drama in the forming of a Story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an Epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the Expectation of the Company by humorous Characters, and a pretty Conceit, to pursue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor it is for a Story-teller to end his Relation by saying, *That's all!*

AS the choosing of pertinent Circumstances is the Life of a Story, and that wherein Humour principally consists; so the Collectors of impertinent Particulars are the very Bane and Opiates of Conversation. Old Men are great Transgressors this way. Poor *Ned Poppy* — he's gone! — was a very honest Man, but was so excessively tedious over his Pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for Dinner; when such a thing happened; in what Ditch his bay Stone Horse had his Sprain at that time, and how his Man *John*, — no! 'twas *William*, started a Hare in the Common Field; that he never got to the End of his Tale. Then he was extremely particular in Marriages and Inter-marriages, and Cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of *July* or the beginning of *August*. He had a marvellous Tendency likewise to Digressions; insomuch that if a considerable Person was mention'd in his Story, he would straightway lanch out into an Episode of him; and again, if in that Person's Story

he

he had occasion to remember a third Man, he broke off, and gave us his History, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir *William Temple* informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of *Ireland*, who are hired to tell Stories of Giants and Inchanters to lull People asleep. These Historians are obliged, by their Bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the Patient hath, by this Benefit, enjoy'd a long Nap, he is sure to find the Operator proceeding in his Work. *Ned* procured the like Effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third Hour of his Story, and very thankful that his Memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the Elbow Chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, *Old Friend, you have your Infirmity, and I have mine.*

BUT of all Evils in Story-telling, the Humour of telling Tales one after another, in great Numbers, is the least supportable. Sir *Harry Pandolf* and his Son give my Lady *Lizard* great Offence in this Particular. Sir *Harry* hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every *Christmass*. When our Family visits there, we are constantly, after Supper, entertain'd with the *Glastenbury* Thorn. When we have wonder'd at that a little, *Ay, but Father*, saith the Son, *let us have the Spirit in the Wood*. After that hath been laughed at, *Ay, but Father*, cries the Booby again, *tell us how you served the Robber*. *Alack-a-day!* saith Sir *Harry*, with a Smile and rubbing his Forehead, *I have almost forgot that, but 'tis a pleasant Conceit to be sure*. Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more in the same independent Order; and without the least Variation, at this Day, as he hath done, to my Knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd Compliment that Sir *Harry* always makes my Lady when he dines here. After Dinner he strokes his Belly, and says with a feigned Concern in his Countenance, *Madam, I have lost by you to-day. How so, Sir* Harry? replies my Lady. *Madam*, says he, *I have lost an excellent Stomach*. At this, his Son and Heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. *Annabella*. This is the thirty-third time that Sir *Harry* hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

AS the telling of Stories is a great Help and Life to Conversation, I always encourage them, if they are

Pertinent

Pertinent and Innocent; in Oppoſition to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who diſdain every thing but Matter of Fact. Thoſe grave Fellows are my Averſion, who ſift every Thing with the utmoſt Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lye in a piece of Humour, puſhed a little beyond exact Truth. I likewiſe have a poor Opinion of thoſe, who have got a Trick of keeping a ſteady Countenance, that cock their Hats, and look glum when a Pleaſant Thing is ſaid, and aſk, *Well! and what then?* Men of Wit and Parts ſhould treat one another with Benevolence; and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

N° 43. *Thurſday, April* 30.

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 231.

——Tragedy ſhou'd bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron wou'd to dance with Girls.
ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for ſome Days obſerved ſomething in Agitation, which was carried by Smiles and Whiſpers, between my Lady *Lizard* and her Daughters, with a profeſſed Declaration that Mr. *Ironſide* ſhould not be in the Secret. I would not treſpaſs upon the Integrity of the *Sparkler* ſo much as to ſolicite her to break her Word even in a Trifle; but I take it for an Inſtance of her Kindneſs to me, that aſſoon as ſhe was at Liberty, ſhe was impatient to let me know it, and this Morning ſent me the following Billet.

SIR,

'MY Brother *Tom* waited upon us all laſt Night to '*Cato*; we ſat in the firſt Seats in the Box of 'the Eighteen-Penny Gallery. You muſt come hither

'this

'this Morning, for we ſhall be full of Debates about the 'Characters. I was for *Marcia* laſt Night, but find 'that Partiality was owing to the Awe I was under in 'her Father's Preſence; but this Morning *Lucia* is my 'Woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no, 'when I ſee you; but I think it is a more difficult 'Virtue to forbear going into a Family, tho' ſhe was in 'Love with the Heir of it, for no other Reaſon but 'becauſe her Happineſs was inconſiſtent with the Tran-'quillity of the whole Houſe to which ſhe ſhould be 'ally'd. I ſay I think it a more generous Virtue in '*Lucia* to conquer her Love from this Motive, than in '*Marcia* to ſuſpend hers in the preſent Circumſtances 'of her Father and her Country; but pray be here to 'ſettle theſe Matters.

I am,

Your moſt Obliged and
Obedient Humble Servant,

Mary Lizard.

I made all the haſte imaginable to the Family, where I found *Tom* with the Play in his Hand, and the whole Company with a ſublime Chearfulneſs in their Countenance, all ready to ſpeak to me at once; and before I could draw my Chair, my Lady herſelf repeated,

'Tis not a Set of Features or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire;
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye and palls upon the Senſe.
The virtuous Marcia *tow'rs above her Sex;*
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners.

I was going to ſpeak, when Mrs. *Cornelia* ſtood up, and with the moſt gentle Accent and ſweeteſt Tone of Voice ſucceeded her Mother.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of ruſhing Torrents and deſcending Rains,

Works

Works itſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating Mirror ſhines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Boſom ſhows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a Chair, but the *Sparkler* took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmoſt Delight purſue her Admiration of *Lucia*, in the Words of *Portius*.

——Athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy Charms.
Lovely'ſt of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all Divine!

WHEN the Ladies had done ſpeaking, I took the Liberty to take my Place; while *Tom*, who, like a juſt Courtier, thinks the Intereſt of his Prince and Country the ſame, dwelt upon theſe Lines.

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of ſo much Blood.)
O let it never periſh in your Hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your Children.

THOUGH I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my Heart that *Annabella*, for whom I have long had ſome Apprehenſions, ſaid nothing on this Occaſion, but indulged herſelf in the Sneer of a little Mind, to ſee the reſt ſo much affected. Mrs. *Betty* alſo, who knows forſooth more than us all, overlooked the whole Drama, but acknowledged the Dreſſes of *Syphax* and *Juba* were very prettily imagined. The Love of Virtue, which has been ſo warmly rouzed by this admirable Piece in all Parts of the Theatre, is an unanſwerable Inſtance of how great Force the Stage might be towards the Improvement of the World, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no Medium in this Caſe, for the Advantages of Action, and the Repreſentation of Vice and Virtue in an agree-

able

able or odious manner before our Eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the Theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully govern'd, in any Nation that values the Promotion of Virtue or Guard of Innocence among its People. Speeches or Sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the Characters of those that make them; and Mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own Mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the Lives of those who speak in the Cause of Goodness, to keep themselves in Countenance, and continue in belov'd Infirmities. But in the case of the Stage, Envy and Detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated Characters, which they neither look upon as their Rivals or Superiors; every Man that has any Degree of what is laudable in a Theatrical Character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the Prosecution of that Virtue, without fancying any Man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a Talking at the Tea-Table, when my Lady *Lizard*, with a Look of some Severity towards *Annabella* and Mrs. *Betty*, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling Prepossession of Mind that any one could be unmoved with the Characters of this Tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what Circumstance in the Family her Ladyship alluded, when she made all the Company look serious, and rehearsed, with a Tone more exalted, those Words of the Heroine,

> *In spite of all the Virtue we can boast,*
> *The Woman that Deliberates is lost.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bat. Pigeon *in the* Strand, *Hair-Cutter to the Family of the* Lizards, *has attained to great Proficience in his Art, Mr.* Ironside *advises all Persons of fine Heads, in order to have Justice done them, to repair to that industrious Mechanick.*

N. B. *Mr.* Pigeon *has Orders to talk with, and examine into the Parts and Characters of young Persons, before he thins the Covering near the Seat of the Brain.*

N° 44. *Friday, May* 1.

——*Hac iter Elysium nobis.* Virg. Æn. 6. v. 542.

This Path conducts us to th' Elysian Fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the Walks belonging to all the Inns of Court, a Set of old Fellows who appear to be Humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them Smile, and name my Name as I passed by, and say, Old *Ironside* wears well. I am a mere Boy to some of them who frequent *Gray*'s-*Inn*, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the World, and return upon it its Neglect towards them, which is all the Defence we old Fellows have against the Petulancy of young People. I am very glad to observe that these Sages of this Peripatetick Sect study Tranquillity and Indolence of Body and Mind, in the Neighbourhood of so much Contention as is carried on among the Students of *Littleton*. The following Letter gives us some light into the Manners and Maxims of these Philosophers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'AS the Depredations of Time and Fortune have 'been lamented in all Ages, those Persons who 'have resisted and disputed the Tyranny of either of 'these, have employed the sublimest Speculations of 'the Writers in all Languages. As these deceased He-'roes have had their Places judiciously assigned them al-'ready in the Temple of Fame, I would Immortalize 'some Persons now alive, who to me are greater Ob-'jects of Envy, both as their Bravery is exercised with 'the utmost Tranquillity and Pleasure to themselves, 'and as they are substantially Happy on this side the 'Grave, in Opposition to all the *Greek* and *Latin* 'Scraps to the contrary.

'AS therefore I am naturally subject to cruel Inroads 'from the Spleen, as I affirm all Evil to come from 'the *East*, as I am the Weather-Glass of every 'Company I come into, I sometimes, according to '*Shakespear*,

> *Sit like my Grandsire cut in Alabaster,*
> *Sleep whilst I wake, and creep into the Jaundice*
> *By being peevish* ———

'I would furnish out a Table of Merry Fame, in en'vious Admiration of those Jovial Blades, who disap'point the Strokes of Age and Fortune with the same 'Gaiety of Soul, as when thro' Youth or Affluence they 'were in their Prime for Fancy, Frolick, and At'chievement. There are, you may observe, in all Pub'lick Walks, Persons, who by a singular Shabbiness of 'their Attire, make a very ridiculous Appearance in 'the Opinion of the Men of Dress. They are very 'sullen and involved, and appear in such a State of 'Distress and Tribulation as to be thought Inconsolable. 'They are generally of that Complexion which was in 'Fashion during the pleasurable Reign of *Charles* the 'Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter 'Brown, whose Fortunes fell with that of King *James*. 'Now these, who are the Jest of such as take them'selves, and the World usually takes, to be in Pro'sperity, are the very Persons whose Happiness, were it 'understood, would be looked upon with Burning En'vy. I fell into the Discovery of them in the following 'manner: One Day last Summer, being particularly un'der the Dominion of the Spleen, I resolved to sooth my 'Melancholy in the Company of such, whose Appear'ance promised a full Return of any Complaints I could 'possibly utter. Living near *Gray*'s-*Inn* Walks, I went 'thither in search of the Persons above described, and 'found some of them seated upon a Bench, where, as '*Milton* sings,

> —— *the unpierc'd Shade*
> *Imbrown'd their Noontide Bow'r.*

'I squeezed in among them, and they did not only 'receive my Moanings with singular Humanity, but gave

'gave me all possible Encouragement to enlarge them. 'If the Blackness of my Spleen raised any imaginary 'Distemper of Body, some one of them immediately 'sympathised with me. If I spoke of any Disappoint-'ment in my Fortune, another of them would abate my 'Sorrowing by recounting to me his own Defeat upon 'the very same Circumstances. If I touched upon 'overlooked Merit, the whole Assembly seem'd to 'condole with me very feelingly upon that Particular. 'In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in 'Mind, Body or Circumstances, but some one of them 'was upon a Level with me. When I had wound up 'my Discourse, and was ripe for their intended Ralle-'ry, at first they crown'd my Narration with several 'piteous Sighs and Groans, but after a short Pause, and 'a Signal given for the Onset, they burst out into a 'most incomprehensible Fit of Laughter. You may be 'sure I was notably out of Countenance, which gave 'occasion to a second Explosion of the same Mirth. 'What troubled me most was, that their Figure, Age, 'and short Swords, preserved them from any Imputa-'tion of Cowardise upon refusal of Battle, and their 'Number from Insult. I had now no other way to 'be upon good Terms with them, but desiring I might 'be admitted into this Fraternity. This was at first 'vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I 'affected too much the Appearance of an happy Man, 'to be received into a Society so proud of appearing 'the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to 'be what they really were, I am admitted by way of 'Triumph upon Probation for a Year: and if within 'that Time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of 'their Gaiety into me, I can, at *Monmouth-street*, upon 'mighty easy Terms, purchase the Robes necessary for 'my Instalment into this Order; and when they have 'made me as Happy, shall be willing to appear as Miser-'able, as any of this Assembly. I confess I have ever 'since been ashamed, that I should once take that Place 'to be sacred to the Disconsolate, which I now must 'affirm to be the only *Elysium* on this side the *Styx*; 'and that ever I should look upon those Personages 'as lively Instances of the Outrage of Time and For-

'tune,

'tune, who diſallow their Empire with ſuch inimitable 'Bravery. Some of theſe are pretty good Claſſical 'Scholars, and they follow theſe Studies always walk'ing, upon account of a certain Sentence in *Pliny's* 'Epiſtles to the following Effect, *'Tis inconceivable 'how much the Underſtanding is enlivened by the Ex'ercise of the Body.* If therefore their Author is a little 'difficult, you will ſee 'em fleeting with a very preci'pitate Pace, and when it has been very perplex'd and 'abſtruſe, I have ſeen a Couple of theſe Students pre'pare their Apprehenſions by ſtill quicker Motions, till 'they run into Wiſdom. Theſe Courſes do not only 'make them go thro' their Studies with Pleaſure and 'Profit, but there is more Spirit and Vigour in their 'Dialogues, after the Heat and Hurry of theſe Peram'bulations. This Place was choſen as the peculiar Re'ſort of theſe Sages, not only upon Account of its Air 'and Situation, but in Regard to certain Edifices and 'Seats therein rais'd with great Magnificence and Con'venience; and here after the Toils of their Walks, 'and upon any Streſs of Weather, theſe Bleſſed Inha'bitants aſſemble themſelves. There is one Building 'particularly, in which, if the Day permit, they have 'the moſt frequent Conferences, not ſo much becauſe of 'the Lovelineſs of its Eminence, as a Sentence of Lite'rature incircling the Extremities of it, which I think 'is as follows. *Franciſcus Bacon Eques Auratus Execu'tor Teſtamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hoſpitii Viri 'Abſtemii & Contemplativi Hanc Sedem poſuit in Me'moriam Ejuſdem.* Now this Structure being erected in 'honourable Memory of the Abſtemious the Contem'plative Mr. *Bettenham*, they take frequent Occaſion to 'rally this Erudition, which is to continue the Remem'brance of a Perſon, who, according to their Tranſ'lation of the Words, being confeſs'd to have been 'of moſt Splenetick Memory, ought rather to lie buri'ed in Oblivion.

'LEST they ſhould flag in their own way of Con'verſation, they admit a Fair One to relieve 'em with 'hers: There are two or three thin Exiſtences among ''em, which I think I may call the Ghoſts of depart'ed Beaus, who pay their Court more particularly to

'this

'this Lady, tho' their Paſſion never riſes higher than 'a Kiſs, which is always

Yielded with coy Submiſſion, modeſt Pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous Delay. Milton.

'AS 'tis the Character of this Fraternity to turn 'their ſeeming Misfortunes to their Advantage, they 'affirm it to be the greateſt Indulgence imaginable in 'theſe Amours, that Nature perpetuates their good 'Inclinations to the Fair, by an Inability to extinguiſh 'em.

'DURING my Year of Probation, I am to pre-'pare myſelf with ſuch Parts of Hiſtory as have en-'gaged their Application during the Leiſure of their 'ill Fortune; I am therefore to read *Ruſhworth* and '*Clarendon*, in the Peruſal of which Authors I am 'not obliged to enter into the Juſtneſs of their Reflexi-'ons and Characters, but am deſired to read, with an 'Eye particularly curious, the Battles of *Marſton-Moor* 'and *Edge-Hill*, in one of which every Man of this 'Aſſembly has loſt a Relation; and each has a Story 'which none who has not read thoſe Battles is able to 'taſte.

'I had almoſt forgot to mention a moſt unexampled 'piece of their Galantry. Some time ſince, in a prodi-'gious Foggy Morning, I went in ſearch of theſe Per-'ſons to their uſual Place of Reſort, and perhaps ſhall 'hardly be believed, when I affirm, that notwithſtand-'ing they ſucked in ſo condenſed and poiſonous an '*Æther*, I found them enjoying themſelves with as 'much Vivacity, as if they had breathed in the Sereni-'ty of *Montpelier*.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

J. W.

Nº 45. *Saturday, May* 2.

I Don't know that I have been more intimately moved with Pity in my whole Life, than when I was reading a Letter from a young Woman, not yet Nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable Words, *Alas! whither ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and l[illegible] me.* The Circumſtances of her Story are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her Lover was a Man of greater Fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs to her upon Honourable Terms; but ſhe ſaid to herſelf, *She had Wit and Beauty, and ſuch Charms as often captivate ſo far as to make Men forget thoſe meaner Conſiderations, and innocent Freedoms were not to be denied: A Gentleman of Condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of Malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him with the ſame Diſtinction.* But I would have young Women, who are Orphans, or unguarded with powerful Alliances, conſider with Horror the Inſolence of Wealth: Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is Vice and Virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, Innocence is helpleſs, and Oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its Aſſiſtance: for this Reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young Females not to dally with Men whoſe Circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their Falſhood, and have the Faſhion of a baſe ſelf intereſted World on their Side, which inſtead of avenging the Cauſe of an abuſed Woman will proclaim her Diſhonour; while the Perſon injured is ſhunned like a Peſtilence, he who did the Wrong ſees no Difference in the Reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcome to the reſt of the Sex, who are ſtill within the Pale of Honour and Innocence.

WHAT makes this Circumſtance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt Merit and Underſtanding. Gentleneſs of Diſpoſition and Taſte of polite Converſation, I have often known

known Snares towards Vice in ſome, whilſt Sullenneſs and Diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only Defences of Virtue in others. I have my unhappy Correſpondent's Letter before me; and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a Gentleman, and he has that natural Softneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this Subject in my Paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor Girl! Cæſar *aſhamed! Has not he ſeen* Pharſalia? Does the poor Creature imagine that a Scrip of Paper, a Collection of Sentences, and an old Man's talk of Pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an Effect upon him who could go on in a Series of Falſhood; let drop ambiguous Sentences in her Abſence, to give her falſe Hope from the Repetition of them by ſome Friend that heard them; that could paſs as much Time in the Purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful Art or Science; and that only to attain a ſhort Revel of his Senſes under a Stupor of Faith, Honour and Conſcience? No; the Deſtruction of a well-educated young Woman is not accompliſhed by the Criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden Start of Deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by Frailty; but arrives at it by Care, Skill and Meditation. It is no ſmall Aggravation of the Guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer Occaſions, for riper Wiſhes, for the Removal of a particular Objection, or the Conqueſt of any certain Scruple, has it in his Power to obey his Conſcience, which often calls him, during the Intrigue, a Villain and a Deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an Evil; but that the Reſtraints of Shame and Ignominy are broken down by the Prevalence of Cuſtom. I don't, indeed, expect that my Precautions will have any great weight with Men of Mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their Party as to Vice and Virtue for Life; but I know not how it is, but our Sex has uſurped a certain Authority to exclude Chaſtity out of the Catalogue of Maſculine Virtues, by which means Females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty Sighs, Tears and Reproaches againſt thoſe who reduced them to real Sorrow and Infamy. But as I am now

talking to the World yet untainted, I will venture to recommend Chaſtity as the nobleſt Male Qualification.

IT is methinks very unreaſonable that the Difficulty of attaining all other good Habits is what makes them honourable, but in this Caſe the very Attempt is become Ridiculous. But in ſpite of all the Rallery of the World, Truth is ſtill Truth, and will have Beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this Occaſion bring Examples of Heroick Chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my Paper thrown away by the Modiſh Part of the Town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere Abſence of Ill, and are contented to be rather Irreproachable than Praiſe-worthy; in this particular, a Gentleman, in the Court of *Cyrus*, reported to his Majeſty the Charms and Beauty of *Panthea*, and ended his Panegyrick by telling him, that ſince he was at Leiſure he would carry him to viſit her; but that Prince, who is a very great Man to this Day, anſwered the Pimp, becauſe he was a Man of Quality, without Roughneſs, and ſaid with a Smile, *If I ſhould viſit her upon your Introduction now I have Leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own Invitation, when I ought to be better employed.* But when I caſt about all the Inſtances which I have met with in all my Reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble as that of *Joſeph* in *Holy Writ:* When his Maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly, (to ſpeak it in the emphatical Manner of the Scripture) *He knew not ought he had ſave the Bread which he did eat,* he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly Beautiful to his Miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs Woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his Anſwer? *Behold my Maſter wotteth not what is with Me in the Houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my Hand, there is none greater in the Houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his Wife.* The ſame Argument, which a baſe Mind would have made to its ſelf for committing the Evil, was to this brave Man the greateſt Motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with Impunity; the Malice and Falſhood of the diſappointed Woman naturally aroſe on that Occaſion, and there is but a ſhort Step from the Practice of Virtue to the Hatred of it. It would therefore

fore be worth serious Consideration in both Sexes, and the Matter is of Importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of Heart, indolence of Mind, chearful Meals, untroubled Slumbers, and gentle Dispositions, for a Constant Pruriency which shuts out all Things that are Great or Indifferent, clouds the Imagination with Insensibility and Prejudice to all manner of Delight, but that which is common to all Creatures that extend their Species.

A Loose Behaviour, and an Inattention to every thing that is Serious, flowing from some Degree of this Petulancy, is observable in the Generality of the Youth of both Sexes in this Age. It is the one common Face of most publick Meetings, and breaks in upon the Sobriety, I won't say Severity, that we ought to exercise in Churches. The pert Boys and flippant Girls are but faint Followers of those in the same Inclinations at more advanced Years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their Manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my Protest that they are neither fine Gentlemen nor fine Ladies for this Behaviour. As for the Portraitures which I would propose, as the Images of agreeable Men and Women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. *Dryden* did on the like Occasion, when a young Fellow, just come from the Play of *Cleomenes*, told him in Rallery against the Continency of his principal Character. If I had been alone with a Lady I should not have passed my Time like your *Spartan*; *That may be*, answer'd the Bard with a very grave Face, *but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no Hero.*

Nº 46. *Monday, May 4.*

Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro.
Ovid. Ep. 1. l. 3. de Ponto, v. 118.
Alone found worthy a celestial Bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady *Lizard*'s Tea-Table, the Discourse happened to turn upon Women of Renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the World by surprising Actions, or by any great and shining Qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the Envy of their own Sex, and the Admiration of ours. My Lady has been curious in collecting the Lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable Number, both in Print and Manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam *Maintenon*; and, at the Request of my Lady and her Daughters, I have undertaken to put together such Circumstances of her Life, as I had formerly gathered out of Books, and picked up from Conversation in my Travels.

MADAM *Maintenon* was born a Gentlewoman, her Name is *Frances Daubigné*. Monsieur *Daubigné*, her Grandfather, was not only a Person of Condition, but likewise of great Merit. He was born in the Year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th Year of his Age. A little before his Death he writ his own Epitaph, which is Engraven upon his Tomb stone in the Cloister of St. *Peter's* Church at *Geneva*, and may be seen in *Spon*'s History of that Republick. He was a leading Man among the Protestants in *France*, and much courted to come over to the opposite Party. When he perceived there was no Safety for him any longer in his own Country, he fled for Refuge to *Geneva*, about the Year 1619. The Magistrates, and the Clergy there, received him with great Marks of Honour and Distinction, and he passed the remaining part of his Life amongst them in great Esteem. *Mezeray* (the *French* Historian) says, that he was a Man of great Courage and Boldness, of a ready Wit, and of a fine Taste in polite Learning, as well as of good Experience in Matters of War.

THE

THE Son of this *Daubigné* was Father to the present Madam *Maintenon*. This Gentleman was thrown into Prison when he was but a Youth, for what Reason I cannot learn; but his Life, it seems, was in question, if the Keeper of the Prison's Daughter (touch'd with his Misfortunes and his Merit) had not determined with herself to set him at Liberty. Accordingly a favourable Opportunity presenting itself, she set the Prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his Flight. The Lovers finding themselves now in no Danger of being apprehended, Monsieur *Daubigné* acquitted himself of the Promise he had given his fair Deliverer, and married her publickly. To provide against their immediate Want in a strange Place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into Money; and while their little Treasure lasted, our new-married Couple thought themselves the happiest Persons living. But their Provision now began to fail, and Monsieur *Daubigné*, who plainly saw the Straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his Love and Tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse Condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his Wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost Necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with Child.

MONSIEUR *Daubigné*, pressed with these Difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous Resolution; and since the Danger he saw in it was only to his Person, he put it in Execution, without ever consulting his Wife. The Purpose he entred upon, was to venture back into *France*, and to endeavour there to get up some of his Effects, and in a short time to have the Pleasure of returning to his Wife with some little Means of Subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own Country, and that, by the help of a Friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon Trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into Prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his Wife without ever taking leave; and that the first Notice she had of his Design

was by a Letter, which he ſent her from the Place where he lay the firſt Night. Upon the reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarm'd for the Life of a Husband ſo very dear to her; but ſhe fell into the laſt Affliction when ſhe received the News of his being impriſoned again, of which ſhe had been apprehenſive from the beginning. When her Concern was a little abated, ſhe conſidered that the afflicting of herſelf could give him no Relief; and deſpairing ever to be able a ſecond time to bring about the Delivery of her Husband, and likewiſe finding it impoſſible for her to live long ſeparated from him, ſhe reſolved to ſhare in his Misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his Priſon. Therefore, without the leaſt regard to the Danger of a Woman's travelling in her Condition (for ſhe was now far gone with Child) ſhe entered upon her Journey, and having found out her Husband, voluntarily gave herſelf up to remain a Priſoner with him. And here it was that ſhe was delivered of that Daughter, who has ſince proved the Wonder of her Age.

THE Relations of Monſieur *Daubigné*, diſſatisfied with his Conduct and his Marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam *Villete* his Siſter, who uſed to viſit him. She could not but be touched with the Condition in which ſhe found him, entirely deſtitute of all the Conveniencies, and almoſt the very Neceſſaries of Life. But that which moſt moved her Compaſſion was, to ſee, in the Arms of a diſconſolate Mother, the poor helpleſs Infant expoſed amidſt her Cries, to Cold, to Nakedneſs and Hunger: In this Extremity Madam *Villete* took the Child home with her, and gave her to the Care of her Daughter's Nurſe, with whom ſhe was bred up for ſome time, as a Foſter-Siſter. Beſides this, ſhe ſent the two Priſoners ſeveral Neceſſaries. Some time after Monſieur *Daubigné* found Means, by changing his Religion, to get out of Priſon, upon Condition he would quit the Kingdom; to which he conſented.

MONSIEUR *Daubigné*, knowing he was never like to ſee *France* more, got together what little Subſtance he could, in order to make a long Voyage; and ſo with a ſmall Family, he embark'd for *America*; where he and his Wife lived in Quiet, and made it their principal Care to give their Children (a Son and a Daughter) good Education. THESE

THESE unfortunate Parents died both in their Exile, leaving their Children very young. The Daughter, who was elder than her Brother, as ſhe grew up began to be very deſirous of ſeeing her Native Country; this, together with the Hopes ſhe had of recovering ſomething of that which once belonged to her Father, made her willing to take the firſt Opportunity of returning into *France.* Finding therefore a Ship that was ready to ſail thither, ſhe went on Board, and landed at *Rochelle.* From thence ſhe proceeded directly to *Poitou*, and there made it her Buſineſs firſt to inquire out Madam *Villete* her Aunt, who ſhe knew very well was the Perſon to whom ſhe owed her Life. Madam *Villete* received her with great Marks of Affection; and after informing her, that ſhe muſt not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her Father, ſince that was all irreparably loſt and diſſipated by his Baniſhment, and the Proceedings againſt him; ſhe added, that ſhe ſhould be welcome, if ſhe thought fit, to live with her; where at leaſt, ſhe ſhould never be reduced to want a Subſiſtence.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* accepted the Offer which her Aunt made her, and ſtudied by all means imaginable to render her ſelf neceſſary and agreeable to a Perſon upon whom ſhe ſaw that ſhe muſt intirely depend for every Thing. More eſpecially ſhe made it her Buſineſs to inſinuate her ſelf into the Affections of her Couſin, with whom ſhe had one common Nurſe. And to omit nothing that might pleaſe them, ſhe expreſſed a great Deſire to be inſtructed in the Religion of her Anceſtors; ſhe was impatient to have ſome Converſation with Miniſters, and to frequent their Sermons; ſo that in ſhort time ſhe began to take a great Liking to the Proteſtant Religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that ſhe would have openly profeſſed this Way of Worſhip, if ſome of her Father's Relations that were Papiſts, and who forſook him in his Adverſity, had not, to make their own Court, been buſy in advertiſing ſome great Man of the Danger Mademoiſelle *Daubigné* was in as to her Salvation, and in demanding thereupon an Order to have her put into the Hands of Catholicks. This Piece of Zeal was acceptable to the ruling Party, and Orders were immediately given that ſhe ſhould be taken from

her Aunt *Villete*, and put into the Hands of her officious Relations. This was soon executed, and Mademoiselle *Daubigné* was in a manner forced by Violence from Madam *Villete*, who was the only Relation that ever had taken any Care of her. She shed abundance of Tears at parting, and assured her Aunt, and her Cousin (who was now married to Monsieur *Saint Hermine*) that she should always preserve, with the Remembrance of their Kindness, the good Impressions she had received of their Religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a Time and Occasion proper for it.

Nº 47. *Tuesday, May* 5.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* was conducted from Madam *Villette*'s to a Relation, who had a Law-suit then depending at *Paris*; and being for that Reason obliged to go thither, she carried Mademoiselle *Daubigné* with her. This Lady hired Apartments in the same House where the famous *Scaron* was lodged: She made an Acquaintance with him; and one Day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a Visit, she desired he would give her Cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young Lady was in no Danger from such a Person, and that perhaps it might turn to her Advantage. Monsieur *Scaron* was, of all Men living, the most unhappy in an untoward Frame of Body, being not only Deformed, but likewise very Infirm: In Consideration of his Wit and Parts, he had a Yearly Pension from the Court of five hundred Crowns. *Scaron* was charmed with the Conversation of Mademoiselle *Daubigné*; and her Kinswoman took frequent Opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave *Scaron* Occasion to discover still new Beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the Story of her Adventures and her Misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born;

born; All which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a Manner, that he found himself touched with a strong Compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at Ease, by placing her in a Nunnery at his own Expence. But upon farther Deliberation, he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an Alternative, which, in all likelihood, she never expected. One Day therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his Intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following Manner. I am, Mademoiselle (says he) not a little moved with your Misfortunes, and the great Sufferings you have undergone: I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy Circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some Days been contriving with my self how to extricate you out of all your Difficulties: At last I have fallen upon two Ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your Inclinations, in the Choice of the one or the other; or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My Fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your Merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a Joint Partaker with my self of the little I have, or to place you, at my own Expence, in any Convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my Power to do more for you. Consult your own Inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to your self. As for my Person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungainly Figure; but I am not able to new-mold it; I offer my self to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you, that I would not bestow my self upon another; and that I must have a very great Esteem for you, ever to propose a Marriage, which, of all things in the World, I have had the least in my Thoughts hitherto. Consider therefore, and take your final Resolutions, either to turn Nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present Condition without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own Choice.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* returned Monsieur *Scaron* the Thanks he so well deserved. She was

too

too ſenſible of the Diſagreeableneſs of a dependent State, not to be glad to accept of a Settlement that would place her at leaſt above Want: Finding therefore in her ſelf no Call towards a Nunnery, ſhe anſwer'd Monſieur *Scaron* without Heſitation, that ſhe had too great a Senſe of her Obligations to him not to be deſirous of that way of Life, that would give her the moſt frequent Occaſions of ſhewing her Gratitude to him. *Scaron*, who was prepoſſeſſed with the flattering Hopes of paſſing his Life with a Perſon he liked ſo well, was charmed with her Anſwer. They both came to a Reſolution, that he ſhould ask her Relations Conſent that very Evening: She gave it very frankly; and this Marriage, ſo ſoon concluded, was, as it were, the Inlet to all the future Fortunes of Madam *Maintenon*. She made a good Wife to *Scaron*, living happily with him, and wanted no Conveniences during his Life; but loſing him, ſhe loſt all; his Penſion ceaſed upon his Death, and ſhe found her ſelf again reduced to the ſame indigent Condition in which ſhe had been before her Marriage.

UPON this ſhe retired into the Convent in the *Place Royale*, founded for the Relief of neceſſitous Perſons; where the Friends of her deceaſed Husband took care of her. It was here the Friendſhip between her and Madam *Saint Baſile* (a Nun) had its Beginning, which has continued ever ſince, for ſhe ſtill goes to viſit her frequently in the Convent *de la Raquette*, where ſhe now lives. And to the Honour of Madam *Maintenon*, it muſt be allowed, that ſhe has always been of a grateful Temper, and mindful, in her high Fortunes, of her old Friends, to whom ſhe had formerly been obliged.

HER Husband's Friends did all they could to prevail upon the Court to continue to her the Penſion which Monſieur *Scaron* had enjoyed: In order to this, Petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, *The Widow* Scaron *moſt humbly prays your Majeſty*, &c. But all theſe Petitions ſignified nothing; and the King was ſo weary of them that he has been heard to ſay, *Muſt I always be peſtred with the Widow* Scaron? notwithſtanding which, her Friends were reſolved not to be diſcouraged in their Endeavours to ſerve her.

AFTER

AFTER this, ſhe quitted the Convent, and went to live in the *Hôtel d'Albert*, where her Husband had always been very much eſteemed. Here (it is ſaid) ſomething very remarkable happened to her, which I ſhall relate, becauſe I find it ſo confidently affirmed upon the Knowledge of a certain Author. There were Maſons at Work in the *Hôtel d'Albert*, not far from the Apartment of Madam *Scaron:* One of them came into her Chamber, and finding two or three Viſitants of her own Sex, deſired he might ſpeak with her in private; ſhe carried him into her Cloſet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future Events of her Life. But whence he drew this Knowledge (continues my Author) which Time has ſo wonderfully verified, is a Myſtery ſtill to me. As to Madam *Scaron*, ſhe ſaw then ſo little Appearance of Probability in his Predictions, that ſhe hardly gave the leaſt heed to them. Nevertheleſs the Company, upon her return, remark'd ſome Alteration in her Countenance; and one of the Ladies ſaid, Surely this Man has brought you ſome very pleaſing News, for you look with a more chearful Air than you did before he came in. There would be ſufficient Reaſon for my doing ſo, reply'd ſhe, if I could give any Credit to what this Fellow has promiſed me. And I can tell you (ſays ſhe, ſmiling) that if there ſhould be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your Court to me beforehand. Theſe Ladies could not prevail upon her to ſatisfy their Curioſity any farther; but ſhe communicated the whole Secret to a Boſom Friend after they were gone; and it is from that Lady it came to be known, when the Events foretold were come to paſs, and ſo ſcrupulous a Secrecy in that Point did no longer ſeem neceſſary.

SOME time after this, ſhe was adviſed to ſeek all Occaſions of inſinuating herſelf into the Favour of Madam *Mounteſpan*, who was the King's Miſtreſs, and had an abſolute Influence over him. Madam *Scaron* therefore found the Means of being preſented to Madam *Mounteſpan*, and at that time ſpoke to her with ſo good a Grace, that Madam *Mounteſpan*, pitying her Circumſtances, and reſolving to make them more eaſy, took upon her to carry a Petition from her to the King, and

to deliver it with her own Hands. The King, upon her presenting it to him, said, *What, the Widow* Scaron *again? Shall I never see any thing else?* Indeed, Sir, says Madam *Mountespan*, it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her Name mentioned to you any more, and it is something extraordinary that your Majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor Woman, who, without Exceptions, deserves a much better Condition, as well upon the Account of her own Merit, as of the Reputation of her late Husband. The King, who was always glad of an Opportunity to please Madam *Mountespan*, granted the Petitioner all that was desired. Madam *Scaron* came to thank her Patroness; and Madam *Mountespan* took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the King, and after that proposed to him, that she might be made Governante to their Children. His Majesty consented to it; and Madam *Scaron*, by her Address and good Conduct, won so much upon the Affections and Esteem of Madam *Mountespan*, that in a little time she became her Favourite and *Confidante*.

IT happened one Night that Madam *Mountespan* sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great Perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a Billet from the King, which required an immediate Answer; and though she did by no means want Wit, yet in that Instant she found her self incapable of Writing any thing with Spirit. In the mean time the Messenger waited for an Answer, while she racked her Invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender Things, she needed only to have copied the Dictates of her Heart; but she had over and above the Reputation of her Stile and Manner of Writing to maintain, and her Invention played her false in so critical a Juncture. This reduced her to the Necessity of desiring Madam *Scaron* to help her out, and giving her the King's Billet, she bid her make an Answer to it immediately. Madam *Scaron* would, out of Modesty, have excused herself; but Madam *Mountespan* laid her absolute Commands upon her: So that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable Billet full of Wit and Tenderness. Madam *Mountespan* was very much pleased with it, she copied

copied it, and ſent it. The King was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam *Mounteſpan* had ſurpaſſed herſelf; and he attributed her more than ordinary Wit upon this occaſion to an Increaſe of Tenderneſs. The principal Part of his Amuſement that Night, was to read over and over again this Letter, in which he diſcovered new Beauties upon every reading. He thought himſelf the happieſt and the moſt extraordinary Man living, to be able to inſpire his Miſtreſs with ſuch ſurpriſing Sentiments and Turns of Wit.

NEXT Morning, as ſoon as he was dreſt, he went directly to make a Viſit to Madam *Mounteſpan*. What happy *Genius*, Madam, ſays he, upon his firſt coming into her Chamber, influenced your Thoughts laſt Night? Never certainly was there any thing ſo charming, and ſo finely writ, as the Billet you ſent me! and if you truly feel the Tenderneſs you have ſo well deſcribed, my Happineſs is complete. Madam *Mounteſpan* was in Confuſion with theſe Praiſes, which properly belonged to another, and ſhe could not help betraying ſomething of it by her Bluſhes. The King perceived the Diſorder ſhe was in, and was earneſt to know the Cauſe of it. She would fain have put it off; but the King's Curioſity ſtill increaſing, in proportion to the Excuſes ſhe made, ſhe was forced to tell him all that had paſſed, leſt he ſhould of himſelf imagine ſomething worſe. The King was extremely ſurpriſed, though in Civility he diſſembled his Thoughts at that time, nevertheleſs he could not help deſiring to ſee the Author of the Letter that had pleaſed him ſo much; to ſatisfy himſelf whether her Wit in Converſation was equal to what it appeared in Writing. Madam *Scaron* now began to call to mind the Predictions of the Maſon; and, from the Deſire the King had to ſee her, conceived no ſmall Hopes: Notwithſtanding ſhe now had paſſed the Flower of her Age, yet ſhe flattered her ſelf, that her Deſtiny had reſerved this one Conqueſt in ſtore for her, and this mighty Monarch to be her Captive. She was exactly ſhaped, had a noble Air, fine Eyes, and a delicate Mouth, with freſh ruddy Lips. She has beſides the Art of expreſſing every thing with her Eyes, and of adjuſting her Looks to her Thoughts in ſuch a Manner, that all ſhe ſays

goes

goes directly to the Heart. The King was already prepossest in her Favour; and, after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his Affections towards Madam *Mountespan*.

THE King in a little time purchased for Madam *Scaren* those Lands which carry the Name of *Maintenon*, a Title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an Instance of any Favourite having so great a Power over a Prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least Favour, but by immediate Application to her. Some are of Opinion, that she has been the Occasion of all the ill Treatment which the Protestants have met with, and consequently of the Damage the whole Kingdom has received from those Proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think, that whole Revolution was brought about by the Contrivances of the *Jesuits*; and she has always been known to be too little a Favourer of that Order of Men to promote their Intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good Opinion of the Reformed Religion, and was pretty well instructed in the Protestant Faith and way of Worship, should ever be the Author of a Persecution against those innocent People, who never had in any thing offended her.

Nº 48. *Wednesday, May* 6.

IT is the general Opinion, that Madam *Maintenon* has of late Years influenced all the Measures of the Court of *France*. The King, when he has taken the Air after Dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about Ten o' Clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his Supper. The Comptroller-General of the Finances likewise comes to her Apartments to meet the King: While they are in Discourse Madam *Maintenon* sits at her Wheel towards the other end of the Room, not seeming to give the least Attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the Minister never makes a Proposition to the King, but his Majesty turns towards her, and says,

What

What think you, Madam, of This? She expresses her Opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam *Maintenon* never appears in Publick, except when she goes with the King to take the Air; and then she sits on the same Seat with the King, with her Spectacles on, working a Piece of Embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great Fortunes and Honours to which she has raised her self. She is always very modestly drest, and never appears with any Train of Servants. Every Morning she goes to St. *Cyr*, to give her Orders there, it being a kind of Nursery founded by her self for the Education of young Ladies of good Families, but no Fortune. She returns from thence about the time the King rises, who never fails to pay her a Morning Visit. She goes to Mass always by break of Day, to avoid the Concourse of People. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular Acquaintance of her own Sex. Whether it be, that she would by this Conduct avoid Envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the Rank which she thinks due to her, should be disputed in all Visits and publick Places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all Occasions she declines the taking of any Rank; and the Title of *Marquisse* (which belongs to the Lands the King purchased for her) is suppressed before her Name; neither will she accept of the Title of a Dutchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

FROM several Particulars in the Conduct of the *French* King, as well as in that of Madam *Maintenon*, it has for some Years been the prevailing Opinion of the Court that they are married. And it is said, that her Ambition of being declared Queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the King no Quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her Solicitations upon that Head, but at length, in a Fit of Tenderness and Good-nature, he promised her, that he would consult his Confessor upon that Point. Madam *Maintenon* was pleased with this, not doubting but that Father *la Chaise* would be glad of this Occasion of making his Court to her; but he was too subtle a Courtier not to

perceive the Danger of engaging in ſo nice an Affair; and for that Reaſon evaded it, by telling the King, that he did not think himſelf a Caſuiſt able enough to decide a Queſtion of ſo great Importance; and for that Reaſon deſired he might conſult with ſome Man of Skill and Learning, for whoſe Secrecy he would be reſponſible. The King was apprehenſive leſt this might make the Matter too publck; but as ſoon as Father *la Chaiſe* named Monſieur *Fenelon*, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, his Fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As ſoon as the Confeſſor had communicated the Buſineſs he came upon, to the Biſhop, he ſaid, *What have I done, Father, that you ſhould ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the King.* His Majeſty was in his Cloſet, expecting them. The Biſhop was no ſooner enter'd, but he threw himſelf at the King's Feet, and begged of him not to ſacrifice him; the King promiſed him that he would not; and then propoſed the Caſe to him. The Biſhop, with his uſual Sincerity, repreſented to him the great Prejudice he would do himſelf by declaring his Marriage, together with the ill Conſequences that might attend ſuch a Proceeding. The King very much approved his Reaſons, and reſolved to go no farther in this Affair. Madam *Maintenon* ſtill preſſed him to comply with her; but it was now all to no purpoſe; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was Father *la Chaiſe* who diſſuaded him from it. He for ſome time refuſed to give her any Anſwer; but at laſt, overcome by her Importunities, he told her every thing as it had paſſed. She upon this diſſembled her Reſentment, that ſhe might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jeſuit was to be forgiven; but the firſt Marks of her Vengeance fell upon the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*. He and all his Relations were, in a little time, put out of all their Employments at Court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his Biſhoprick; and there have no Endeavours been ſpared to deprive him even of that. As a farther Inſtance of the incontrolable Power of this great Favourite, and of her reſenting even the moſt trivial Matters that ſhe thinks might tend to her Prejudice, or the Diminution of her Honour,

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it is remarkable, that the *Italian* Comedians were driven out of *Paris*, for playing a Comedy call'd *la Fausse Prude*, which was supposed to reflect upon Madam *Maintenon* in particular.

IT is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep intire the Affections of the King so many years, after her Youth and Beauty were gone, and never fall into the least Disgrace; notwithstanding the Number of Enemies she has had, and the Intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my Memory a Saying of King *William*'s, that I have heard on this Occasion: *That the King of* France *was, in his Conduct, quite opposite to other Princes; since he made choice of young Ministers, and an old Mistress.* But this Lady's Charms have not lain so much in her Person, as in her Wit and good Sense. She has always had the Address to flatter the Vanity of the King, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable Parts of her Conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious Affairs of State into their Hours of Pleasure; by telling his Majesty, that a Monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other Men; and that he, of all Men living, knew best how to be always a King, and always like himself, even in the midst of his Diversions. The King now converses with her as a Friend, and advises with her upon his most secret Affairs. He has a true Love and Esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the Remainder of her Life with Honour, in the Abbey of St. *Cyr:* There are Apartments ready fitted up for her in this Place; she and all her Domesticks are to be maintained out of the Rents of the *House*, and she is to receive here all the Honours due to a Foundress. This Abbey stands in the Park of *Versailles*; it is a fine Piece of Building, and the King has endowed it with large Revenues. The Design of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young Ladies, whose Fortunes do not answer to their Birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this Place, but such as can give sufficient Proofs of the Nobility of their Family on the Father's side for an hundred and forty Years, besides which, they must have a Certificate of

their Poverty, under the Hand of their Biſhop. The Age at which Perſons are capable of being admitted here is from ſeven Years old till twelve. Laſtly, it is required, that they ſhould have no Defect nor Blemiſh of Body or Mind; and for this Reaſon there are Perſons appointed to viſit and examine them, before they are received into the College. When theſe young Ladies are once admitted, their Parents and Relations have no need to put themſelves to any farther Expence or Trouble about them. They are provided with all Neceſſaries for Maintenance and Education: They ſtile themſelves of the Order of St. *Lewis.* When they arrive to an Age to be able to chooſe a State of Life for themſelves, they may either be placed as Nuns in ſome Convent at the King's Expence, or be married to ſome Gentleman, whom Madam *Maintenon* takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the Army or in the Finances; and the Lady receives, beſides, a Portion of four hundred Piſtoles. Moſt of theſe Marriages have proved very ſucceſsful, and ſeveral Gentlemen have by them made great Fortunes, and been advanced to very conſiderable Employments.

I muſt conclude this ſhort Account of Madam *Maintenon* with advertiſing my Readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the ſeveral Particulars that I have related. All I can ſay is, that a great many of them are atteſted by ſeveral Writers; and that I thought this Sketch of a Woman ſo remarkable all over *Europe* would be no ill Entertainment to the Curious, till ſuch time as ſome Pen, more fully inſtructed in her whole Life and Character, ſhall undertake to give it to the Publick.

Thurſday,

Nº 49. *Thursday, May 7.*

——*quæ possit facere & servare beatum.*
Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so. CREECH.

IT is of great Use to consider the Pleasures which constitute Human Happiness, as they are distinguished into Natural and Fantastical. *Natural Pleasures* I call those, which not depending on the Fashion and Caprice of any particular Age or Nation, are suited to Human Nature in general, and were intended by Providence as Rewards for the using our Faculties agreeably to the Ends for which they were given us. *Fantastical Pleasures* are those which having no natural Fitness to delight our Minds, presuppose some particular Whim or Taste accidentally prevailing in a Set of People, to which it is owing that they please.

NOW I take it, that the Tranquillity and Chearfulness with which I have passed my Life, are the Effect of having, ever since I came to Years of Discretion, continu'd my Inclinations to the former sort of Pleasures. But, as my Experience can be a Rule only to my own Actions, it may probably be a stronger Motive to induce others to the same Scheme of Life, if they would consider that we are prompted to Natural Pleasures by an Instinct impressed on our Minds by the Author of our Nature, who best understands our Frames, and consequently best knows what those Pleasures are which will give us the least Uneasiness in the Pursuit, and the greatest Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the Objects of our Natural Desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a Maxim that holds throughout the whole System of created Beings, that, *Nothing is made in vain*, much less the Instincts and Appetites of Animals, which the Benevolence, as well as Wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the

Fruition of those Objects less pleasing than the Acquisition is easy; and the Pleasure is heightned by the Sense of having answered some Natural End, and the Consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the Universe.

UNDER Natural Pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the Rational as the Sensual Part of our Nature. And of the Pleasures which affect our Senses, those only are to be esteemed Natural that are contained within the Rules of Reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an Ingredient of Human Nature as Sense. And, indeed, Excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteem'd Pleasures, much less *Natural Pleasures*.

IT is evident, that a Desire terminated in Money is fantastical; so is the Desire of outward Distinctions, which bring no Delight of Sense, nor recommend us as useful to Mankind; and the Desire of things merely because they are New or Foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due Exertion of their higher Parts, are driven to such Pursuits as these from the Restlessness of the Mind, and the sensitive Appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the Bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar Happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary Goods, in which there is nothing can raise Desire, but the Difficulty of obtaining them. Thus Men become the Contrivers of their own Misery, as a Punishment on themselves for departing from the Measures of Nature. Having by an habitual Reflexion on these Truths made them Familiar, the Effect is, that I, among a number of Persons who have debauched their Natural Taste, see things in a peculiar Light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of Genius or acquired Knowledge, but only by unlearning the false Notions instill'd by Custom and Education.

THE various Objects that compose the World were by Nature formed to delight our Senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted Taste, a Man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those Enjoyments which they are fitted by Nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself, as having a natural Property in every Object that

that adminifters Pleafure to me. When I am in the Country, all the fine Seats near the Place of my Refidence, and to which I have accefs, I regard as *mine*. The fame I think of the Groves and Fields where I walk, and mufe on the Folly of the *civil* Landlord in *London*, who has the fantaftical Pleafure of draining dry Rent into his Coffers, but is a Stranger to frefh Air and Rural Enjoyments. By thefe Principles I am poffeffed of half a dozen of the fineft Seats in *England*; which in the Eye of the Law belong to certain of my Acquaintance, who being Men of Bufinefs choofe to live near the Court.

IN fome great Families, where I choofe to pafs my time, a Stranger would be apt to rank me with the other Domefticks; but in my own Thoughts, and Natural Judgment, I am Mafter of the Houfe, and he who goes by that Name is my Steward, who eafes me of the Care of providing for myfelf the Conveniences and Pleafures of Life.

WHEN I walk the Streets, I ufe the foregoing natural Maxim, (*viz.* That he is the true Poffeffor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the Enjoyment of it,) to convince myfelf that I have a Property in the Gay Part of all the gilt Chariots that I meet, which I regard as Amufements defigned to delight my Eyes, and the Imagination of thofe kind People who fit in them gaily attired only to pleafe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary Pleafure from their exterior Embellifhments. Upon the fame Principle, I have difcovered that I am the *natural* Proprietor of all the Diamond Necklaces, the Croffes, Stars, Brocades, and embroidered Clothes, which I fee at a Play or Birth-Night, as giving more natural Delight to the Spectator than to thofe that wear them. And I look on the Beaus and Ladies as fo many Paraquets in an Aviary, or Tulips in a Garden, defigned purely for my Diverfion. A Gallery of Pictures, a Cabinet or Library that I have free Accefs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I defire is the Ufe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which Maxim I am grown one of the richeft Men in *Great Britain*; with this difference, that I am not a Prey to my own Cares, or the Envy of others.

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THE same Principles I find of great use in my private Oeconomy. As I cannot go to the Price of History-painting, I have purchased at easy Rates several beautifully designed Pieces of Landschape and Perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural Taste than unknown Faces or *Dutch* Gambols, tho' done by the best Masters: My Couches, Beds, and Window Curtains are of *Irish* Stuff, which those of that Nation work very fine and with a delightful mixture of Colours. There is not a Piece of China in my House; but I have Glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest Colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are Domestick and cheaper than foreign Toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the Taste of one who had rather be *happy* than *be thought rich*.

EVERY day, numberless innocent and natural Gratifications occur to me, while I behold my Fellow-Creatures labouring in a toilsom and absurd Pursuit of Trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular Appellation; another, that he may wear a particular Ornament, which I regard as a bit of Ribband that has an agreeable Effect on my Sight, but is so far from supplying the Place of Merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the Want of it more conspicuous. Fair Weather is the Joy of my Soul; about Noon I behold a blue Sky with Rapture, and receive great Consolation from the rosy dashes of Light which adorn the Clouds of the Morning and Evening. When I am lost among green Trees, I do not envy a great Man with a great Croud at his Levée. And I often lay aside Thoughts of going to an Opera, that I may enjoy the silent Pleasure of walking by Moon-light, or viewing the Stars sparkle in their azure Ground; which I look upon as part of my Possessions, not without a secret Indignation at the Tastelessness of mortal Men, who, in their Race thro' Life, overlook the real Enjoyments of it.

BUT the Pleasure which naturally affects a Human Mind with the most lively and transporting Touches, I take to be the Sense that we act in the Eye of infinite Wisdom, Power and Goodness, that will crown our Virtuous Endeavours here, with a Happiness hereafter, large as our Desires, and lasting as our immortal Souls. This

is

is a perpetual Spring of Gladneſs in the Mind. This leſſens our Calamities, and doubles our Joys. Without this the higheſt State of Life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a Paradiſe. What unnatural Wretches then are thoſe, who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a Merit, in endeavouring to rob Virtue of her Support, and a Man of his preſent as well as future Bliſs? But as I have frequently taken Occaſion to animadvert on that Species of Mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my Animadverſions on them, 'till I ſee ſome Symptoms of Amendment.

Nº 50. *Friday, May* 8.

O Rus, quando ego te Aſpiciam———
Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 60.

Oh! when ſhall I enjoy my Country Seat. CREECH.

THE Perplexities and Diverſions, recounted in the following Letter, are repreſented with ſome Pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this Epiſtle the Entertainment of the Day.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THE time of going into the Country drawing near, 'I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable Me'morial of every Thing that contributed to my Happi'neſs when I was laſt there. In the recounting of which, 'I ſhall not dwell ſo much upon the Verdure of the 'Fields, the Shade of Woods, the Trilling of Rivulets, 'or Melody of Birds, as upon ſome particular Satisfacti'ons,' which, tho' not merely Rural, muſt naturally 'create a Deſire of ſeeing that Place, where only I have 'met with them. As to my Paſſage I ſhall make no 'other mention, than of the Pompous Pleaſure of being 'whirled along with ſix Horſes, the eaſy Grandeur of 'Lolling in an handſom Chariot, the Reciprocal Satiſ'faction the Inhabitants of all Towns and Villages

' received from, and returned to, Paſſengers of ſuch ' Diſtinction. The Gentleman's Seat (with whom, ' among others, I had the Honour to go down) is the ' Remains of an ancient Caſtle which has ſuffered very ' much for the Loyalty of its Inhabitants. The Ruins ' of the ſeveral Turrets and Strong holds, gave my Ima- ' gination more pleaſant Exerciſe than the moſt magni- ' ficent Structure could, as I look upon the honourable ' Wounds of a defaced Soldier with more Veneration ' than the moſt exact proportion of a beautiful Woman. ' As this Deſolation renewed in me a general Remem- ' brance of the Calamities of the late Civil Wars, I be- ' gan to grow deſirous to know the Hiſtory of the ' particular Scene of Action in this Place of my Abode. ' I here muſt beſeech you not to think me tedious in ' mentioning a certain Barber, who for his general Know- ' ledge of Things and Perſons, may be had in equal ' Eſtimation with any of that Order among the *Romans*. ' This Perſon was allowed to be the beſt Hiſtorian upon ' the Spot; and the Sequel of my Tale will diſcover, ' that I did not chooſe him ſo much for the ſoft Touch ' of his Hand, as his Abilities to entertain me with an ' Account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the moſt ' Authentick Relations of which, thro' all parts of the ' Town, are derived from this Perſon. I found him, ' indeed, extremely Loquacious, but withal a Man of ' as much Veracity as an Impetuous Speaker could be. ' The firſt time he came to ſhave me, before he applied ' his Weapon to my Chin, he gave a flouriſh with it, ' very like the Salutation the Prize fighters give the ' Company with theirs, which made me apprehend In- ' ciſion would as certainly enſue. The Dexterity of ' this Overture conſiſts in playing the Razor, with a ' nimble Wriſt, mighty near the Noſe without touch- ' ing it; convincing him therefore of the dangerous ' Conſequence of ſuch an unneceſſary Agility, with ' much Perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. During the Peruſal ' of my Face, he gives me ſuch Accounts of the Fa- ' milies in the Neighbourhood, as Tradition and his ' own Obſervation have furniſhed him with. Whenever ' the Precipitation of his Account makes him blunder, ' his cruel Right-Hand correſponds, and the Razor diſ-

' covers

'covers on my Face, at what part of it he was in the 'peaceable, and at what part in the bloody Incidents of 'his Narrative. But I had long before learned to ex-'pose my Person to any Difficulties that might tend to 'the Improvement of my Mind. His Breath, I found, 'was very Pestilential, and being obliged to utter a 'great deal of it, for the carrying on his Narrations, I 'beseeched him, before he came into my Room, to go 'into the Kitchen and mollify it with a Breakfast. 'When he had taken off my Beard, with part of my 'Face, and dressed my Wounds in the Capacity of a 'Barber-Surgeon, we traversed the Out-works about 'the Castle, where I received particular Information 'in what Places any of Note among the Besiegers, or 'the Besieged, received any Wound, and I was carried 'always to the very Spot where the Fact was done, 'howsoever dangerous (Scaling part of the Walls, or 'stumbling over loose Stones) my Approach to such a 'Place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive 'at a true Knowledge of those Matters without this 'hazardous Explanation upon them; insomuch that I 'received more Contusions from these Speculations, than 'I probably could have done, had I been the most bold 'Adventurer at the Demolition of this Castle. This, 'as all other his Informations, the Barber so lengthened 'and husbanded with Digressions, that he had always 'something new to offer, wisely concluding that when 'he had finished the Part of an Historian, I should have 'no Occasion for him as a Barber.

'WHENEVER I look'd at this ancient Pile of 'Building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those 'Castles, which, in my Infancy I had met with in 'Romances, where several unfortunate Knights and La-'dies were, by certain Giants, made Prisoners irreco-'verably, 'till *the Knight of the burning Pestle*, or any 'other of equal Hardiness, should deliver 'em from a 'long Captivity. There is a Park adjoining, pleasant 'beyond the most Poetical Description, one Part of 'which is particularly private by being Inaccessible to 'those that have not great Resolution. This I have 'made Sacred to Love and Poetry, and after having 'regularly invoked the Goddess I adore, I here com-

'pose a tender Couplet or two, which, when I come 'home, I venture to shew my particular Friends, who 'love me so well as to conceal my Follies. After my 'Poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the Labour of my 'Brain by a little Manuscript with my Penknife; 'while, with *Rochester*,

Here on a Beech, like amorous Sot,
I sometime carve a True-Love's-Knot;
There a tall Oak her Name does bear,
In a large spreading Character.

'I confess once whilst I was engraving one of my 'most curious Conceits upon a delicate smooth Bark, 'my Feet, in the Tree which I had gained with much 'Skill, deserted me, and the Lover with much Amaze-'ment came plump into the River: I did not recover 'the true Spirit of Amour under a Week, and not with-'out applying myself to some of the softest Passages in '*Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*.

'THESE are the Pleasures I meet without Doors; 'those within were as follow. I had the Happiness to 'lie in a Room that had a large Hole opening from it, 'which, by unquestionable Tradition, had been for-'merly continued to an Abbey two Miles from the Cas-'tle, for a Communication betwixt the austere Creatures 'of that Place, with others not altogether so contem-'plative. And the Keeper's Brother assures me, that 'when he formerly lay in this Room, he had seen some 'of the Spirits of this departed Brotherhood, enter 'from the Hole into this Chamber, where they conti-'nued with the utmost Civility to Flesh and Blood, ''till they were oppressed by the Morning Air: And if 'I don't receive his Account with a very serious and 'believing Countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a 'most ridiculous Infidel. The most unaccountable Plea-'sure I take is with a fine white young Owl, which 'strayed one Night in at my Window, and which I 'was resolved to make a Prisoner, but withal to give 'all the Indulgence that its Confinement could possibly 'admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his Favour, 'by Presents of fresh Provisions, that we could be very 'good Company together. There is something in the

'Eye of that Creature, of such merry Lustre, something 'of such Human Cunning in the turn of his Visage, 'that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One 'Objection indeed I at first saw, that this Bird being 'the Bird of *Pallas*, the Choice of this Favourite might 'afford curious Matter of Rallery to the Ingenious, 'especially when it shall be known, that I am as much 'delighted with a Cat as ever *Montaigne* was. But 'notwithstanding this, I'm so far from being ashamed 'of this particular Humour, that I esteem myself 'very happy in having my odd Taste of Pleasure pro-'vided for upon such reasonable Terms. What 'heighten'd all the Pleasures I have spoke of, was the 'agreeable Freedom with which the Gentleman of the 'House entertained us; and every one of us came into, 'or left the Company, as he thought fit; din'd in his 'Chamber or the Palour, as a Fit of Spleen or Study 'directed him; nay, sometimes every Man rode or 'walked a different way, so that we never were toge-'ther, but when we were perfectly pleased with our 'selves and each other.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. B.

P. S. I had just given my Orders for the Press, when my Friend Mrs. *Bicknell* made me a Visit. She came to desire I would shew her the Wardrobe of the *Lizards*, (where the various Habits of the Ancestors of that illustrious Family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper Dress for the *Wife of Bath*. Upon sight of the little Ruffs, she snatch'd one of them from the Pin, clapt it round her Neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a Speech out of her Part in the Comedy of that Name. If the rest of the Actors enter into their several Parts with the same Spirit, the humorous Characters of this Play cannot but appear excellent on the Theatre: For very good Judges have informed

formed me, that the Author has drawn them with great Propriety, and an exact Observation of the Manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Nº 51. Saturday, May, 9.

——Res antiquæ Laudis & Artis
Ingredior, Sanctos *ausus recludere Fontes.*
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 174.

Of Arts, disclosed in antient Days, I sing,
And venture to unlock the Sacred Spring.

'TIS probable the first Poets were found at the Altar, that they employed their Talents in adorning and animating the Worship of their Gods; the Spirit of Poetry and Religion reciprocally warm'd each other, Devotion inspired Poetry, and Poetry exalted Devotion; the most Sublime Capacities were put to the most noble Use; Purity of Will, and Fineness of Understanding, were not such Strangers as they have been in latter Ages, but were most frequently lodg'd in the same Breast, and went, as it were, Hand in Hand to the Glory of the World's great Ruler, and the Benefit of Mankind. To reclaim our Modern Poetry, and turn it into its due and Primitive Channel, is an Endeavour altogether worthy a far greater Character than the Guardian of a private Family. Kingdoms might be the better for the Conversion of the Muses from Sensuality to natural Religion, and Princes on their Thrones might be obliged and protected by its Power.

WERE it modest, I should profess myself a great Admirer of Poesy, but that Profession is in Effect telling the World, that I have a Heart tender and generous, a Heart that can swell with the Joys, or be depressed with the Misfortunes, of others, nay more, even of imaginary Persons; a Heart large enough to receive the greatest Ideas Nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the

the most Beautiful; it is desiring Mankind to believe that I am capable of entring into all those subtle Graces, and all that divine Elegance, the Enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not express'd.

ALL kinds of Poesy are amiable, but sacred Poesy should be our most especial Delight: Other Poetry leads us thro' flow'ry Meadows or beautiful Gardens, refreshes us with cooling Breezes or delicious Fruits, sooths us with the Murmur of Waters or the Melody of Birds, or else conveys us to the Court or Camp, dazzles our Imagination with Crowns and Scepters, embattled Hosts, or Heroes shining in burnish'd Steel; but sacred Numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent Temple, they encircle us with every thing that is Holy and Divine, they superadd an agreeable Awe and Reverence to all those pleasing Emotions we feel from other Lays; an Awe and Reverence that exalts, while it chastises: Its sweet Authority restrains each undue Liberty of Thought, Word and Action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a Consciousness of the great Presence we are in, where Saints surround us, and Angels are our Fellow-Worshippers.

O let me glory, glory in my Choice!
Whom should I sing, but Him who gave me Voice!
This Theme shall last, when Homer's *shall decay,*
When Arts, Arms, Kings and Kingdoms melt away.
And can it, Pow'rs immortal, can it be,
That this high Province was reserv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the rash Adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
I dare lanch out, and shew the Muses more,
Than e'er the Learned Sisters saw before.
In narrow Limits they were wont to sing,
To teach the Swain, or celebrate the King:
I grasp the whole, no more to Parts confin'd,
I lift my Voice, and sing to Human-kind:
I sing to Men and Angels; Angels join
(While such the Theme) their sacred Hymns with mine.

BUT beside the greater Pleasure which we receive from Sacred Poesy, it has another vast Advantage above

all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary Temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty Genius of the Place covers us with an invisible Hand, secures us in the Enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of Refuge in our Pleasure, and our Diversion becomes our Safety. Why then should not every Heart that is addicted to the Muses, cry out in the holy Warmth of the best Poet that ever lived, *I will magnify thee, O Lord, my King, and I will praise thy Name for ever and ever.*

THAT greater Benefit may be reaped from Sacred Poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite Delight? Has it a Title only to the Regard of the Serious and the Aged? Is it only to be read on *Sundays*, and to be bound in Black? Or does it put in for the good Esteem of the Gay, the Fortunate, the Young? Can it rival a Ball or a Theatre, or give Pleasure to those who are conversant with Beauty, and have their Palates set high with all the Delicacies and Poignancy of human Wit?

THAT Poetry gives us the greatest Pleasure which affects us most, and *that* affects us most, which is on a Subject in which we have the deepest Concern; for this Reason it is a Rule in Epick Poetry, that the Tale should be taken from the History of that Country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant Ancestors. Thus *Homer* sung *Achilles* to the Descendants of *Achilles*; and *Virgil* to *Augustus*, that Hero's Voyage,

——— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique Patres, atque altæ Mœnia Romæ.

Æn. I. v. 6.

From whence the Race of Alban Fathers come,
And the long Glories of majestick Rome.

DRYDEN.

Had they changed Subjects, they had certainly been worse Poets at *Greece* and *Rome*, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of Mankind; and in what Subjects have we the greatest Concern, but in those at the very Thought of which *This World grows less and less, and all its Glories fade away?*

ALL

ALL other Poeſy muſt be dropt at the Gate of Death, this alone can enter with us into Immortality; it will admit of an *Improvement* only; not (ſtrictly ſpeaking) an intire *Alteration* from the Converſe of Cherubim and Seraphim: It ſhall not be forgotten, when the Sun and Moon are remembred no more; it ſhall never die, but (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) be the Meaſure of Eternity, and the laudable Ambition of Heaven.

HOW then can any other Poeſy come in competition with it?

Whatever Great or Dreadful has been done,
Within the View of Conſcious Stars or Sun,
Is far beneath my Daring! I look down
On all the Splendors of the Britiſh *Crown;*
This Globe is for my Verſe a narrow Bound:
Attend me, all ye Glorious Worlds around:
Oh all ye Spirits, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various Order, Place and Kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble Mortal's Lays:
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to Praiſe.

THESE Verſes, and thoſe quoted above, are taken out of a Manuſcript Poem on the Laſt Day, which will ſhortly appear in Publick.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'WHEN you ſpeak of the Good which would ariſe from the Labours of ingenious Men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their Thoughts upon the Sublime Subjects of Religion, it ſhould, methinks, be an Attractive to them, if you would pleaſe to lay before them, that noble Ideas aggrandiſe the Soul of him who writes with a true Taſte of Virtue. I was juſt now reading *David*'s Lamentation over *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and that Divine Piece was peculiarly pleaſing to me, in that there was ſuch an exquiſite Sorrow expreſſed in it without the leaſt Alluſion to the Difficulties from whence *David* was extricated by the Fall of thoſe great Men in his way to Empire. When he receives the Tidings of *Saul*'s Death, his generous

'Mind has in it no Reflexion upon the Merit of the 'unhappy Man who was taken out of his way, but 'what raises his Sorrow, instead of giving him Con-'solation.

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

TELL it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

YE mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

SAUL and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

YE Daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your apparel.

'HOW beautiful is the more amiable and noble 'Parts of *Saul*'s Character, represented by a Man whom 'that very *Saul* pursued to Death! But when he comes 'to mention *Jonathan*, the Sublimity ceases, and not 'able to mention his generous Friendship, and the most 'noble Instances ever given by Man, he sinks into a 'Fondness that will not admit of high Language or 'Allusions to the greater Circumstances of their Life, 'and turns only upon their familiar Converse.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy Love to me was wonderful, passing the Love of Women.

'IN the Mind of this admirable Man, Grandeur, 'Majesty and Worldly Power were despicable Consi-'derations, when he cast his Eye upon the Merit of 'him who was so suddenly snatched from them; and 'when he began to think of the great Friendship of '*Jonathan*, his Panegyrick is uttered only in broken 'Exclamations, and tender Expressions of how much 'they both loved, not how much *Jonathan* deser-'ved.

'PRAY

'PRAY pardon this, which was to hint only that
' the Virtue, not the Elegance, of fine Writing, is the
' thing principally to be considered by a *Guardian*.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

C. F.

Nº 52. *Monday, May* 11.

——toto solus in orbe
Cæsar liber erit—— Lucan.

Cæsar *alone, of all Mankind, is free.*

I Shall not assume to myself the Merit of every thing in these Papers. Wheresoever, in Reading or Conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the Publick. The greatest Part of this very Paper is an Extract from a *French* Manuscript, which was lent me by my good Friend Mr. *Charwell*; he tells me he has had it above these twenty Years in his Possession; and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the Maxims he has pursued in the new Settlement, I have heretofore spoken of, upon his Lands. He has given me full Liberty to make what Use of it I shall think fit; either to publish it intire, or to retale it out by Pennyworths. I have determined to retale it, and for that End I have translated divers Passages rendring the Words *Livre*, *Sous*, and many others of known Signification in *France*, into their Equivalent Sense, that I may the better be understood by my *English* Readers. The Book contains several Memoirs concerning Monsieur *Colbert*, who had the Honour to be Secretary of State to his most Christian Majesty, and Superintendant or Chief Director of the Arts and Manufactures of his Kingdom. The Passage for To-day is as follows.

'IT

'IT happened that the King was one Day expressing 'his Wonder to this Minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much Trouble, that so great a 'Monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so 'small a State with half the Power of his whole Dominions, To which Monsieur *Colbert* is said to have 'made the following Answer.

'SIR, I presume upon your Indulgence to speak 'what I have thought upon this Subject with that Freedom which becomes a faithful Servant, and one who 'has nothing more at Heart than your Majesty's Glory 'and the Prosperity of your whole People. Your Territories are vastly greater than the United *Netherlands*; 'but, Sir, it is not Land that fights against Land, but the 'Strength and Riches of one Nation against the Strength 'and Riches of another. I should have said only Riches, 'since 'tis Money that feeds and clothes the Soldier, 'furnishes the Magazine, provides the Train of Artillery, and answers the Charge of all other Military 'Preparations. Now the Riches of a Prince or State, 'are just so much as they can levy upon their Subjects, 'still leaving them sufficient for their Subsistence. If 'this shall not be left, they will desert to other Countries 'for better Usage; and I am sorry to say it, that too 'many of your Majesty's Subjects are already among 'your Neighbours in the Condition of Footmen and Valets for their daily Bread; many of your Artisans too 'are fled from the Severity of your Collectors, they are 'at this time improving the Manufactures of your Enemies. *France* has lost the Benefit of their Hands for 'ever, and your Majesty all Hopes of any future Excises by their Consumption. For the extraordinary Sums 'of one Year, you have parted with an Inheritance. I 'am never able, without the utmost Indignation, to 'think of that Minister, who had the Confidence to tell 'your Father, his Subjects were but too happy, that 'they were not yet reduced to eat Grass; as if starving 'his People were the only way to free himself from their 'Seditions. But People will not starve in *France*, as 'long as Bread is to be had in any other Country. How 'much more worthy of a Prince was that Saying of 'your Grandfather of Glorious Memory, that he hoped

'so

to ſee that Day, when every Houſe-keeper in his Dominions ſhould be able to allow his Family a Capon for their *Sunday*'s Supper? I lay down this therefore as my firſt Principle, that your Taxes upon your Subjects muſt ſtill leave them ſufficient for their Subſiſtence, at leaſt as comfortable a Subſiſtence as they will find among your Neighbours.

'UPON this Principle I ſhall be able to make ſome Compariſon between the Revenues of your Majeſty and thoſe of the States-General. Your Territories are near thirty Times as great, your People more than four Times as many, yet your Revenues are not thirty, no nor four Times as great, nor indeed as great again as thoſe of the United *Netherlands*.

'IN what one Article are you able to raiſe twice as much from your Subjects as the States can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the Rents of the Lands and Houſes? what are the Yearly Rents of your whole Kingdom? And how much of theſe will your Majeſty be able to take without ruining the landed Intereſt? You have, Sir, above a hundred Millions of Acres, and not above thirteen Millions of Subjects, eight Acres to every Subject; how inconſiderable muſt be the Value of Land, where ſo many Acres are to provide for a ſingle Perſon? where a ſingle Perſon is the whole Market for the Product of ſo much Land? And what ſort of Cuſtomers are your Subjects to theſe Lands? What Clothes is it that they wear? What Proviſions do they conſume? Black Bread, Onions, and other Roots, are the uſual Diet of the Generality of your People; their common Drink the pure Element; they are dreſſed in Canvas and Wooden Shoes, I mean ſuch of them as are not bare-foot and half-naked. How very mean muſt be the eight Acres which will afford no better Subſiſtence to a ſingle Perſon? Yet ſo many of your People live in this deſpicable manner, that four Pounds will be eaſily believed to exceed the Annual Expences of every one of them at a Medium. And how little of this Expence will be coming to the Land-Owner for his Rent? or, which is the ſame thing, for the mere Product of his Land? Of every thing that is conſumed, the greateſt part of the Value is the Price

'of

of Labour that is beſtowed upon it; and 'tis not a very ſmall Part of their Price that is paid to your Majeſty in your Exciſes. Of the four Pounds Expence of every Subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four and twenty Shillings are paid for the mere Product of the Land. Then if there are eight Acres to every Subject, and every Subject for his Conſumption pays no more than four and twenty Shillings to the Land, three Shillings at a Medium muſt be the full yearly Value of every Acre in your Kingdom. Your Lands ſeparated from the Buildings cannot be valued higher.

'AND what then ſhall be thought the yearly Value of the Houſes, or, which is the ſame thing, of the Lodgings of your thirteen Millions of Subjects? What Numbers of theſe are begging their Bread throughout your Kingdom? If your Majeſty were to walk *incognito* through the very Streets of your Capital, and would give a Farthing to every Beggar that asks you Alms, in a Walk of one Hour you would have nothing left of a Piſtole. How miſerable muſt be the Lodgings of theſe Wretches? Even thoſe that will not ask your Charity, are huddled together four or five Families in a Houſe. Such is the Lodging in your Capital. That of your other Towns is yet of leſs Value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the Cottages in the Villages. Six Shillings for the Lodging of every one of your thirteen Millions of Subjects at a Medium, muſt needs be the full yearly Value of all the Houſes. So that at four Shillings for every Acre, and ſix Shillings for the Lodging of every Subject, the Rents of your whole Kingdom will be leſs than twenty Millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the moſt exact Survey that has been taken.

'THE next Queſtion then is, how much of theſe Rents your Majeſty will think fit to take to your own Uſe. Six of the twenty Millions are in the Hands of the Clergy; And little enough for the Support of three hundred thouſand Eccleſiaſticks, with all their neceſſary Attendants; 'tis no more than twenty Pounds a Year for every one of the Maſters. Theſe, Sir, are your beſt Guards, they keep your Subjects loyal in the midſt of all their Miſery. Your Majeſty will not think

'it your Interest to take any thing from the Church.
'From that which remains in the Hands of your Lay-
'Subjects, will you be able to take more than five
'Millions to your own Use? This is more than seven
'Shillings in the Pound; and then, after necessary Re-
'parations, together with Losses by the failing of Tenants,
'how very little will be left to the Owner? These are
'Gentlemen, who have never been bred either to Trade
'or Manufactures, they have no other way of living
'than by their Rents, and when these shall be taken
'from them, they must fly to your Armies, as to an
'Hospital, for their daily Bread.

'NOW, Sir, your Majesty will give me leave to
'examine what are the Rents of the United *Netherlands*,
'and how great a part of these their Governors may
'take to themselves without Oppression of the Owners.
'There are in those Provinces three Millions of Acres,
'and as many Millions of Subjects, a Subject for every
'Acre. Why should not then the single Acre there be
'as valuable as the eight Acres in *France*, since 'tis to
'provide for as many Mouths? Or if great part of the
'Provisions of the People are fetch'd in by their Trade
'from the Sea or foreign Countries, they will end at
'last in the Improvement of their Lands. I have often
'heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty Shillings,
'one with another, is less than the yearly Value of every
'Acre in those Provinces.

'AND how much less than this will be the yearly
'Value of Lodging, for every one of their Subjects?
'There are no Beggars in their Streets, scarce a single
'one in a whole Province. Their Families in great
'Towns are lodged in Palaces, in comparison with those
'of *Paris*: Even the Houses in their Villages are more
'costly than in many of your Cities. If such is the
'Value of their three Millions of Acres, and of Lodging
'for as many Millions of Subjects, the yearly Rents of
'Lands and Houses are nine Millions in those Provinces.

'THEN how much of this may the States take with-
'out ruining the Land-Owners, for the Defence of their
'People? Their Lands, there by the Custom of descend-
'ing in equal Shares to all the Children, are distributed
'into so many Hands, that few or no Persons are sub-
'sisted

'sisted by their Rents; Land-Owners, as well as others, 'are chiefly subsisted by Trade and Manufactures; and 'they can therefore with as much Ease part with half 'of their whole Rents, as your Majesty's Subjects can a 'quarter. The States-General may as well take four 'Millions and a half from their Rents, as your Majesty 'can five from those of your Subjects.

'IT remains now only to compare the Excises of 'both Countries. And what Excises can your Majesty 'hope to receive by the Consumption of the half-starved 'and half-naked Beggars in your Streets? How great a 'Part of the Price of all that is eat or drunk or consum-'ed by those wretched Creatures? How great a Part 'of the Price of Canvas, Cloth and Wooden Shces, that 'are every where worn throughout the Country? How 'great a Part of the Price of their Water, or their black 'Bread and Onions, the general Diet of your People? 'If your Majesty were to receive the whole Price of those 'things, your Exchequer would hardly run over. Yet 'so much the greatest Part of your Subjects live in this 'despicable manner, that the Annual Expence of every 'one, at a Medium, can be no more than I have men-'tioned. One would almost think they starve themselves 'to defraud your Majesty of your Revenues. 'Tis im-'possible to conceive that more than an eighth Part can 'be exercised from the Expences of your Subjects who 'live so very poorly, and then for thirteen Millions of 'People, your whole Revenue by Excises will amount 'to no more than six Millions and a half.

'AND how much less than this Sum will the States 'be able to levy by the same Tax upon their Subjects? 'There are no Beggars in that Country. The People 'of their great Towns live at a vastly greater Charge 'than yours. And even those in their Villages are 'better fed and clothed than the People of your Towns. 'At a Medium, every one of their Subjects live at 'twice the Cost of those of *France*. Trade and Manu-'factures are the things that furnish them with Money 'for this Expence. Therefore if thrice as much shall 'be Excised from the Expence of the *Hollanders*, yet 'still they will have more left than the Subjects of your 'Majesty, tho' you should take nothing at all from

'them.

'them. I must believe therefore that 'twill be as easy 'to levy thrice as much by Excises upon the *Dutch* 'Subject as the *French*, thirty Shillings upon the former, 'as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four 'Millions and a half of Pounds upon their three Millions 'of Subjects; so that in the whole, by Rents and Ex-'cises, they will be able to raise nine Millions within 'the Year. If of this Sum, for the Maintenance of 'their Clergy, which are not so numerous as in *France*, 'the Charge of their Civil List, and the Preservation of 'their Dykes, one Million is to be deducted; yet still 'they will have eight for their Defence, a Revenue 'equal to two thirds of your Majesty's.

'YOUR Majesty will now no longer wonder that 'you have not been able to reduce these Provinces with 'half the Power of your whole Dominions, yet half is as 'much as you will be ever able to employ against them. '*Spain* and *Germany* will be always ready to espouse 'their Quarrel, their Forces will be sufficient to cut out 'Work for the other half; and I wish too you could 'be quiet on the side of *Italy* and *England*.

'WHAT then is the Advice I would presume to 'give your Majesty? To disband the greatest part of 'your Forces, and save so many Taxes to your People. 'Your very Dominions make you too powerful to fear 'any Insult from your Neighbours. To turn your 'Thoughts from War, and cultivate the Arts of Peace, 'the Trade and Manufactures of your People; this shall 'make you the most powerful Prince, and at the same 'time your Subjects the richest of all other Subjects. 'In the Space of twenty Years they will be able to give 'your Majesty greater Sums with Ease, than you can 'now draw from them with the greatest Difficulty. You 'have abundant Materials in your Kingdom to employ 'your People, and they do not want Capacity to be 'employed. Peace and Trade shall carry out their 'Labour to all the Parts of *Europe*, and bring back 'yearly Treasures to your Subjects. There will be 'always Fools enough to purchase the Manufactures of '*France*, tho' *France* should be prohibited to purchase 'those of other Countries. In the mean time your Ma-'jesty shall never want sufficient Sums to buy now and

'then

'then an important Fortreſs, from one or other of your 'indigent Neighbours. But above all, Peace ſhall in-'gratiate your Majeſty with the *Spaniſh* Nation, during 'the Life of their crazy King, and after his Death a 'few ſeaſonable Preſents among his Courtiers ſhall 'purchaſe the Reverſion of his Crowns, with all the 'Treaſures of the *Indies*, and then the World muſt be 'your own.

'THIS was the Subſtance of what was then ſaid by 'Monſieur *Colbert*. The King was not at all offended 'with this Liberty of his Miniſter. He knew the Value 'of the Man, and ſoon after made him the chief Director 'of the Trade and Manufactures of his People.

N° 53. *Tueſday, May* 12.

——— Deſinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua.
Ter. Prol. ad Andr.

Let them ceaſe to ſpeak ill of others, leſt they hear of their own Miſdeeds.

IT happens that the Letter, which was in one of my Papers concerning a Lady ill treated by the *Examiner*, and to which he replies by taxing the *Tatler* with the like Practice, was written by one *Steele*, who put his Name to the Collection of Papers called *Lucubrations*. It was a wrong thing in the *Examiner* to go any farther than the *Guardian* for what is ſaid in the *Guardian*: But ſince *Steele* owns the Letter, it is the ſame thing. I apprehend, by reading the *Examiner* over a ſecond time, that he inſinuates, by the Words cloſe to the *Royal Stamp*, he would have the Man turned out of his Office. Conſidering he is ſo malicious, I cannot but think *Steele* has treated him very mercifully in his Anſwer, which follows. This *Steele* is certainly a very good ſort of a Man, and 'tis a thouſand Pities he does not underſtand Politicks; but if he is turned out, my Lady *Lizard* will invite

invite him down to our Country Houſe. I ſhall be very glad of his Company, and I'il certainly leave ſomething to one of his Children.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I AM obliged to fly to you for Refuge from ſevere ' Uſage, which a very great Author, the *Examiner*, ' has been pleaſed to give me for what you have lately ' publiſh'd in Defence of a young Lady. He does not ' put his Name to his Writings, and therefore he ought ' not to reflect upon the Characters of thoſe who pub- ' lickly anſwer for what they have produced. The ' *Examiner* and the *Guardian* might have diſputed upon ' any Particular they had thought fit, without having ' introduced any third Perſon, or making any Alluſions ' to Matters foreign to the Subject before them. But ' ſince he has thought fit, in his Paper of *May* the 8th, ' to defend himſelf by my Example, I ſhall beg leave ' to ſay to the Town, (by your Favour to me, Mr. ' *Ironſide*) that our Conduct would ſtill be very widely ' different, though I ſhould allow that there were par- ' ticular Perſons pointed at in the Places which he men- ' tions in the *Tatlers*. When a Satiriſt feigns a Name, ' it muſt be the Guilt of the Perſon attacked, or his ' being notoriouſly underſtood Guilty before the Satire ' was written, that can make him liable to come under ' the fictitious Appellation. But when the Licenſe of ' Printing Letters of Peoples real Names is uſed, things ' may be affixed to Mens Characters which are in the ' utmoſt degree remote from them. Thus it happens ' in the Caſe of the Earl of *Nottingham*, whom that ' Gentleman aſſerts to have left the Church; tho' ' nothing is more evident than that he deſerves better ' of all Men in holy Orders, or thoſe who have any Re- ' ſpect for them, or Religion it ſelf, than any Man in ' *England* can pretend to. But as to the Inſtances he ' gives againſt me. Old *Downes* is a fine piece of Rallery, ' of which I wiſh I had been Author. All I had to do ' in it, was to ſtrike out what related to a Gentlewoman ' about the Queen, whom I thought a Woman free from

' Ambition,

'Ambition, and I did it out of regard to Innocence. 'Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made 'me free of his Show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol from 'Wapping laughed at the Representation which was made 'of them, and were observed to be more regular in their 'Conduct afterwards. The Character of Lord Timon is 'no odious one, and to tell you the Truth, Mr. Ironside, 'when I writ it, I thought it more like me my self than 'any other Man; and if I had in my Eye any illustrious 'Person who had the same Faults with my self, it is no 'new, nor very criminal Self-love to flatter our selves, 'that what Weaknesses we have, we have in common 'with Great Men. For the Exaltation of Stile, and em-'bellishing the Character, I made Timon a Lord, and he 'may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of 'him. I do not remember the mention of Don Diego, 'nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord N—m, 'in any Character drawn in any one Paper of Bickerstaff. 'Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious 'Image I could paint of Ambition, and Polypragmon is 'to Men of Business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to Men 'of Fashion, He's Knight of the Shire, and represents 'you all. Whosoever seeks Employment for his own 'private Interest, Vanity or Pride, and not for the 'Good of his Prince and Country, has his Share in the 'Picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the Rule in 'examining that Description, and I believe the Exa-'miner will find others to whom he would rather give 'a part of it, than to the Person on whom I believe he 'bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of 'having his Vengeance on me. But I say not this from 'Terrors of what any Man living can do to me, I speak 'it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious 'Images on Persons, but on Vices. Alas, what Occa-'sion have I to draw People, whom I think ill of, un-'der feigned Names? I have wanted and abounded, 'and I neither fear Poverty, nor desire Riches; if that 'be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see oc-'casion, to examine the Conduct of any of my Fellow-'Subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain Facts, 'and at my own Peril, and from Instances as clear as 'the Day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I

'think

'think it my Duty) inquire into the Behaviour of any 'Man in *England*, if he is so posted, as that his Errors 'may hurt my Country. This kind of Zeal will expose 'him who is prompted by it to a great deal of Ill-will, 'and I could carry any Points I aim at for the Im-'provement of my own little Affairs, without making 'my self obnoxious to the Resentment of any Person or 'Party; but alas, what is there in all the Gratifications 'of Sense, the Accommodations of Vanity, or any thing 'that Fortune can give to please a human Soul, when 'they are put in Competition with the Interests of 'Truth and Liberty? Mr. *Ironside*, I confess I writ to 'you that Letter concerning the young Lady of Quality, 'and am glad that my aukward Apology (as the *Exami-'ner* calls it) has produced in him so much Remorse as to 'make *any Reparation to offended Beauty.* Tho', by 'the way, the Phrase of offended Beauty is Romantick, 'and has little of the Compunction which should rise 'in a Man that is begging Pardon of a Woman, for 'saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted *her God* 'and *her Sovereign.* However, I will not bear hard 'upon his Contrition; but am now heartily sorry I cal-'led him a Miscreant, that Word I think signifies an 'Unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old *French* 'Word. I will give my self no manner of Liberty to 'make Guesses at him, if I may say him; for tho' 'sometimes I have been told, by familiar Friends, that 'they saw me such a time talking to the *Examiner*; 'others, who have rally'd me upon the Sins of my 'Youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have for-'merly lain with the *Examiner*. I have carried my 'Point, and rescued Innocence from Calumny; and it 'is nothing to me, whether the *Examiner* writes against 'me in the Character of an estranged Friend, or *an ex-'asperated Mistress.*

'HE is welcome from henceforward to treat me as 'he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose him, ne-'ver let Innocence or Merit be traduced by him. In 'particular, I beg of you, never let the Glory of our 'Nation, who made *France* tremble, and yet has that 'Gentleness to be unable to bear Opposition from the 'meanest of his own Countrymen, be calumniated in

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'so impudent a manner, as in the Insinuation that he 'affected a perpetual Dictatorship. Let not a Set of 'Brave, Wise and Honest Men, who did all that has 'been done to place their Queen in so great a Figure, 'as to show Mercy to the highest Potentate in *Europe*, 'be treated by ungenerous Men as Traitors and Betray-'ers. To prevent such Evils is a Care worthy a Guar-'dian. These are Exercises worthy the Spirit of a 'Man, and you ought to contemn all the Wit in the 'World against you, when you have the Consolation 'that you act upon these honest Motives. If you ever 'shrink from them, get *Bat Pidgeon* to comb your 'Noddle, and write Sonnets on the Smiles of the *Spark-'ler*, but never call your self *Guardian* more in a Na-'tion full of the Sentiments of Honour and Liberty.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

P.S. 'I know nothing of the Letter at *Morphew*'s.

N° 54. *Wednesday, May* 13.

Neque ita porrò aut adulatus aut admiratus sum Fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret. Tull.

I never flatter'd, or admired, another Man's Fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

IT has been observed very often, in Authors Divine and Prophane, that we are all equal after Death, and this by way of Consolation, for that deplorable Superiority which some among us seem to have over others; but it would be a Doctrine of much more comfortable Import, to establish an Equality among the Living; for the Propagation of which Paradox I shall hazard the following Conceits.

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I must here lay it down, that I don't pretend to satisfy every barren Reader, that all Persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable shall have immediate Succour from the Publication of this Paper; but shall endeavour to shew, that the Discerning shall be fully convinced of the Truth of this Assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent Accusations of Providence for the Unequal Distribution of Good and Evil.

IF all Men had Reflexion enough to be sensible of this Equality of Happiness; if they were not made uneasy by Appearances of Superiority, there would be none of that Subordination and Subjection, of Those that think themselves less happy, to Those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the Support of Business and Pleasure.

THE common Turn of human Application may be divided into Love, Ambition and Avarice, and whatever Victories we gain in these our particular Pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the Paths we tread, whose superior Happiness will create new Uneasiness, and employ us in new Contrivances; and so thro' all Degrees there will still remain the Insatiable Desire of some seeming unacquired Good, to imbitter the Possession of whatever others we are accommodated with: And if we suppose a Man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the Gradations betwixt Necessity and Superfluity, we shall find that the Slavery which occasioned his first Activity, is not Abated but only Diversified.

THOSE, that are distressed upon such Causes, as the World allows to warrant the keenest Affliction, are too apt, in the Comparison of themselves with others, to conclude that where there is not a Similitude of Causes, there cannot be of Affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this Consideration, That the little Disappointments in a Life of Pleasure, are as terrible as those in a Life of Business; and if the End of one Man is to spend his Time and Money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an Interruption in either of these Pursuits is of equal Consequence to the Pursuers. Besides, as every Trifle raises the Mirth and Gaiety of the

Men of good Circumſtances, ſo do others as inconſiderable expoſe them to Spleen and Paſſion, and as *Solomon* ſays, *According to their Riches their Anger riſeth.*

ONE of the moſt bitter Circumſtances of Poverty has been obſerved to be, that it makes Men appear Ridiculous; but I believe this Affirmation may with more Juſtice be appropriated to Riches, ſince more Qualifications are required to become a great Fortune, than even to make one; and there are ſeveral pretty Perſons about Town, ten times more Ridiculous upon the very account of a good Eſtate, than they poſſibly could have been with the want of it.

I confeſs, having a mind to pay my Court to Fortune, I became an Adventurer in one of the late Lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great Prizes, I found no Occaſion to envy ſome of thoſe that did; comforting my ſelf with this Contemplation, That Nature and Education having diſappointed all the Favours Fortune could beſtow upon them, they had gained no Superiority by an unenvied Affluence.

'TIS pleaſant to conſider, that whilſt we are lamenting our particular Afflictions to each other, and repining at the Inequality of Condition, were it poſſible to throw off our preſent miſerable State, we can't name the Perſon whoſe Condition in every Particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial Inquiry into the Pride, ill Nature, ill Health, Guilt, Spleen, or Particularity of Behaviour of others, generally ends in a Reconciliation to our dear ſelves.

THIS my way of Thinking is warranted by *Shakeſpear* in a very extraordinary Manner, where he makes *Richard* the Second, when depos'd and impriſon'd, debating a Matter, which would ſoon have been diſcuſs'd by a common Capacity, whether his Priſon or Palace was moſt eligible, and with very Philoſophical Heſitation leaving the Preference undetermined, in the following Lines.

——— Sometimes am I a King,
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo indeed I am. Then cruſhing Penury
Perſuades me I was better when a King,
Then am I King'd again ———

Prior

Prior says very prettily,

> *Against our Peace we arm our Will;*
> *Amidst our Plenty* something *still*
> *For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,*
> *To thee, to me, to him is wanting.*
> *That cruel* something *unpossest,*
> *Corrodes and leavens all the rest.*
> *That* something, *if we could obtain,*
> *Would soon create a future Pain.*

GIVE me leave to fortify my unlearned Reader with another Bit of Wisdom from *Juvenal* by *Dryden.*

> *Look round the habitable World, how few*
> *Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue?*
> *How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!*
> *What in the Conduct of our Life appears*
> *So well design'd, so luckily begun,*
> *But, when we have our Wish, we wish undone?*

EVEN the Men that are distinguish'd by, and envied for, their superior Good Sense and Delicacy of Taste, are subject to several Uneasinesses upon this Account, that the Men of less Penetration are utter Strangers to; and every little Absurdity ruffles these fine Judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful State of the less Discerning.

I shall end this Essay with the following Story. There is a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, of a Fortune, which may not only be called easy but superfluous; yet this Person has, by a great deal of Reflexion, found out a Method to be as uneasy as the worst Circumstances could have made him. By a free Life he had swelled himself above his natural Proportion, and by a restrained Life had shrunk below it, and being by Nature Splenetick, and by Leisure more so, he began to bewail this his Loss of Flesh (tho' otherwise in perfect Health) as a very melancholy Diminution. He became therefore the Reverse of *Cæsar*, and as a lean hungry-look'd Rascal was the Delight of his Eyes, a flat sleek-headed Fellow was his Abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a Servant, for the very Reason every

one elſe would have refuſed him, for being in a deep Conſumption; and whilſt he has compared himſelf to this Creature, and with a Face of infinite Humour contemplated the Decay of his Body, I have ſeen the Maſter's Features proportionably riſe into a Boldneſs, as thoſe of his Slave ſunk and grew languid. It was his Intereſt therefore not to ſuffer the too haſty Diſſolution of a Being, upon which his own, in ſome Meaſure, depended. In ſhort the Fellow, by a little too much Indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his Maſter, who, according to *Horace*,

> *Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis;*
> Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 57.
>
> *Sickneſs, thro' Envy, at Another's Good:*

and as he took him only for being in a Conſumption, by the ſame way of thinking, he found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſmiſs him for not being in one; and has told me ſince, that he looks upon it as a very difficult Matter to furniſh himſelf with a Footman that is not altogether as happy as himſelf.

N° 55. *Thurſday, May* 14.

> —— *quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam,*
> *Præmia ſi tollas?* —— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 141.
>
> *For who wou'd Virtue for her ſelf regard,*
> *Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?*
> DRYDEN.

IT is uſual with Polemical Writers to object ill Deſigns to their Adverſaries. This turns their Argument into Satire, which inſtead of ſhewing an Error in the Underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the Morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the *Free-thinkers*. Virtue, and the Happineſs of Society, are the great Ends which all Men ought to promote, and ſome of that Sect would be thought to

to have at Heart above the reſt of Mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that Profeſſion to carry on a good Deſign in the Simplicity of their Hearts, and according to their beſt Knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well meaning Souls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have in reality been advancing the Intereſts of Vice, which as I take to proceed from their Ignorance of Human Nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their Miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent Principle, they pretend to act upon, reform their Practice for the future.

THE Sages whom I have in my Eye ſpeak of Virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the World; but at the ſame time that they extol her Beauty, they take care to leſſen her Portion. Such innocent Creatures are they, and ſo great Strangers to the World, that they think this a likely Method to increaſe the Number of her Admirers.

VIRTUE has in her ſelf the moſt engaging Charms; and Chriſtianity, as it places her in the ſtrongeſt Light, and adorned with all her Native Attractions, ſo it kindles a new Fire in the Soul, by adding to them the unutterable Rewards which attend her Votaries in an Eternal State. Or if there are Men of a Saturnine and heavy Complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by Hope, there is the Proſpect of everlaſting Puniſhments to agitate their Souls, and frighten them into the Practice of Virtue, and an Averſion from Vice.

WHEREAS your ſober *Free-thinkers* tell you, that Virtue indeed is beautiful, and Vice deformed: the former deſerves your Love, and the latter your Abhorrence; but then, it is for their own Sake, or on Account of the Good and Evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective Natures. As for the Immortality of the Soul, or Eternal Puniſhments and Rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured Artifice.

I will not ſay, theſe Men act treacherouſly in the Cauſe of Virtue; but, will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the Intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakning the ſtrongeſt Motives to it, which are accommodated to all Capacities, and fitted to work

on all Dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted Mind?

SURELY *they* must be destitute of Passion themselves, and unacquainted with the Force it hath on the Minds of others, who can imagine that the mere Beauty of Fortitude, Temperance and Justice, is sufficient to sustain the Mind of Man in a severe Course of Self-denial against all the Temptations of present Profit and Sensuality.

IT is my Opinion the *Free thinkers* should be treated as a Set of poor ignorant Creatures, that have not Sense to discover the Excellency of Religion; it being evident those Men are no Witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep Design, who proclaim aloud to the World, that they have less Motives to Honesty than the rest of their Fellow-Subjects; who have all the Inducements to the Exercise of any Virtue which a *Free-thinker* can possibly have, and besides, the Expectation of never-ending Happiness or Misery as the Consequence of their Choice.

ARE not Men actuated by their Passions, and are not Hope and Fear the most powerful of our Passions? and are there any Objects which can rouse and awaken our Hopes and Fears, like those Prospects that warm and penetrate the Heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a *Free-thinker*?

IT is not only a clear Point, that a Christian breaks through stronger Engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal Action, and is stung with a sharper Remorse after it, than a *Free-thinker*; but it should even seem that a Man who believes no future State, would act a foolish Part in being thoroughly honest. For what Reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private Interest or Pleasure to the doing his Duty? If a Christian foregoes some present Advantage for the sake of his Conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the View of gaining some greater future Good. But he that, having no such View, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present Good in any Incident where he may save Appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a Juncture.

IT will, perhaps, be said, that Virtue is her own Reward, that a natural Gratification attends good Actions, which

which is alone ſufficient to excite Men to the Performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than Virtue, and the Practice of it is the ſureſt Way to ſolid, natural Happineſs, even in this Life; yet Titles, Eſtates, and fantaſtical Pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt Men, than the natural Gratifications of a reaſonable Mind; and it cannot be denied, that Virtue and Innocence are not always the readieſt Methods to attain that ſort of Happineſs. Beſides, the Fumes of Paſſion muſt be allayed, and Reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable Men to ſee and reliſh all the native Beauties and Delights of a virtuous Life. And tho' we ſhould grant our *Free-thinkers* to be a Set of refined Spirits, capable only of being enamoured of Virtue, yet what would become of the Bulk of Mankind who have groſs Underſtandings, but lively Senſes and ſtrong Paſſions? What a Deluge of Luſt, and Fraud, and Violence would in a little time overflow the whole Nation, if theſe wiſe Advocates for Morality were univerſally hearkened to? Laſtly, Opportunities do ſometimes offer in which a Man may wickedly make his Fortune, or indulge a Pleaſure, without fear of Temporal Damage, either in Reputation, Health, or Fortune. In ſuch Caſes what Reſtraint do they lie under who have no Regards beyond the Grave? the inward Compunctions of a wicked, as well as the Joys of an upright Mind, being grafted on the Senſe of another State.

THE Thought, *that our Exiſtence terminates with this Life*, doth naturally check the Soul in any generous Purſuit, contract her Views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh Ends. It dethrones the Reaſon, extinguiſhes all Noble and Heroick Sentiments, and ſubjects the Mind to the Slavery of every preſent Paſſion. The wiſe Heathens of Antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavour'd by Fables and Conjectures, and the Glimmerings of Nature, to poſſeſs the Minds of Men with the Belief of a future State, which has been ſince brought to Light by the Goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decry'd by a few weak Men, who would have us believe that they promote Virtue by turning Religion into Ridicule.

Nº 56. Friday, May 15.

Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant. Claud.

What profits us, that we from Heav'n derive
A Soul immortal, and, with Looks erect,
Survey the Stars, if, like the brutal Kind,
We follow where our Passions lead the Way?

I Was considering last Night, when I could not sleep, how noble a Part of the Creation Man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his Actions above other Earthly Creatures. From whence I fell to take a View of the Change and Corruption which he has introduced into his own Condition, the groveling Appetites, the mean Characters of Sense, and wild Courses of Passions, that cast him from the Degree in which Providence had placed him, the debasing himself with Qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower Sphere of Action. This inspired me with a Mixture of Contempt and Anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the Return of Sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my Reflexions with giving Mankind the opprobrious Names of Inconsiderate, Mad and Foolish.

HERE methought, where my waking Reason left the Subject, my Fancy pursued it in a Dream; and I imagined my self in a loud Soliloquy of Passion, railing at my Species, and walking hard to get rid of the Company I despised; when two Men who had over-heard me made up on either hand. These I observed had many Features in common, which might occasion the Mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an Air of Severity in each, it was tempered with a natural Sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the Designs of Malice in the other.

I was at a Loſs to know the Reaſon of their joining me ſo briskly, when he whoſe Appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his Companion, Pray Brother let him alone, and we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into a Tiger. This ſtruck me with Horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my Diſorder, bid me be of good Courage, for though I had been Savage in my Treatment of Mankind, (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt) he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my Danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my Reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry Brother fling away from us in a Paſſion for his Diſappointment. Being now left to my Friend, I went back with him at his Deſire, that I might know the Meaning of thoſe Words which had ſo affrighted me.

AS we went along, To inform you, ſays he, with whom you have this Adventure, my Name is *Reproof*, and his *Reproach*, both born of the ſame Mother, but of different Fathers. *Truth* is our common Parent. *Friendſhip*, who ſaw her, fell in Love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed with him, he begat me upon her, but a while after *Enmity* lying in Ambuſh for her, became the Father of him whom you ſaw along with me. The Temper of our Mother inclines us to the ſame ſort of Buſineſs, the informing Mankind of their Faults; but the different Complexions of our Fathers make us differ in our Deſigns and Company. I have a natural Benevolence in my Mind which engages me with Friends, and he a natural Impetuoſity in his, which caſts him among Enemies.

AS he thus diſcourſed we came to a Place where there were three Entrances into as many ſeveral Walks, which lay aſide of one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain ſtraight regular Walk, ſet with Trees, which added to the Beauty of the Place, but did not ſo cloſe their Boughs over head as to exclude the Light from it. Here as we walked I was made to obſerve, how the Road on one hand was full of Rocks and Precipices, over which *Reproach* (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy Wretches; the other Side was all laid out in Gardens of gaudy

 Tulips,

Tulips, amongſt whoſe Leaves the Serpent wreath'd, and at the End of every graſſy Walk the Inchantreſs *Flattery* was weaving Bowers to lull Souls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle Way, 'till we arrived at a Building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by *Truth* for a Watch-Tower, from whence ſhe took a View of the Earth, and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out *Reproof*, or even *Reproach*, for our Reformation. Over the Door I took notice that a Face was carved with a Heart upon the Lips of it, and preſently called to mind that this was the Ancients Emblem of *Sincerity*. In the Entrance I met with *Freedom of Speech* and *Complaiſance*, who had for a long time looked upon one another as Enemies; but *Reproof* has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as Friends and Fellow-Agents in the ſame Family. Before I aſcended the Stairs, I had my Eyes purified by a Water which made me ſee extremely clear, and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a Pit, from whence (as *Democritus* had reported) they formerly brought up *Truth*, who had hid her ſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper Chamber of Proſpect, which was called *the Knowledge of Mankind*; here the Window was no ſooner opened but I perceived the Clouds to roll off and part before me, and a Scene of all the Variety of the World preſented it ſelf.

BUT how different was Mankind in this View, from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very Shape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the Heads of Dogs, others of Apes or Parrots, and in ſhort, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy Qualities of other Creatures, the Change of his Soul became viſible in his Countenance. The ſtrutting Pride of him who is endued with Brutality inſtead of Courage made his Face ſhoot out into the Form of a *Horſe's*; his Eyes became prominent, his Noſtrils widened, and his Wig untying flowed down on one Side of his Neck in a waving Mane. The Talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the Ill-nature of Converſation made them turn into *Aſſemblies* of *Geeſe*, their Lips hardened to Bills by eternal uſing, they gabbled for Diverſion, they hiſſed in Scandal, and their Ruffles falling back on their Arms, a Succeſſion of little Feathers appeared, which

which formed Wings for them to flutter with from one Visit to another. The Envious and Malicious lay on the Ground with the Heads of different ſorts of Serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating Miſchief to others, they ſuck'd the Poiſon of the Earth, ſharpened their Tongues to Stings upon the Stones, and roll'd their Trains unperceivably beneath their Habits. The Hypocritical Oppreſſors wore the Face of Crocodiles, their Mouths were Inſtruments of Cruelty, their Eyes of Deceit; they committed Wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the World; they devoured the Unwary, and wept over the Remains of them. The Covetous had ſo hooked and worn their Fingers by counting Intereſt upon Intereſt, that they were converted to the Claws of Harpies, and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſtill ſeem'd unſatisfy'd with their Acquiſitions. The Sharpers had the Looks of Camelions; they every Minute changed their Appearance, and fed on Swarms of Flies which fell as ſo many Cullies amongſt them. The Bully ſeem'd a Dunghil Cock, he creſted well, and bore his Comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for Triumph; and only the mean Coward prick'd up the Ears of a Hare to fly before him. Criticks were turn'd into Cats, whoſe Pleaſure and Grumbling go together. Fops were Apes in embroider'd Jackets. Flatterers were curl'd Spaniels, fawning and crouching. The Crafty had the Face of a Fox, the Slothful of an Aſs, the Cruel of a Wolf, the Ill-bred of a Bear, the Leachers were Goats, and the Gluttons Swine. Drunkenneſs was the only Vice that did not change the Face of its Profeſſors into that of another Creature; but this I took to be far from a Privilege, for theſe two Reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of it ſelf, and becauſe none of the lower Rank of Beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an Intemperance.

AS I was taking a View of theſe Repreſentations of Things, without any more Order than is uſual in a Dream, or in the Confuſion of the World it ſelf, I perceived a Concern within me for what I ſaw; my Eyes began to moiſten, and as if the Virtue of that Water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by

their being touched with that which arose from a Passion, the Clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the Prospect. I then turned towards my Guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner. You have seen the Condition of Mankind when it descends from its Dignity; now therefore guard your self from that Degeneracy by a modest Greatness of Spirit on one side, and a conscious Shame on the other. Endeavour also with a Generosity of Goodness to make your Friends aware of it; let them know what Defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the Matter as you see Reason, either with the Airs of severe or humourous Affection; sometimes plainly describing the Degeneracy in its full proper Colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a Day, or so many Months, to turn Bears, Wolves or Foxes, *&c.* Neither neglect your more remote Acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of Admonition; expose the Beasts whose Qualities you see them putting on, where you have no Mind to engage with their Persons. The Possibility of their applying this is very obvious: The *Egyptians* saw it so clearly, that they made the Pictures of Animals explain their Minds to one another instead of Writing; and indeed it is hardly to be missed, since *Æsop* took them out of their mute Condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the Actions of Mankind.

MY Guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the Service of the World, when I was awaken'd by a zealous old Servant of mine, who brought me the *Examiner*, and told me with Looks full of Concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

N° 57. *Saturday, May* 16.

Quàm multa injuſta ac prava fiunt moribus!
Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 6.

How many unjuſt and wrong Things are authoriz'd by Cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall Concern to me that the Intereſts of Virtue are ſupplanted by common Cuſtom, and Regard for indifferent things. Thus Mode and Faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and unjuſt Proceedings, and no Body is out of Countenance for doing what every Body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own Judgment of the Errors in which he goes on with the Multitude. My Correſpondent, who writes me the following Letter, has put together a great many Points which would deſerve ſerious Conſideration, as much as things which at firſt Appearance bear a weightier Aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little Arts that are uſed in the way to Matrimony, by the Parents of young Women. There is nothing more common than for People, who have good and worthy Characters, to run without Reſpect to the Laws of Gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant Demands for their Children, upon no other Foundation than that which ſhould incline them to the quite contrary, the unreſerved Affection of the Lover. I ſhall at this time, by inſerting my Correſpondent's Letter, lay ſuch Offences before all Parents and Daughters reſpectively, and reſerve the particular Inſtances to be conſidered in future Precautions.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I Have for ſome time retired myſelf from the Town 'and Buſineſs to a little Seat, where a pleaſant Cham'pian Country, good Roads and healthful Air tempt me 'often Abroad; and being a ſingle Man have contracted

'more

more acquaintance than is ſuitable to my Years, or agreeable to the Intentions of Retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young Neighbour, who, yeſterday, imparted to me the Hiſtory of an honourable Amour, which has been carried on a conſiderable time with a great deal of Love on his ſide, and (as he ſays he has been made to believe) with ſomething very unlike Averſion on the young Lady's. But ſo Matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her Mind throughly: When he was firſt acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other People; but ſince he firſt declared his Paſſion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to ſee her, other than in Publick. If he went to her Father's Houſe, and deſired to viſit her, ſhe was either to be Sick, or out of the way, and no body would come near him in two Hours, and then he ſhould be received as if he had committed ſome ſtrange Offence. If he asked her Father's leave to viſit her, the old Gentleman was mute. If he put it Negatively, and asked if he refuſed it, the Father would anſwer with a Smile, *No, I don't ſay ſo neither.* If they talked of the Fortune, he had conſidered his Circumſtances, and it every day diminiſhed. If the Settlements came into Debate, he had conſidered the young Gentleman's Eſtate, and daily increaſed his Expectations. If the Mother was conſulted, ſhe was mightily for the Match, but affected ſtrangely the ſhewing her Cunning in perplexing Matters. It went off ſeemingly ſeveral times, but my young Neighbour's Paſſion was ſuch that it eaſily revived upon the leaſt Encouragement given him; but tired out with Writing (the only Liberty allowed him) and receiving Anſwers at Croſs Purpoſes, deſtitute of all Hopes, he at length wrote a formal Adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for ſoon after he had the long wiſh'd-for Opportunity of finding her at a diſtance from her Parents. Struck with the joyful News, in heat of Paſſion, reſolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes Poſt, directly to the Houſe where ſhe was, without any preparatory Interceſſion after the Provocation of an Adieu. She, in a premeditated Anger to ſhew her Reſentment, refuſed to ſee him. He in a kind of

'fond Phrenzy, absent from himself, and exasperated into Rage, cursed her heartily; but returning to himself, was all Confusion, Repentance and Submission, but in vain; the Lady continued inexorable, and so the Affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the Pursuit of the whole Story (whereof I give but a short Abstract) my young Neighbour appeared so touched, and discover'd such certain Marks of unfeigned Love, that I can't but be heartily sorry for them both. When he was gone, I sat down immediately to my Scrutore, to give you the Account, whose Business, as a *Guardian*, it is to tell your Wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propose, that you will upon this Occasion extend your Instructions to all sorts of People concerned in Treaties of this Nature, (which, of all others, do most nearly concern Human Life) such as Parents, Daughters, Lovers, and Confidents of both Sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the Mistakes in this Courtship (which might otherwise probably have succeeded happily) seem chiefly these four, *viz.*

'1. THE Father's close equivocal Management, so as always to keep a Reservation to use upon Occasion, when he found himself prest.

'2. THE Mother's affecting to appear extremely Artful.

'3. A Notion, in the Daughter, (who is a Lady of singular Good Sense and Virtue) that no Man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her Parents demand.

'4. CARRYING on the Affair by Letters and Confidents, without sufficient Interviews.

'I think you cannot fail obliging many in the World, besides my young Neighbour and me, if you please to give your Thoughts upon Treaties of this Nature, wherein all the Nobility and Gentry of this Nation (in the unfortunate Methods Marriages are at present in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; especially it's my humble Request you will be particular in speaking to the following Points, to wit,

'1. WHE-

'1. WHETHER Honourable Love ought to be 'mentioned first to the young Lady or her Parents.

'2. IF to the young Lady first, whether a Man 'obliged to comply with all the Parents demands after-'wards, under Pain of breaking off dishonourably.

'3. IF to the Parents first, whether the Lover may 'insist upon what the Father pretends to give, and re-'fuse to make such Settlement as must incapacitate him 'for any thing afterwards, without just Imputation of 'being Mercenary, or putting a Slight upon the Lady, 'by entertaining Views upon the Contingency of her 'Death.

'WHAT Instructions a Mother ought to give her 'Daughter upon such Occasions, and what the old La-'dy's Part properly is in such Treaties, her Husband 'being alive.

'5. HOW far a young Lady is in Duty obliged to 'observe her Mother's Directions, and not to receive 'any Letters or Messages without her Knowledge.

'6. HOW far a Daughter is obliged to exert the 'Power she has over her Lover, for the Ease and Ad-'vantage of her Father and his Family; and how far 'she may consult and endeavour the Interest of the Fa-'mily she is to marry into.

'7. HOW far Letters and Confidents of both Sexes 'may regularly be employed, and wherein they are im-'proper.

'8. WHEN a young Lady's Pen is employed about 'Settlements, Fortunes, or the like, whether it be an 'Affront to give the same Answers as if it had been in 'the Hand Writing of those that instructed her.

'LASTLY; be pleased at your Leisure to correct 'that too common way among Fathers, of publishing 'in the World, that they will give their Daughters 'twice the Fortune they really intend, and thereby 'draw young Gentlemen, whose Estates are often in 'Debt, into a Dilemma, either of crossing a fixed In-'clination, contracted by a long Habit of thinking 'upon the same Person, and so being miserable that 'way, or else beginning the World under a Burden 'they can never get quit of.

'THUS,

'THUS, ſage Sir, have I laid before you all that 'does at preſent occur to me on the important Subject 'of Marriage; but before I ſeal up my Epiſtle, I muſt 'deſire you farther to conſider how far Treaties of this 'Sort come under the Head of Bargain and Sale. Whe-'ther you cannot find out Meaſures to have the whole 'tranſacted in fairer and more open Market than at pre-'ſent. How would it become you to put the Laws in 'Execution againſt Foreſtallers, who take up the young 'Things of each Sex before they are expoſed to an ho-'neſt Sale, or the Worth or Imperfection of the Pur-'chaſe is thoroughly conſider'd?

'WE mightily want a Demand for Women in theſe 'Parts.

I am, Sagacious Sir,
Your moſt Obedient and
moſt humble Servant,
T. L.

Nº 58. *Monday, May* 18.

Nec ſibi ſed toti genitum ſe credere Mundo. Lucan.

Not for himſelf, but for the World, he lives.

A Publick Spirit is ſo great and amiable a Character, that moſt People pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the moſt ordinary Occurrences of Life. Mrs. *Cornelia Lizard* buys abundance of Romances for the Encouragement of Learning; and Mrs. *Annabella* ſquanders away her Money in buying fine Clothes, becauſe it ſets a great many poor People at Work. I know a Gentleman, who drinks vaſt quantities of Ale and *October*, to encourage our own Manufactures; and another who takes his three Bottles of *French* Claret every Night, becauſe it brings a great Cuſtom to the Crown.

I have been led into this Chat, by reading ſome Letters upon my Paper of *Thurſday* was ſennight. Having there

there acquainted the World, that I have, by long Contemplation and Philosophy, attained to so great a Strength of Fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other People possess only for Ostentation; it seems that some Persons have taken it in their Heads, that they are publick Benefactors to the World, while they are only indulging their own Ambition or Infirmities. My first Letter is from an ingenious Author, who is a great Friend to his Country, because he can get neither Victuals nor Clothes any other way.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

SIR,

'OF all the Precautions with which you have instructed the World, I like that best, which is upon 'Natural and Fantastical Pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of Thinking. As you receive 'real Delight from what creates only imaginary Satisfactions in others; so do I raise to myself all the Conveniencies of Life by amusing the Fancy of the World. 'I am, in a word, a Member of that numerous Tribe, 'who write for their Daily Bread. I flourish in a Dearth 'of Foreign News; and tho' I do not pretend to the 'Spleen I am never so well as in the time of a Westerly 'Wind. When it blows from that auspicious Point, I 'raise to myself Contributions from the *British* Isle, by 'affrighting my Superstitious Country-men with Printed 'Relations of Murders, Spirits, Prodigies or Monsters. 'According as my Necessities suggest to me, I hereby 'provide for my Being. The last Summer I paid a large 'Debt for Brandy and Tobacco, by a wonderful Description of a fiery Dragon, and lived for ten Days together upon a Whale and a Mermaid. When Winter 'draws near, I generally conjure up my Spirits, and have 'my Apparitions ready against long dark Evenings. 'From *November* last to *January* I lived solely upon 'Murders; and have, since that time, had a comfortable Subsistence from a Plague and a Famine. I made 'the Pope pay for my Beef and Mutton last *Lent*, out of 'pure Spite to the *Romish* Religion; and at present my 'good Friend the King of *Sweden* finds me in clean Linen, and the *Mufti* gets me Credit at the Tavern.

'THE

'THE astonishing Accounts that I record, I usually 'enliven with Wooden Cuts, and the like paltry Embellishments. They administer to the Curiosity of my 'Fellow-Subjects, and not only advance Religion and 'Virtue, but take restless Spirits off from meddling 'with the Publick Affairs. I therefore cannot think 'myself an useless Burden upon Earth; and that I 'may still do the more Good in my Generation, I 'shall give the World, in a short time, an History of 'my Life, Studies, Maxims and Atchievements, provided my Bookseller advances a round Sum for my 'Copy.

I am, SIR, Yours.

THE second is from an old Friend of mine in the Country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing Good, because he cannot live without Drinking.

Old IRON,

'WE take thy Papers in at the Bowling-Green, 'where the Country Gentlemen meet every '*Tuesday*, and we look upon thee as a comical Dog. Sir '*Harry* was hugely pleased at thy Fancy of growing 'rich at other Folks Cost; and for my own part I like 'my own way of Life the better since I find I do my 'Neighbours as much Good as myself. I now smoke 'my Pipe with the greater Pleasure, because my Wife 'says, she likes it well enough at second Hand; and 'drink stale Beer the more hardly, because, unless I will, 'no Body else does. I design to stand for our Burough 'the next Election, on purpose to make the Squire on 't'other side Tap lustily for the Good of our Town; 'and have some thoughts of trying to get Knighted, because our Neighbours take a Pride in saying, they 'have been with Sir such a one.

'I have a Pack of pure slow Hounds against thou 'com'st into the Country, and *Nanny* my fat Doe shall 'bleed when we have thee at *Hawthorn-Hall*. Pry'thee 'do not keep staring at Gilt Coaches, and stealing 'Necklaces and Trinkets from People with thy Looks. 'Take my Word for't a Gallon of my *October* will do

'thee more Good than all thou canst get by fine Sights 'at *London*, which I'll engage thou may'st put the 'Shine of thine Eye.

I am, Old IRON,

Thine to Command,

Nic. Hawthorn.

THE third is from a Lady who is going to ruin her Family by Coaches and Liveries, purely out of Compassion to us poor People that cannot go to the Price of them.

SIR,

'I AM a Lady of Birth and Fortune, but never knew, 'till last *Thursday*, that the Splendor of my Equi- 'page was so beneficial to my Country. I will not de- 'ny that I have drest for some Years out of the Pride of 'my Heart; but am very glad that you have so far set- 'tled my Conscience in that particular, that I can now 'look upon my Vanities as so many Virtues. Since I 'am satisfied that my Person and Garb give Pleasure to 'my Fellow-Creatures, I shall not think the three 'Hours Business, I usually attend at my Toilette, be- 'low the Dignity of a Rational Soul. I am content 'to suffer great Torment from my Stays, that my Shape 'may appear graceful to the Eyes of others; and often 'mortify my self with Fasting, rather than my Fatness 'should give Distaste to any Man in *England*.

'I am making up a rich Brocade for the Benefit of 'Mankind, and design, in a little time, to treat the 'Town with a thousand Pounds worth of Jewels. I 'have ordered my Chariot to be new painted for your 'Use and the World's; and have prevailed upon my 'Husband to present you with a Pair of fine *Flanders* 'Mares, by driving them every Evening round the 'Ring. Gay Pendants for my Ears, a costly Cross for 'my Neck, a Diamond of the best Water for my Fin- 'ger, shall be purchased at any rate to enrich you; 'and I am resolved to be a Patriot in every Limb. My 'Husband will not scruple to oblige me in these Trifles,

'since

'since I have persuaded him from your Scheme, that 'Pin-Money is only so much set apart for charitable 'Uses. You see, Sir, how expensive you are to me, 'and I hope you will esteem me accordingly; especially 'when I assure you that I am, as far as you can see me,

Intirely Yours,

CLEORA.

Nº 59. *Tuesday, May* 19.

Sic Honor & nomen Divinis Vatibus atque
Carminibus venit ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 400.

So ancient is the Pedigree of Verse,
And so divine a Poet's Function. ROSCOMMON.

THE Tragedy of *Cato* has increased the Number of my Correspondents, but none of them can take it ill that I give the Preference to the Letters which come from a Learned Body, and which on this Occasion may not improperly be termed the *Plausus Academici*. The first is from my Lady *Lizard*'s youngest Son, who (as I mentioned in a former *Precaution*) is Fellow of *All-Souls*, and applies himself to the Study of *Divinity*.

SIR,

'I Return you Thanks for your Present of *Cato*: I 'have read it over several times with the greatest 'Attention and Pleasure imaginable: You desire to 'know my Thoughts of it, and at the same time com- 'pliment me upon my Knowledge of the Ancient 'Poets; perhaps you may not allow me to be a good 'Judge of them, when I tell you, that the Tragedy 'of *Cato* exceeds, in my Opinion, any of the Drama- 'tick Pieces of the Ancients. But those are Books I 'have some time since laid by, being as you know en- 'gaged in the Reading of Divinity, and conversant 'chiefly in the Poetry of *the truly inspired Writers*. I

'scarce

' ſcarce thought any Modern Tragedy could have mixed
' ſuitably with ſuch ſerious Studies, and little imagin'd
' to have found ſuch exquiſite Poetry, much leſs ſuch
' exalted Sentiments of Virtue, in the Dramatick Per-
' formance of a Cotemporary.

' HOW elegant, juſt and virtuous is that Reflexion of
' *Portius?*

The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes and perplex'd with Errors;
Our Underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs Search;
Nor ſees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the Regular Confuſion ends.

' *CATO*'s Soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth
' Act is inimitable, as indeed is almoſt every thing in
' the whole Play; but what I would obſerve, by par-
' ticularly pointing at theſe Places is, that ſuch virtuous
' and moral Sentiments were never before put into the
' Mouth of a *Britiſh* Actor; and I congratulate my
' Countrymen on the Virtue they have ſhown in giving
' them (as you tell me) ſuch loud and repeated Applauſes.
' They have now cleared themſelves of the Imputation
' which a late Writer had thrown upon them in his
' 502d *Speculation.* Give me leave to tranſcribe his
' Words.

" IN the firſt Scene of *Terence*'s Play, the *Self-Tor-*
" *mentor*, when one of the old Men accuſes the other
" of Impertinence for interpoſing in his Affairs, he
" anſwers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any*
" *Sorrow that can arrive at Man.* It is ſaid this Sen-
" tence was received with Univerſal Applauſe. There
" cannot be a greater Argument of the general good
" Underſtanding of a People, than a ſudden Conſent
" to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has
" no Emotion in it.

" IF it were ſpoken with never ſo great Skill in the
" Actor, the manner of uttering that Sentence could
" have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but People
" of the greateſt Humanity, nay People elegant and
" ſkilful in Obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he
" might

" might have laid his Hand on his Breast, and with a " winning Insinuation in his Countenance, expressed to " his Neighbour, that he was a Man who made his " Case his own; yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-* " *Garden* might hit such an Attitude a thousand times " before he would have been regarded." ' These Ob- ' servations in favour of the *Roman* People, may now ' be very justly applied to our own Nation.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

' THIS will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous ' a Sentiment as that which he quotes out of *Terence*; ' and the general Applause with which (you say) it ' was received, must certainly make this Writer (not- ' withstanding his great Assurance in pronouncing upon ' our ill Taste) alter his Opinion of his Countrymen.

' OUR Poetry, I believe, and not our Morals, has ' been generally worse than that of the *Romans*; for 'tis ' plain, when we can equal the best Dramatick Perfor- ' mance of that polite Age, a *British* Audience may vie ' with the *Roman* Theatre in the Virtue of their Ap- ' plauses.

' HOWEVER different in other Things our Opi- ' nions may be, all Parties agree in doing Honour to ' a Man who is an Honour to our Country: How are ' our Hearts warmed by this excellent Tragedy with the ' Love of Liberty and our Constitution? How irresisti- ' ble is Virtue in the Character of *Cato?* Who would ' not say with the *Numidian* Prince to *Marcia*,

I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, till I shine like him.

' *Rome* herself received not so great Advantages from ' her Patriot, as *Britain* will from this admirable Re- ' presentation of him: our *British Cato* improves our ' Language as well as our Morals, nor will it be in the

' Power

'Power of Tyrants to rob us of him, (or, to use the
'last Line of an Epigram to the Author)

In vain your Cato *stabs, he cannot die.*

I am, SIR,

Oxon. All-Souls, Col. May 6. *Your most Obliged, Humble Servant,* William Lizard.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon.* Christ-Church, *May* 7.

'YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old Fellow, 'more cautious than a late Brother-Writer of 'yours, who, at the Rehearsal of a new Play, would, 'at the hazard of his Judgment, endeavour to prepossess 'the Town in its Favour; whereas you very prudently 'waited till the Tragedy of *Cato* had gained an universal and irresistible Applause, and then with great 'Boldness venture to pronounce your Opinion of it to be 'the same with that of all Mankind. I'll leave you to 'consider whether such a Conduct becomes a *Guardian*, 'who ought to point out to us proper Entertainments, 'and instruct us when to bestow our Applause. However, in so plain a Case, we did not wait for your 'Directions; and I must tell you, that none here were 'earlier or louder in their Praises of *Cato*, than we 'at *Christ Church*. This may, I hope, convince you, 'that we don't deserve the Character (which envious 'dull Fellows give us) of allowing no Body to have 'Wit or Parts but those of our own Body, especially 'when I let you know that we are many of us,

Your Affectionate, Humble Servants.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon.* Wad. Col. *May* 7.

'WERE the *Seat of the Muses* silent, while *London* 'is so loud in their Applause of *Cato*, the University's Title to that Name might very well be suspected;

'—in

'—in Justice therefore to your *Alma Mater*, let the 'World know our Opinion of that Tragedy here.

'THE Author's other Works had rais'd our Expectation of it to a very great Height, yet it exceeds 'whatever we could promise to our selves from so great 'a Genius.

'*CÆSAR* will no longer be a Hero in our Declamations: This Tragedy has at once stripp'd him of 'all the Flattery and false Colours, which Historians 'and the Classick Authors had thrown upon him, and 'we shall for the future treat him as a Murderer of the 'best Patriot of his Age, and a Destroyer of the Liberties of his Country. *Cato*, as represented in these 'Scenes, will cast a blacker Shade on the Memory of 'that Usurper, than the Picture of him did upon his 'Triumph. Had this finish'd Dramatick Piece appear'd 'some hundred Years ago, *Cæsar* would have lost so 'many Centuries of Fame, and Monarchs had disdain'd 'to let themselves be called by his Name. However it 'will be an Honour to the Times we live in, to have 'had such a Work produced in them, and a pretty Speculation for Posterity to observe that the Tragedy of '*Cato* was acted with general Applause in 1713.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

A. B.

P. S. The *French* Translation of *Cato*, now in the Press, will, I hope, be *in Usum Delphini*.

Wednesday,

Nº 60. *Wednesday, May 20.*

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. Plin. Epist.

He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*;

SIR,

'THERE is nothing in which Men deceive themselves more ridiculously, than in the Point of Reading, and which, as it's commonly practised under the Notion of Improvement, has less Advantage. The generality of Readers who are pleased with wandring over a Number of Books almost at the same Instant, or if confined to one, who pursue the Author with much Hurry and Impatience to his last Page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable Digesters. This unsettled way of Reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of Thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the Imagination, when a continued Chain of Thought would probably produce inestimable Conclusions. All Authors are eligible either for their Matter or Stile; if for the first, the Elucidation and Disposition of it into proper Lights, ought to employ a judicious Reader; if for the last, he ought to observe how some common Words are started into a new Signification, how such Epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible, and must often remember the whole Structure of Period, because by the least Transposition, that Assemblage of Words which is called a Stile, becomes utterly annihilated. The swift Dispatch of common Readers not only eludes their Memory, but betrays their Apprehension, when the Turn of Thought and Expression would insensibly grow natural to them, would they but give themselves time to receive the Impression. Sup-

'pose

'pose we fix one of these Readers in his easy Chair, and 'observe him passing thro' a Book with a grave ruminating Face, how ridiculously must he look, if we desire him to give an Account of an Author he has just 'read over, and how unheeded must the general Character of it be, when given by one of these Serene 'Unobservers? The common Defence of these People is, 'that they have no Design in Reading but for Pleasure, 'which I think should rather arise from the Reflexion 'and Remembrance of what one has read, than from the 'transient Satisfaction of what one does, and we should 'be pleased proportionably as we are profited. 'Tis 'prodigious Arrogance in any one to imagine, that by 'one hasty course thro' a Book he can fully enter into 'the Soul and Secrets of a Writer, whose Life perhaps 'has been busied in the Birth of such Production. Books 'that don't immediately concern some Profession or 'Science, are generally run over as mere empty Entertainments, rather than as matter of Improvement; 'though in my Opinion, a refined Speculation upon 'Morality, or History, requires as much Time and 'Capacity to collect and digest, as the most abstruse 'Treatise of any Profession; and I think besides, there 'can be no Book well written, but what must necessarily 'improve the Understanding of the Reader, even in 'the very Profession to which he applies himself. For 'to reason with Strength, and express himself with Propriety, must equally concern the Divine, the Physician, 'and the Lawyer. My own course of looking into 'Books has occasioned these Reflexions, and the following Account may suggest more.

'HAVING been bred up under a Relation that had 'a pretty large Study of Books, it became my Province 'once a Week to dust them. In the performance of 'this my Duty, as I was obliged to take down every 'particular Book, I thought there was no way to deceive the Toil of my Journey thro' the different Abodes 'and Habitations of these Authors, but by reading something in every one of them; and in this manner to 'make my Passage easy from the comely *Folio* in the 'upper Shelf or Region, even through the Crowd of '*Duodecimo's* in the lower. By frequent Exercise I be-

'came ſo great a Proficient in this tranſitory Application 'to Books, that I could hold open half a dozen ſmall 'Authors in an Hand, graſping them with as ſecure a 'dexterity as a Drawer doth his Glaſſes, and feaſting 'my curious Eye with all of them at the ſame Inſtant. 'Through theſe Methods the natural Irreſolution of my 'Youth was much ſtrengthened, and having no Lei'ſure, if I had had Inclination, to make pertinent Ob'ſervations in Writing, I was thus confirmed a very 'early Wanderer. When I was ſent to *Oxford*, my 'chiefeſt Expence run upon Books, and my only Con'ſideration in ſuch Expence upon Numbers, ſo that 'you may be ſure I had what they call a choice Col'lection, ſometimes buying by the Pound, ſometimes 'by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For 'the more pleaſant uſe of a multitude of Books, I had, 'by frequent Conferences with an ingenious Joiner, 'contrived a Machine of an orbicular Structure, that 'had its particular Receptions for a dozen Authors, 'and which with the leaſt touch of the Finger, would 'whirle round, and preſent the Reader at once with a 'delicious View of its full Furniture. Thrice a Day 'did I change, not only the Books but the Languages; 'and had uſed my Eye to ſuch a quick Succeſſion of 'Objects, that in the moſt precipitate Twirl I could 'catch a Sentence out of each Author, as it paſſed 'fleeting by me. Thus my Hours, Days and Years 'flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably 'lengthened by being diſtinguiſhed with this endearing 'Variety; and I can't but think my ſelf very fortunate 'in my Contrivance of this Engine, with its ſeveral 'new Editions and Amendments, which have contri'buted ſo much to the Delight of all ſtudious Vaga'bonds. When I had been Reſident the uſual Time at '*Oxford* that gains one Admiſſion into the publick Li'brary, I was the happieſt Creature on Earth, pro'miſing to my ſelf moſt delightful Travels thro' this 'new World of Literature. Sometimes you might ſee 'me mounted upon a Ladder, in ſearch of ſome *Ara'bian* Manuſcripts, which had ſlept in a certain Cor'ner undiſturbed for many Years. Once I had the Miſ'fortune to fall from this Eminence, and catching at

'the

'the Chains of the Books was seen hanging in a very 'merry Posture, with two or three large Folio's rattling 'about my Neck, 'till the Humanity of Mr. *Crab*, the 'Librarian, disintangled us.

'AS I always held it necessary to read in publick 'Places, by way of Ostentation, but could not possibly 'travel with a Library in my Pockets, I took the fol-'lowing Method to gratify this Errantry of mine. I 'contrived a little Pocket-Book, each Leaf of which was 'a different Author, so that my wandring was indulged 'and concealed within the same Inclosure.

'THIS extravagant Humour, which should seem 'to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary Ef-'fect; and my Hand and Eye being thus confined to a 'single Book, in a little time reconciled me to the 'Perusal of a single Author. However, I chose such a 'one as had as little Connexion as possible, turning to 'the *Proverbs* of *Solomon*, where the best Instructions 'are thrown together in the most beautiful Range ima-'ginable, and where I found all that Variety which I 'had before sought in so many different Authors, and 'which was so necessary to beguile my Attention. By 'these proper Degrees, I have made so glorious a Re-'formation in my Studies, that I can keep Company 'with *Tully* in his most extended Periods, and work 'through the continued Narrations of the most prolix 'Historian. I now read nothing without making exact 'Collections, and shall shortly give the World an In-'stance of this in the Publication of the following Dis-'courses. The First is a learned Controversy about 'the Existence of Griffins, in which I hope to convince 'the World, that notwithstanding such a mixt Creature 'has been allowed by *Ælian*, *Solinus*, *Mela* and *Hero-'dotus*, that they have been perfectly mistaken in that 'Matter, and shall support my self by the Authority of '*Albertus*, *Pliny*, *Aldrovandus*, and *Matthias Micho-'vius*, which two last have clearly argued that Animal 'out of the Creation.

'THE Second is a Treatise of Sternutation or Sneez-'ing, with the original Custom of saluting or blessing 'upon that Motion; as also with a Problem from *Ari-'stotle*, shewing why Sneezing from Noon to Night was

'innocent enough, from Night to Noon extremely un-'fortunate.

'THE Third and most curious is my Discourse up-'on the Nature of the Lake *Asphaltites*, or the Lake 'of *Sodom*, being a very careful Inquiry whether Brick-'bats and Iron will swim in that Lake, and Feathers 'sink, as *Pliny* and *Mandevill* have averr'd.

'THE discussing these Difficulties without Perplexity 'or Prejudice, the Labour in collecting and collating 'Matters of this Nature, will, I hope, in a great Mea-'sure atone for the idle Hours I have trifled away in 'Matters of less Importance.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant.

N° 61. *Thursday, May* 21.

——— Primâque è cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.
Ovid. Met. l. 15. v. 106.

Th' Essay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
DRYDEN.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, That Mankind are no less, in Proportion, accountable for the ill Use of their Dominion over Creatures of the lower Rank of Beings, than for the Exercise of Tyranny over their own Species. The more intirely the Inferior Creation is submitted to our Power, the more answerable we should seem for our Mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very Condition of Nature renders these Creatures incapable of receiving any Recompence in another Life, for their ill Treatment in this.

'TIS observable of those noxious Animals, which have Qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally

turally avoid Mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by Hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive Animals on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

MONTAIGNE thinks it ſome Reflexion upon Human Nature it ſelf, that few People take Delight in ſeeing Beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this Temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing Character of our own Nation, from the Obſervation which is made by Foreigners of our beloved Paſtimes, *Bear-baiting*, *Cock-fighting*, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has Life, merely out of Wantonneſs; yet in this Principle our Children are bred up, and one of the firſt Pleaſures we allow them, is the Licence of inflicting Pain upon poor Animals: Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what Life is our ſelves, we make it our Sport to take it from other Creatures. I cannot but believe a very good Uſe might be made of the Fancy which Children have for Birds and Inſects. Mr. *Locke* takes notice of a Mother who permitted them to her Children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entring them betimes into a daily Exerciſe of Humanity, and improving their very Diverſion to a Virtue.

I fancy too, ſome Advantage might be taken of the common Notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of Birds, as *Swallows* or *Martins*; this Opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the Confidence theſe Birds ſeem to put in us by building under our Roofs, ſo that it is a kind of Violation of the Laws of Hoſpitality to murder them. As for *Robin-red-breaſts* in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their Security to the old Ballad of *the Children in the Wood.* However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this Prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the Preſervation of many innocent Creatures, which are now expoſed to all the Wantonneſs of an ignorant Barbarity.

THERE are other Animals that have the Misfortune, for no manner of Reaſon, to be treated as com-

mon Enemies wherever found. The Conceit that a *Cat* has *Nine Lives*, has coſt at leaſt nine Lives in ten of the whole Race of them: Scarce a Boy in the Streets but has in this Point outdone *Hercules* himſelf, who was famous for killing a Monſter that had but *Three Lives*. Whether the unaccountable Animoſity againſt this uſeful Domeſtick may be any Cauſe of the general Perſecution of *Owls*, (who are a ſort of feather'd Cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable Pique the Moderns have taken to a ſerious Countenance, I ſhall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole Reaſon alledged for the Deſtruction of *Frogs* is becauſe they are like *Toads*. Yet amidſt all the Misfortunes of theſe unfriended Creatures, 'tis ſome Happineſs that we have not yet taken a Fancy to eat them: For ſhould our Countrymen refine upon the *French* never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of Torments *Owls*, *Cats* and *Frogs* may be yet reſerved.

WHEN we grow up to Men, we have another Succeſſion of Sanguinary Sports; in particular *Hunting*. I dare not attack a Diverſion which has ſuch Authority and Cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of Opinion, that the Agitation of that Exerciſe, with the Example and Number of the Chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe *Checks*, which Compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the Animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur *Fleury*, that this Sport is *a Remain of the* Gothick *Barbarity*; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain Cuſtom yet in Uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Goths*, or even the *Scythians*; I mean that Savage Compliment our Huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of Quality, who are preſent at the Death of a Stag, when they put the Knife in their Hands to cut the Throat of a helpleſs, trembling and weeping Creature.

——— Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis ———

——— That lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life.

BUT if our *Spots* are deſtructive, our *Gluttony* is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. *Lobſters* *roſted*

rosted alive, Pigs whipt to Death, Fowls sew'd up, are Teſtimonies of our outrageous Luxury. Thoſe who (as *Seneca* expreſſes it) divide their Lives betwixt an Anxious Conſcience and a Nauſeated Stomach, have a juſt Reward of their Gluttony in the Diſeaſes it brings with it: For Human Savages, like other wild Beaſts, find Snares and Poiſon in the Proviſions of Life, and are allured by their Appetite to their Deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid, than the Proſpect of one of their Kitchens cover'd with Blood, and filled with the Cries of Creatures expiring in Tortures. It gives one an Image of a *Giant's Den* in a Romance, beſtrow'd with the ſcattered Heads and mangled Limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his Cruelty.

THE excellent *Plutarch* (who has more Strokes of Good-nature in his Writings than I remember in any Author) cites a Saying of *Cato* to this Effect, *That 'tis no eaſy Task to preach to the Belly, which has no Ears.* 'Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to be ſo out of Faſhion 'as not to Offend, let us at leaſt offend with ſome 'Diſcretion and Meaſure. If we kill an Animal for our 'Proviſion, let us do it with the Meltings of Com'paſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, 'that 'tis in its own Nature Cruelty to put a living Crea'ture to Death; we at leaſt deſtroy a Soul that has 'Senſe and Perception——In the Life of *Cato* the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere Diſpoſition of that Man to diſcourſe in this manner. 'It ought to be 'eſteem'd a Happineſs to Mankind, that our Humanity 'has a wider Sphere to exert it ſelf in, than bare Juſtice. 'It is no more than the Obligation of our very Birth to 'practiſe Equity to our own Kind, but Humanity may 'be extended thro' the whole Order of Creatures, even 'to the meaneſt: Such Actions of Charity are the Over'flowings of a mild Good-nature on all below us. It 'is certainly the part of a well-natured Man to take 'care of his Horſes and Dogs, not only in Expectation 'of their Labour while they are Foals and Whelps, 'but even when their old Age has made them incapable 'of Service.

HISTORY tells us of a wiſe and polite Nation that rejected a Perſon of the firſt Quality, who ſtood

for a Judiciary Office, only because he had been observed in his Youth, to take Pleasure in tearing and murdering of Birds. And of another that expelled a Man out of the Senate, for dashing a Bird against the Ground which had taken shelter in his Bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the *Turks* are for their Humanity in this kind: I remember an *Arabian* Author, who has written a Treatise to show, how far a Man, supposed to have subsisted in a Desart Island, without any Instruction, or so much as the Sight of any other Man, may, by the pure Light of Nature, attain the Knowledge of Philosophy and Virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal Benevolence of Nature in the Protection and Preservation of its Creatures. In Imitation of which the first Act of Virtue he thinks his self-taught Philosopher would of Course fall into is, to Relieve and Assist all the Animals about him in their Wants and Distresses.

OVID has some very tender and pathetick Lines applicable to this Occasion.

Quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in Ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum —— Met. l. 15. v. 116.
Quam malè consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, Vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare potest! ——— Ib. v. 463.

The Sheep was sacrificed on no Pretence,
But meek and unresisting Innocence.
A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloth'd her Murderer;
And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
A Tribute for the Grass, on which she fed.

Living,

Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
And is of least Advantage, when she dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve?
A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve.
O Tyrant! with what Justice can'st thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field!
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began?
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:
Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, ere he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the Children's Cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that Voice or Cry so nearly resembling the Human, with which Providence has endued so many different Animals, might purposely be given them to move our Pity, and prevent those Cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our Fellow-Creatures.

THERE is a Passage in the Book of *Jonas*, when God declares his Unwillingness to destroy *Nineveh*, where methinks that Compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest Rank of his Creatures, is expressed with wonderful Tenderness — *Should I not spare Nineveh the great City, wherein are more than sixscore thousand Persons —— and also much Cattle?* And we have in *Deuteronomy* a Precept of great Good-nature of this sort, with a Blessing in Form annexed to it, in those Words; *If thou shalt find a Bird's Nest in the way, thou shalt not take the Dam with the Young: But thou shalt in any wise let the Dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days.*

TO conclude, there is certainly a Degree of Gratitude owing to those Animals that serve us; as for such

as are Mortal or Noxious, we have a Right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of Advantage or Prejudice to us, the common Enjoyment of Life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

THIS whole Matter, with regard to each of theſe Conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable Light in one of the *Perſian* Fables of *Pilpay*, with which I ſhall end this Paper.

A Traveller paſſing thro' a Thicket, and ſeeing a few Sparks of a Fire, which ſome Paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the Sparks caught hold of a Buſh, in the midſt of which lay an Adder, and ſet it in Flames. The Adder intreated the Traveller's Aſſiſtance, who tying a Bag to the End of his Staff, reached it, and drew him out: He then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to Men, ſince he owed his Life to a Man's Compaſſion. The Adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate Good with Evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the Adder) than what you Men practiſe every Day, whoſe Cuſtom it is to requite Benefits with Ingratitude. If you cannot deny this Truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The Man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the Queſtion to it in what Manner a good Turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the Uſage of Men (replied the Tree) by its contrary: I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred Years to protect them from the ſcorching Sun, and in requital they have cut down my Branches, and are going to ſaw my Body into Planks. Upon this the Adder inſulting the Man, he appealed to a ſecond Evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame Demand was made, and much the ſame Anſwer given, that among Men it was certainly ſo. I know it (ſaid the Cow) by woful Experience; for I have ſerved a Man this long time with Milk, Butter and Cheeſe, and brought him beſides a Calf every Year: but now I am old, he turns me into this Paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a Butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The Traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of Courteſy, one Trial more, to be finally judged by the next Beaſt they

they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the Story in all its Circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the Adder to enter in ſo narrow a Bag. The Adder to convince him went in again; when the Fox told the Man he had now his Enemy in his Power, and with that he faſtened the Bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

Nº 62. *Friday, May* 22.

O Fortunatos nimiùm, ſua ſi bona nôrint!
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 458.

Too happy, if they knew their happy State!

UPON the late Election of *King*'s Scholars, my Curioſity drew me to *Weſtminſter* School. The Sight of a Place where I had not been for many Years, revived in my Thoughts the tender Images of my Childhood, which by a great Length of Time had contracted a Softneſs that rendred them inexpreſſibly agreeable. As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied Pleaſure from a thouſand Incidents overlooked by other Men, I threw my ſelf into a ſhort Tranſport, forgetting my Age, and fancying my ſelf a School-boy.

THIS Imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the Preſence of ſo many young Boys, in whoſe Looks were legible the ſprightly Paſſions of that Age, which raiſed in me a ſort of Sympathy. Warm Blood thrilled thro' every Vein; the faded Memory of thoſe Enjoyments that once gave me Pleaſure, put on more lively Colours, and a thouſand gay Amuſements filled my Mind.

IT was not without Regret, that I was forſaken by this waking Dream. The Cheapneſs of Puerile Delights, the guiltleſs Joy they leave upon the Mind, the blooming Hopes that lift up the Soul in the Aſcent of Life, the Pleaſure that attends the gradual Opening of the Imagination, and the Dawn of Reaſon, made me think moſt Men found that Stage the moſt agreeable Part of their Journey.

WHEN

WHEN Men come to riper Years, the innocent Diversions which exalted the Spirits, and produced Health of Body, Indolence of Mind, and refreshing Slumbers, are too oft exchanged for Criminal Delights, which fill the Soul with Anguish, and the Body with Disease. The grateful Employment of admiring and raising themselves to an Imitation of the polite Stile, beautiful Images, and noble Sentiments of ancient Authors is abandoned for Law-*Latin*, the Lucubrations of our Paltry News-mongers, and that Swarm of vile Pamphlets which corrupt our Taste, and infest the Publick. The Ideas of Virtue, which the Characters of Heroes had imprinted on their Minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer Examples of a degenerate Age.

IN the Morning of Life, when the Soul first makes her Entrance into the World, all things look fresh and gay; their Novelty surprises, and every little Glitter or gaudy Colour transports the Stranger. But by degrees the Sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite Relish of Trifles, by the Time our Minds should be supposed ripe for Rational Entertainments. I cannot make this Reflexion without being touch'd with a Commiseration of that Species call'd *Beaus*, the Happiness of those Men necessarily terminating with their Childhood; who, from a want of knowing other Pursuits, continue a Fondness for the Delights of that Age after the Relish of them is decayed.

PROVIDENCE hath with a bountiful Hand prepared Variety of Pleasures for the various Stages of Life. It behoves us not to be wanting to our selves, in forwarding the Intention of Nature, by the Culture of our Minds, and a due Preparation of each Faculty for the Enjoyment of those Objects it is capable of being affected with.

AS our Parts open and display by gentle Degrees, we rise from the Gratifications of Sense, to relish those of the Mind. In the Scale of Pleasure the lowest are sensual Delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged Views and gay Portraitures of a lively Imagination; and these give Way to the sublimer Pleasures of Reason, which discovers the Causes and Designs, the Frame,

Frame, Connexion and Symmetry of Things, and fills the Mind with the Contemplation of intellectual Beauty, Order and Truth.

HENCE I regard our publick Schools and Univerſities, not only as Nurſeries of Men for the Service of the Church and State, but alſo as Places deſigned to teach Mankind the moſt refined Luxury, to raiſe the Mind to its due Perfection, and give it a Taſte for thoſe Entertainments which afford the higheſt Tranſport, without the Groſſneſs or Remorſe that attend vulgar Enjoyments.

IN thoſe bleſſed Retreats Men enjoy the Sweets of Solitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt *Genii* that have appeared in every Age, wander through the delightful Mazes of every Art and Science, and as they gradually enlarge their Sphere of Knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent Poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs Proſpect of future Diſcoveries. *There* a generous Emulation, a noble Thirſt of Fame, a Love of Truth and honourable Regards, reign in Minds as yet untainted from the World. *There* the Stock of Learning tranſmitted down from the Ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily Increaſe; and it is *thence* propagated by Men, who having finiſhed their Studies, go into the World, and ſpread that general Knowledge and good Taſte throughout the Land, which is ſo diſtant from the Barbariſm of its ancient Inhabitants, or the fierce Genius of its Invaders. And as it is evident that our Literature is owing to the Schools and Univerſities, ſo it cannot be denied that theſe are owing to our Religion.

IT was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious Conſiderations that Princes, as well as private Perſons, have erected Colleges and aſſigned liberal Endowments to Students and Profeſſors; upon the ſame Account they meet with Encouragement and Protection from all Chriſtian States, as being eſteemed a neceſſary Means to have the Sacred Oracles and Primitive Traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known that after a long Night of Ignorance and Superſtition, the Reformation of the *Church* and that of *Learning* began together, and made proportionable Advances, the latter

having

having been the Effect of the former, which of Courſe engaged Men in the Study of the learned Languages and of Antiquity.

OR, if a *Free-thinker* is ignorant of theſe Facts, he may be convinced from the manifeſt Reaſon of the thing. Is it not plain that our Skill in Literature is owing to the Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*, which that they are ſtill preſerved among us, can be aſcribed only to a religious Regard? What elſe ſhould be the Cauſe why the Youth of *Chriſtendom*, above the reſt of Mankind, are educated in the painful Study of thoſe dead Languages, and that religious Societies ſhould peculiarly be employed in acquiring that ſort of Knowledge, and teaching it to others?

AND it is more than probable, that, in caſe our *Free-thinkers* could once atchieve their glorious Deſign of ſinking the Credit of the Chriſtian Religion, and cauſing thoſe Revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiſer Foreſathers had appointed to the Support and Encouragement of its Teachers, in a little time the *Shaſter* would be as intelligible as the *Greek* Teſtament, and we, who want that Spirit and Curioſity which diſtinguiſhed the ancient *Grecians*, would by degrees Relapſe into the ſame State of Barbariſm, which over-ſpread the Northern Nations before they were enlightened by Chriſtianity.

SOME, perhaps, from the ill Tendency and vile Taſte which appear in their Writings, may ſuſpect that the *Free-thinkers* are carrying on a malicious Deſign againſt the *Belles Lettres*: For my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking Wretches of ſhort Views and narrow Capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the Cauſes or Conſequences of things.

Saturday,

N° 63. *Saturday, May* 23.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι,
Ἐν δὲ φάει ὄλεσον. Hom. Il. 17. v. 645.

O King! O Father! hear my humble Prayer:
Dispel this Cloud, the Light of Heav'n restore,
Give me to see, and Ajax *asks no more:*
If Greece *must perish, we thy Will obey,*
But let us perish in the Face of Day! POPE.

I AM obliged, for many Reason, to insert this first Letter, tho' it takes me out of my Way, especially on a *Saturday*; but the Ribaldry of some Part of that will be abundantly made up by the Quotation in the second.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

SIR, *Friday, May* 22, 1713.

‘THE *Examiner* of this Day consists of Reflexions upon the Letter I writ to you, published in yours of the 12th Instant. The Sentence upon which he spends most of his Invectives, is this. *I will give my self no manner of Liberty to make Guesses at him, if I may say him; for tho' sometimes I have been told by familiar Friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the* Examiner; *others, who have rallied me upon the Sins of my Youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the* Examiner.

‘NOW, Mr. IRONSIDE, *What was there in all this but saying, I cannot tell what to do in this Case: There has been named for this Paper one, for whom I have a Value, and another whom I cannot but neglect?* I have named no Man, but if there be any Gentleman, who wrongfully lies under the Imputation of being, or assisting the *Examiner*, he would do well to do himself Justice, under his own Hand, in the Eye of the World. As to the exasperated Mistress, the *Examiner* demands

in

' in her behalf, a *Reparation for offended Innocence.*
' This is pleaſant Language, when ſpoken of this Perſon;
' he wants to have me unſay what he makes me to have ſaid before. I declare then it was a falſe Report,
' which was ſpread concerning me and a Lady, ſome-
' times reputed the Author of the *Examiner*; and I can
' now make her no Reparation, but in begging her
' Pardon, that I never lay with her.

' I ſpeak all this only in regard to the *Examiner*'s
' Offended Innocence, and will make no Reply as to
' what relates merely to my ſelf. *I have ſaid before,*
' *he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he*
' *pleaſes.* But the Bit of *Greek*, which I intreat you
' to put at the Front of To-morrow's Paper, ſpeaks all
' my Senſe on this Occaſion. It is a Speech put in the
' Mouth of *Ajax*, who is engaged in the dark: He cries
' out to *Jupiter*, *Give me but Day-light, let me but*
' *ſee my Foe, and let him deſtroy me if he can.*

' BUT when he repeats his Story of the General for
' Life, I cannot hear him with ſo much Patience: He
' may inſinuate what he pleaſes to the Miniſtry of me;
' but I am ſure I could not, if I would, by Detraction,
' do them more Injury than he does by his ill-placed, ig-
' norant, nauſeous Flattery. One of them, whoſe Ta-
' lent is Addreſs and Skill in the World, he calls *Cato*;
' another, whoſe Praiſe is Converſation-Wit and a Taſte
' of Pleaſures, is alſo *Cato*: Can any thing in Nature
' be more out of Character, or more expoſe thoſe whom
' he would recommend to the Rallery of his Adverſa-
' ries than comparing theſe to *Cato?* but Gentlemen
' of their Eminence are to be treated with Reſpect, and
' not to ſuffer becauſe a Sycophant has applauded them
' in a wrong Place.

' AS much as he ſays I am in defiance with thoſe in
' preſent Power, I will lay before them one Point that
' would do them more Honour than any one Circum-
' ſtance in their whole Adminiſtration; which is, to ſhew
' their Reſentment of the *Examiner*'s nauſeous Applauſe
' of themſelves, and licentious Calumny of their Prede-
' ceſſors; till they do themſelves that Juſtice Men of
' Senſe will believe they are pleaſed with the Adulation
' of a Proſtitute, who heaps upon them injudicious Ap-
' plauſes,

'plauses, for which he makes way, by random Abuses 'upon those who are in present Possession of all that is 'laudable.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

To Mr. IRONSIDE:

SIR.

'A Mind so well qualified as yours, must receive 'every Day large Improvements, when exercised 'upon such Truths which are the Glory of our Natures; 'such as those which lead us to an endless Happiness 'in our Life succeeding this. I herewith send you *Dr.* 'Lucas's *Practical Christianity* for your serious Peru-'sal. If you have already read it, I desire you would 'give it to one of your Friends who have not. I think 'you cannot recommend it better than in inserting, by 'way of Specimen, these Passages which I point to you 'as follows.

'THAT I have in this State I am now in, a *Soul* as 'well as a *Body*, whose Interest concerns me, is a Truth 'my Sense sufficiently discovers; for I feel *Joys* and *Sor-'rows*, which do not make their Abode in the Organs 'of the *Body*, but in the inmost Recesses of the Mind; '*Pains* and *Pleasures* which Sense is too gross and hea-'vy to partake of, as the *Peace* or *Trouble* of Conscience 'in the Reflexion upon good or evil Actions, the *Delight* 'or *Vexation* of the Mind, in the Contemplation of, or a 'fruitless Inquiry after, excellent and important Truths.

'AND since I have such a Soul capable of Happiness 'or Misery, it naturally follows, that it were sottish and 'unreasonable to *lose* this Soul for the *Gain* of the 'whole World. For my Soul is *I my self*, and if *that* 'be miserable *I* must needs be so. Outward Circum-'stances of Fortune may give the World occasion to *think* 'me happy, but they can never *make* me so. Shall I 'call my self happy, if Discontent and Sorrow eat out 'the Life and Spirit of my Soul? if Lusts and Passions 'riot and mutiny in my Bosom? if my Sins scatter an 'uneasy Shame all o'er me, and my Guilt appales and

'frights

'frights me? What avails it me, that my Rooms are 'stately, my Tables full, my Attendants numerous, and 'my Attire gaudy, if all this while my very *Being* pines 'and languishes away? *These* indeed are rich and plea-'sant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and miserable 'Man: Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing 'be I call a Soul, tho' it were a perishing, dying thing, 'and would not out-live the Body, yet it were my Wis-'dom and Interest to prefer its Content and Satisfaction 'before all the World, unless I could choose to be *miser-'able*, and *delight* to be *unhappy*.

'THIS very Consideration, supposing the Uncer-'tainty of another World, would yet strongly engage 'me to the Service of Religion, for all it aims at is to ba-'nish Sin out of the World, which is the Source and 'Original of all the Troubles that disquiet the Mind; '1. Sin in its very Essence is nothing else but disor-'dered distempered Passions, Affections foolish and pre-'posterous in their Choice, or wild and extravagant in 'their Proportion, which our own Experience sufficient-'ly convinces us to be painful and uneasy. 2. It en-'gages us in desperate Hazards, wearies us with daily 'Toils, and often buries us in the Ruins we bring upon 'our selves: and *lastly*, it fills our Hearts with Distrust, 'and Fear, and Shame; for we shall never be able to 'persuade our selves *fully*, that there is no Difference 'between Good and Evil, that there is no God, or 'none that concerns himself at the Actions of this Life; 'and if we cannot, we can never rid our selves of the 'Pangs and Stings of a troubled Conscience, we shall ne-'ver be able to establish a Peace and Calm in our Bosoms, 'and so enjoy our Pleasure with a clear and uninterrupt-'ed Freedom. But if we could persuade our selves in-'to the utmost Height of Atheism, yet still we shall be 'under these two strange Inconveniencies: 1. That a 'Life of Sin will be still irregular and disorderly, and 'therefore troublesom; 2. That we shall have dismant-'led our Souls of their greatest Strengths, disarm'd them 'of that Faith which only can support them under the 'Afflictions of this present Life.

N° 64. *Monday, May* 25.

——*Levium spectacula rerum.* Virg. Georg. 4. v. 3.

Trifles set out to Shew.

I Am told by several Persons whom I have taken into my Ward, that it is to their great Damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural Course of my Precautions. They have addressed and petitioned me with Appellations and Titles, which admonish me to be that sort of Patron which they want me to be, as follows.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq; Patron of the Industrious.*

The humble Petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Batt Pidgeon, *and* J. Norwood, *Capital Artificers, most humbly sheweth,*

'THAT your Petitioners behold, with great Sorrow, your Honour employing your important Moments in remedying Matters which nothing but Time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the Concerns of us your Petitioners, and other Handicraft Persons, who excel in their different and respective Dexterities.

'THAT as all Mechanicks are employed in accommodating the Dwellings, clothing the Persons, or preparing the Diet of Mankind, your Petitioners ought to be placed first in your *Guardianship*, as being useful in a degree superior to all other Workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the Head of Man.

'THAT the said *Longbottom*, above all the rest of Mankind, is skilful in taking off that horrid Excrescence on the Chins of all Males, and casting, by the touch of his Hand, a Chearfulness where that Excrescence grew, an Art known only to this your Artificer.

'THAT

'THAT *Charles Lilly* prepares Snuff and Per-
'fumes which refreshes the Brain in those who have too
'much for their Quiet, and gladdens it in those who
'have too little to know their want of it.

'THAT *Batt Pidgeon* cuts the luxuriant Locks
'growing from the upper Part of the Head in so artful
'a manner, with regard to the Visage, that he makes
'the Ringlets, falling by the Temples, conspire with
'the Brows and Lashes of the Eye, to heighten the Ex-
'pressions of Modesty and Intimations of Good-will,
'which are most infallibly communicated by Ocular
'Glances.

'THAT *J. Norwood* forms Periwigs with respect
'to particular Persons and Visages, on the same Plan
'that *Batt Pidgeon* corrects natural Hair; that he has
'a strict Regard to the Climate under which his Custo-
'mer was born, before he pretends to cover his Head;
'that no part of his Wig is composed of Hair which
'grew above twenty Miles from the Buyer's Place of
'Nativity; that the very Neck-lock grew in the same
'County, and all the Hair to the Face in the very Parish
'where he was born.

'THAT these your Cephalick Operators humbly
'intreat your more frequent Attention to the Mechanick
'Arts, and that you would place your Petitioners at
'the Head of the Family of the Cosmeticks, and your
'Petitioners shall ever pray, *&c.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*; Guardian *of good Fame.*

The Memorial of Esau Ringwood *sheweth*,

'THAT tho' Nymphs and Shepherds, Sonnets and
'Complaints, are no more to be seen nor heard
'in the Forests and Chases of *Great Britain*, yet are
'not the Huntsmen who now frequent the Woods so
'barbarous as represented in the *Guardian* of the 21st
'Instant; that the Knife is not presented to the Lady of
'Quality by the Huntsman to cut the Throat of the
'Deer; but after he is killed, that Instrument is given
'her, as the Animal is now become Food, in token that
'all our Labour, Joy, and Exultation in the Pursuit,
'were excited from the sole Hope of making the Stag
'an

'an Offering to her Table; That your Honour has de-'tracted from the Humanity of Sportsmen in this Re-'presentation; That they demand you would retract 'your Error, and distinguish *Britons* from *Scythians*.

P. S. '*Repent, and eat Venison*.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq; Avenger of Detraction*.

The Humble Petition of Susan How-d'ye-call *most humbly sheweth*,

'THAT your Petitioner is mentioned at all Visits, 'with an Account of Facts done by her, of Speeches 'she has made, and of Journeys she has taken, to all 'which Circumstances your Petitioner is wholly a Stran-'ger; That in every Family in *Great Britain*, Glasses 'and Cups are broken, and Utensils displaced, and all 'these Faults laid upon Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*; That your 'Petitioner has apply'd to Council, upon these Grievan-'ces; That your Petitioner is advised, that her Case 'is the same with that of *John-a-Styles*, and that she 'is abused only by way of Form; your Petitioner there-'fore most humbly prays, that in Behalf of herself, 'and all others defamed under the Term of Mr. or 'Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*, you will grant her and them the 'following Concessions; That no Reproach shall take 'Place where the Person has not an Opportunity of 'defending himself; That the Phrase of *a certain Per-'son* means no certain Person: That the *How-d'ye-calls*, 'Some People, A certain Set of Men, There are Folks 'now-a-days, and Things are come to that pass, are 'Words that shall concern no Body after the present '*Monday* in *Whitsun-week*, 1713.

'THAT it is Baseness to offend any Person, ex-'cept the Offender exposes himself to that Person's Exa-'mination; That no Woman is defamed by any Man, 'without he names her Name; That exasperated Mis-'tress, False Fair, and the like, shall from the said '*Whitsun-Monday*, signify no more than *Cloe*, *Corinna*, 'or Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*; That your Petitioner being an 'old Maid, may be join'd in Marriage to *John-a-Nokes*,

'or,

'or, in Case of his being resolved upon Celibacy, to
'*Tom Long* the Carrier, and your Petitioner shall ever
'pray, *&c.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

The Humble Petition of Hugh Pounce, *of* Grubstreet, *sheweth,*

'THAT in your first Paper you have touched upon 'the Affinity between all Arts which concern the 'Good of Society, and professed that you should pro- 'mote a good Understanding between them.

'THAT your Petitioner is skilful in the Art and 'Mystery of writing Verses or Distichs.

'THAT your Petitioner does not write for Vain- 'glory, but for the Use of Society.

'THAT, like the Art of Painting on Glass, the 'more durable Work of Writing upon Iron is almost lost.

'THAT your Petitioner is retained as Poet to the 'Ironmongers Company.

'YOUR Petitioner therefore humbly desires you 'would protect him in the sole making of Posies for 'Knives, and all manner of Learning to be wrought on 'Iron, and your Petitioner shall for ever pray.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'THO' every body has been Talking or Writing on 'the Subject of *Cato*, ever since the World was 'obliged with that Tragedy, there has not, methinks, 'been an Examination of it, which sufficiently shows the 'Skill of the Author merely as a Poet. There are pe- 'culiar Graces which ordinary Readers ought to be in- 'structed how to admire; among others, I am charmed 'with his artificial Expressions in well-adapted Similies: 'There is no Part of Writing in which it is more dif- 'ficult to succeed, for on sublime Occasions it requires 'at once the utmost Strength of the Imagination, and 'the severest Correction of the Judgment. Thus *Sy- 'phax*, when he is forming to himself the sudden and 'unexpected Destruction which is to befal the Man he 'hates,

'hates, expresses himself in an Image which none but 'a *Numidian* could have a lively Sense of; but yet if 'the Author had ranged over all the Objects upon the 'Face of the Earth, he could not have found a Repre-'sentation of a Disaster so great, so sudden, and so 'dreadful as this;

So where our wide Numidian *Wastes extend,*
Sudden th' Impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel thro' the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise,
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty Whirl-wind dies.

'When *Sempronius* promises himself the Possession of '*Martia* by a Rape, he triumphs in the Prospect, and 'exults in his Villany, by representing it to himself in 'a manner wonderfully suited to the Vanity and Im-'piety of his Character.

So Pluto, *seiz'd of* Proserpine, *convey'd*
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove *his Sun-shine and his Skies.*

'Pray, old *Nestor*, trouble thy self no more with the 'Squabbles of old Lovers, tell 'em from me, now they 'are past the Sins of the Flesh, they are got into those 'of the Spirit; Desire hurts the Soul less than Malice; 'it is not now as when they were *Sappho* and *Phaon*.

I am, S I R,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

A. B.

Tuesday,

Nº 65. *Tuesday, May 26.*

—— *Inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia*——
Hor. Ep. 12. l. 1. v. 13.

Amidſt the Pois'n of ſuch infectious Times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, ſo much Talk about Religion, as among us in *England*; nor do I think it poſſible for the Wit of Man to deviſe Forms of Addreſs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible Terms than are every where to be found in our *Book of Common Prayer*. And yet I have heard it read with ſuch a Negligence, Affectation, and Impatience, that the Efficacy of it has been apparently loſt to all the Congregation: For my part I make no ſcruple to own it, that I go ſometimes to a particular Place in the City, far diſtant from mine own Home, to hear a Gentleman, whoſe Manner I admire, read the Liturgy. I am perſuaded Devotion is the greateſt Pleaſure of his Soul, and there is none hear him read without the utmoſt Reverence. I have ſeen the young People who have been interchanging Glances of Paſſion to each other's Perſon, check'd into an Attention to the Service at the Interruption which the Authority of his Voice has given them. But the other Morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my Time better, than to go upon the Admonition of the Morning Bell to the Church Prayers at Six of the Clock. I was there the firſt of any in the Congregation, and had the Opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my Life, and contemplate the Bleſſing and Advantage of ſuch ſtated early Hours for offering ourſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſs ourſelves with the Love of Him, and the Hopes we have from Him, againſt the Snares of Buſineſs and Pleaſure in the enſuing Day. But whether it be that People think fit to indulge their own Eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing Fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the Confeſſion but a Set of poor Scrubs of

us, who could Sin only in our Wills, whose Persons could be no Temptation to one another, and might have, without Interruption from any Body else, humble, lowly Hearts, in frightful Looks and dirty Dresses, at our Leisure. When we poor Souls had presented ourselves with a Contrition suitable to our Worthlesness, some pretty young Ladies, in Mobbs, popped in here and there about the Church, clattering the Pew-Door after them, and squatting into a Whisper behind their Fans. Among others one of Lady *Lizard*'s Daughters, and her hopeful Maid, made their Entrance; the young Lady did not omit the ardent Form behind the Fan, while the Maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout Person, whom I saw at a Distance very well dressed; his Air and Habit a little Military, but in the Pertness not the true Possession of the Martial Character. This Jackanapes was fixed at the end of a Pew with the utmost Impudence, declaring, by a fixed Eye on that Seat, (where our Beauty was placed) the Object of his Devotion. This obscene Sight gave me all the Indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the Reflexion that the greatest Affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious Inadvertencies to the Business of the Place, there was a great deal of good Company now come in. There was a good number of very Janty Slatterns, who gave us to understand, that it is neither Dress nor Art to which they were beholden for the Town's Admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three Sets of Whisperers, who carry on most of their Calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that Place, and we were now altogether very good Company. There were indeed a few, in whose Looks there appeared an Heavenly Joy and Gladness upon the Entrance of a new Day, as if they had gone to Sleep with Expectation of it. For the Sake of these it is worth while that the Church keeps up such early Mattins throughout the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; but the Generality of those who observe that Hour, perform it with so tasteless a Behaviour, that it appears a Task rather than a voluntary Act. But of all the World, those familiar Ducks, who are, as it were, at home at the Church, and by fre-

quently meeting there, throw the time of Prayer very negligently into their Common Life, and make their coming together in that Place as ordinary as any other Action, and do not turn their Conversation upon any Improvements suitable to the true Design of that House, but on Trifles below even their Worldly Concerns and Characters. These are little Groups of Acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the Town, who are, forsooth, the only People of unspotted Characters, and throw all the Spots that stick on those of other People. Malice is the ordinary Vice of those who live in the Mode of Religion, without the Spirit of it. The pleasurable World are hurried by their Passions above the Consideration of what others think of them, into a Pursuit of irregular Enjoyments: while these, who forbear the Gratifications of Flesh and Blood, without having won over the Spirit to the Interests of Virtue, are implacable in Defamations on the Errors of such who offend without respect to Fame. But the Consideration of Persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that Place, has drawn me out of my intended Talk, which was to bewail that People do not know the Pleasure of early Hours, and of dedicating their first Moments of the Day, with Joy and Singleness of Heart to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our Beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

ONE great Good which would also accrue from this, were it become a Fashion, would be, that 'tis possible our Chief Divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those Oraisons in a Garb and Attire which makes them appear mortify'd with worldly Want, and not abstracted from the World by the Contempt of it. How is it possible for a Gentleman under the Income of fifty Pounds a Year, to be attentive to sublime things? he must rise and dress like a Labourer for a sordid Hire, instead of approaching his Place of Service with the utmost Pleasure and Satisfaction, that now he is going to be Mouth of a Crowd of People, who have laid aside all the Distinctions of this contemptible Being, to beseech a Protection under its manifold Pains and Disadvantages, or a Release from

it, by his Favour who ſent them into it. He would, with decent Superiority, look upon himſelf as Orator before the Throne of Grace, for a Crowd, who hang upon his Words, while he asks for them all that is neceſſary in a tranſitory Life, from the Aſſurance that a good Behaviour, for a few Moments in it, will purchaſe endleſs Joy and happy Immortality.

BUT who can place himſelf in this View, who, tho' not pinched with Want, is diſtracted with Care from the Fear of it? No: A Man, in the leaſt Degree below the Spirit of a Saint or a Martyr, will loll, huddle over his Duty, look confuſed, or aſſume a Reſolution in his Behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is ſupported above the Neceſſities of Life.

Power and Commandment to his Miniſter to declare and pronounce to his People, is mentioned with a very unguarded Air, when the Speaker is known in his own private Condition to be almoſt an Object of their Pity and Charity. This laſt Circumſtance, with many others here looſely ſuggeſted, are the Occaſion that one knows not how to recommend to ſuch as have not already a fixed Senſe of Devotion, the Pleaſure of paſſing the earlieſt Hours of the Day in a publick Congregation. But were this Morning Solemnity as much in Vogue, even as it is now at more advanced Hours of the Day, it would neceſſarily have ſo good an Effect upon us, as to make us more diſengaged and chearful in Converſation, and leſs artful and inſincere in Buſineſs. The World would be quite another Place than it is now the reſt of the Day, and every Face would have an Alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other Reflexions, but thoſe which give us the aſſured Protection of Omnipotence.

N° 66. *Wednesday, May* 27.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam: post, hunc quoque—
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 86.

Set twelve at Supper, one above the rest
Takes all the Talk, and breaks a scurvy Jest
On all, except the Master of the Feast:
At last on him——

THE following Letter is full of Imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, sets forth a Connexion between Things, and an Alliance between Persons that are very distant and remote to common Eyes. I think I know the Hand to be that of a very Ingenious Man, and shall therefore give it the Reader without farther Preface.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'THERE is a Set of Mankind, who are wholly 'employed in the Ill-natured Office of gathering 'up a Collection of Stories that lessen the Reputation of 'others, and spreading them abroad with a certain Air 'of Satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent unmean-'ing Curiosity, a Desire of being informed concerning 'those we live with, or a Willingness to profit by Re-'flexion upon the Actions of others, may sometimes 'afford an Excuse or sometimes a Defence, for Inquisi-'tiveness; but certainly it is, beyond all Excuse, a 'Transgression against Humanity, to carry the Matter 'farther, to tear off the Dressings, as I may say, from 'the Wounds of a Friend, and expose them to the Air 'in cruel Fits of Diversion; and yet we have something 'more to bemoan, an Outrage of a higher Nature, 'which Mankind is guilty of when they are not content 'to spread the Stories of Folly, Frailty and Vice, but

'even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken 'Characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful 'to one another. From ſuch Practices as theſe it hap-'pens, that ſome feel a Sorrow, and others are agitated 'with a Spirit of Revenge, that Scandals or Lies are 'told, becauſe another has told ſuch before, that Re-'ſentments and Quarrels ariſe, and Affronts and Injuries 'are given, received and multiplied in a Scene of 'Vengeance.

'ALL this I have often obſerved with abundance of 'Concern, and having a perfect Deſire to further the 'Happineſs of Mankind, I lately ſet my ſelf to conſi-'der the Cauſes from whence ſuch Evils ariſe, and the 'Remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut 'my Eyes to prevent a Diſtraction from outward Ob-'jects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an Impulſe 'of Thought, into the *World of Ideas*, where abſtracted 'Qualities became viſible in ſuch Appearances as were 'agreeable to each of their Natures.

'THAT part of the Country, where I happened to 'light, was the moſt Noiſy that I had ever known. The 'Winds whiſtled, the Leaves ruſtled, the Brooks rumbled, 'the Birds chatter'd, the Tongues of Men were heard, 'and the Echo mingled ſomething of every Sound in 'its Repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange Confuſion and 'Uproar of Sounds about me. At length, as the Noiſe 'ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a Man habited like a 'Herald (and as I afterwards underſtood) called *Novelty*, 'that came forward proclaiming a Solemn Day to be kept 'at the Houſe of *Common Fame*. Immediately behind him 'advanced three Nymphs, who had monſtrous Appea-'rances. The firſt of theſe was *Curioſity*, habited like a 'Virgin, and having an hundred Ears upon her Head to 'ſerve in her Inquiries. The ſecond of theſe was *Talka-'tiveneſs*, a little better grown, ſhe ſeemed to be like a 'young Wife, and had an hundred Tongues to ſpread 'her Stories. The third was *Cenſoriouſneſs*, habited 'like a Widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred Squin-'ting Eyes of a malignant Influence, which ſo oblique-'ly darted on all around; that it was impoſſible to 'ſay which of them had brought in the Information ſhe 'boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very

'instrumental in preserving and rearing *Common Fame*, 'when upon her Birth-day she was shuffled into a Crowd; 'to escape the Search which *Truth* might have made 'after her and her Parents. *Curiosity* found her there, '*Talkativeness* convey'd her away, and *Censoriousness* 'so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a 'prodigious Size, and obtained an Empire over the 'Universe; wherefore the *Power*, in Gratitude for these 'Services, has since advanced them to her highest Em-'ployments. The next who came forward in the Pro-'cession was a light Damsel, called *Credulity*, who car-'ried behind them the Lamp, the Silver Vessel with a 'Spout, and other Instruments proper for this solemn 'Occasion. She had formerly seen these three together, 'and conjecturing from the number of their Ears, 'Tongues and Eyes, that they might be the proper *Ge-'nii* of *Attention*, *Familiar Converse*, and *Ocular De-'monstration*, she from that time gave her self up to at-'tend them. The last who followed were some who 'had closely muffled themselves in upper Garments, so 'that I could not discern who they were; but just as the 'foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, 'calling me by my Name, to meet you at this time, 'stay close by me, and take a strict Observation of all 'that passes: Her Voice was sweet and commanding, I 'thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as 'I went along, I learned the Meaning of every thing 'which offered.

'WE now marched forward through the *Rookery* of '*Rumours*, which flew thick and with a terrible din all 'around us. At length we arrived at the House of *Com-'mon Fame*, where a Hecatomb of *Reputations* was that 'day to fall for her Pleasure. The House stood upon 'an Eminence, having a thousand Passages to it, and a 'thousand whispering Holes for the Conveyance of 'Sound. The Hall we entered was formed with the Art 'of a Musick-Chamber for the Improvement of Noises. '*Rest* and *Silence* are banished the Place. *Stories* of dif-'ferent Natures wander in light Flocks all about, some-'times Truths and Lies, or sometimes Lies themselves 'clashing against one another. In the middle stood a Ta-'ble painted after the manner of the remotest *Asiatick*

'Countries

'Countries upon which the Lamp, the Silver Veſſel, 'and Cups of a white Earth, were planted in order. 'Then dried Herbs were brought, collected for the So-'lemnity in Moon-ſhine, and Water being put to them, 'there was a greeniſh Liquor made, to which they added 'the Flower of Milk, and an Extraction from the Canes 'of *America*, for performing a Libation to the Infernal '*Powers* of *Miſchief*. After this, *Curioſity*, retiring to 'a withdrawing Room, brought forth the *Victims*, be-'ing to Appearance a Set of ſmall waxen Images, 'which ſhe laid upon the Table one after another. Im-'mediately then *Talkativeneſs* gave each of them the 'Name of ſome one, whom for the time they were to 'repreſent; and *Cenſoriouſneſs* ſtuck them all about 'with black Pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe 'ſtuck, ſomething to the Prejudice of the Perſons re-'preſented. No ſooner were theſe Rites performed, 'and Incantations uttered, but the Sound of a Speaking-'Trumpet was heard in the Air, by which they knew 'the *Deity* of the Place was propitiated and aſſiſting. 'Upon this the Sky grew darker, a Storm aroſe, and 'Murmurs, Sighs, Groans, Cries, and the Words of 'Grief or Reſentment were heard within it. Thus the 'three *Sorcereſſes* diſcovered, that they, whoſe Names 'they had given to the Images, were already affected 'with what was done to them in Effigy. The Know-'ledge of this was received with the loudeſt Laughter, 'and in many Congratulatory Words they applauded 'one another's Wit and Power.

'AS Matters were at this high Point of Diſorder, the 'muffled Lady, whom I attended on, being no longer 'able to endure ſuch barbarous Proceedings, threw off 'her upper Garment of *Reſerve*, and appeared to be '*Truth*. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, 'the Speaking-Trumpet ceas'd to ſound, the Sky cleared 'up, the Storm abated, the Noiſes which were heard 'in it ended, the Laughter of the Company was over, 'and a ſerene Light, till then unknown to the Place, 'diffuſed around it. At this the detected *Sorcereſſes* en-'deavoured to eſcape in a Cloud which I ſaw began to 'thicken round them, but it was ſoon diſperſed, their 'Charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the

'superior *Divinity*. For my part I was exceedingly glad 'to see it so, and began to consider what Punishments 'she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be 'proper to cut off *Curiosity*'s Ears, and fix them to the 'Eaves of the Houses, to nail the Tongues of *Talkative-*'*ness* to *Indian* Tables, and to put out the Eyes of *Cen*-'*soriousness* with a Flash of her Light. In respect of *Cre*-'*dulity* I had indeed some little Pity, and had I been 'Judge she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty 'Reproof.

'BUT I soon found that the discerning *Judge* had 'other Designs, she knew them for such as will not be 'destroyed intirely while Mankind is in Being, and yet 'ought to have a Brand and Punishment affixed to them 'that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a Seat 'for Judgment, and had the *Criminals* brought forward 'by *Shame* ever blushing, and *Trouble* with a Whip of 'many Lashes, two Phantoms who had dogged the *Pro*-'*cession* in Disguise, and waited till they had an Autho-'rity from *Truth* to lay Hands upon them. Immedi-'ately then she ordered *Curiosity* and *Talkativeness* to be 'fetter'd together, that the one should never suffer the 'other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undisco-'vered. Light *Credulity* she linkt to *Shame* at the Tor-'mentor's own Request, who was pleased to be thus se-'cure that her Prisoner could not escape; and this was 'done partly for her Punishment, and partly for her 'Amendment. *Censoriousness* was also in like manner 'begged by *Trouble*, and had her assigned for an eternal 'Companion. After they were thus chain'd with one 'another, by the Judge's Order, she drove them from 'the Presence to wander for ever thro' the World, with '*Novelty* stalking before them.

'THE Cause being now over, she retreated from 'sight within the Splendor of her own Glory, which 'leaving the House it had brightened, the Sounds that 'were proper to the Place began to be as loud and con-'fused as when we entered, and there being no longer 'a clear distinguished Appearance of any Objects re-'presented to me, I returned from the Excursion I had 'made in *Fancy*.

Thursday,

N° 67. *Thursday, May* 28.

——— ——— nè fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Blush not to patronize the Muse's Skill.

IT has been remarked, by curious Observers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual Age of Man, if not cut off by some Accident or Excess, as *Anacreon*, in the midst of a very merry old Age, was choked with a Grape-stone. The same Redundancy of Spirits, that produces the Poetical Flame, keeps up the vital Warmth, and administers uncommon Fuel to Life. I question not but several Instances will occur to my Reader's Memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden*. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyricks, the one an Ancient, and the other a Modern. The first gain'd an immortal Reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympick* Games, the last has signalized himself on the same Occasion by the Ode that begins with —— *To Horse, brave Boys, to* New-Market, *to Horse*. My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his Urn, after having, many Years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful Compositions. Our Countryman is still living, and in a blooming old Age, that still promises many musical Productions; for if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best Judges who have perused his last Song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any Decay in his Parts, but think it deserves a Place among the finest of those Works with which he obliged the World in his more early Years.

I am led into this Subject by a Visit which I lately received from my good old Friend and Contemporary.

As we both flouriſhed together in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, we diverted our ſelves with the Remembrance of ſeveral Particulars that paſſed in the World before the greateſt Part of my Readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a Couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* obſerved to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great Difficulties by the Importunities of a Set of Men, who, of late Years, had furniſhed him with the Accommodations of Life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a Song. In order to extricate my old Friend, I immediately ſent for the three Directors of the Play-houſe, and deſired them that they would in their Turn do a good Office for a Man, who, in *Shakeſpear*'s Phraſe, had often fill'd their Mouths, I mean with Pleaſantry and popular Conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my Propoſal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Siſters*, (a very taking Play of my old Friend's compoſing) on the 15th of the next Month, for the Benefit of the Author.

MY Kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the Players in his Favour, I do not get the Town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my Diſciples, the Caſe of my old Friend, who has often made their Grand-mothers merry, and whoſe Sonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent Toaſt, when ſhe lay in her Cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady *Lizard* to be at the Houſe in one of the Front Boxes, and deſign, if I am in Town, to lead her in my ſelf at the Head of her Daughters. The Gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid Obligations on ſo many of his Countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt Return to the good Service of a Veteran Poet.

I my ſelf remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey*'s Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little ſupported by *Joy to great Cæſar*, which gave the Whigs ſuch a Blow as they were not able to recover that whole Reign. My Friend afterwards attacked

tacked Popery with the ſame Succeſs, having expoſed *Bellarmine* and *Porto-Carero* more than once in ſhort ſatirical Compoſitions, which have been in every Body's Mouth. He has made uſe of *Italian* Tunes and Sonatas for promoting the Proteſtant Intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's Muſick againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the Court with Political Sonnets, the Country with Dialogues and Paſtorals, the City with Deſcriptions of a Lord-Mayor's Feaſt, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-Ball*, with many other of the like Nature.

SHOULD the very Individuals he has celebrated make their Appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the Play-houſe. *Pretty Peg of* Windſor, Gilian *of* Croydon, *with* Dolly *and* Molly, *and* Tommy *and* Johny, with many others to be met with in the Muſical Miſcellanies, entitled, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good Benefit Night.

AS my Friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his Works with his own Voice, he has been the Delight of the moſt Polite Companies and Converſations from the Beginning of King *Charles* the Second's Reign to our preſent Times. Many an honeſt Gentleman has got a Reputation in his Country, by pretending to have been in Company with *Tom d'Urfey*.

I might here mention ſeveral other Merits in my Friend; as his enriching our Language with a Multitude of Rhimes, and bringing Words together, that, without his good Offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a Tongue. But I muſt not omit that my old Friend angles for a Trout the beſt of any Man in *England*. *May* Flies come in late this Seaſon, or I my ſelf ſhould, before now, have had a Trout of his Hooking.

AFTER what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this Subject, I queſtion not but the World will think that my old Friend ought not to paſs the Remainder of his Life in a Cage like a Singing Bird, but enjoy all that Pindarick Liberty which is ſuitable to a Man of his Genius. He has made the World merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a

Kindness to a more diverting Companion, or a more chearful, honest and good-natured Man.

Nº 68. *Friday, May* 29.

Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 3. Sc. 4.

My Advice to him is, to consult the Lives of other Men, as he wou'd a Looking Glass, and from thence fetch Examples for his own Imitation.

THE Paper of to-day shall consist of a Letter from my Friend Sir *Harry Lizard*, which, with my Answer, may be worth the Perusal of young Men of Estates, and young Women without Fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous Years we lay down some Law to our selves for the Conduct of future Life, which may at least prevent essential Misfortunes. The cutting Cares which attend such an Affection as that against which I forewarn my Friend Sir *Harry*, are very well known to all who are called the Men of Pleasure; but when they have opposed their Satisfactions to their Anxieties in an impartial Examination, they will find their Life not only a Dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

Dear Old Man,

'I Believe you are very much surprised, that in the several Letters I have written to you, since the Receipt of that wherein you recommend a young Lady for a Wife to your humble Servant, I have not made the least mention of that Matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclin'd to marry; there are very many Matches in our Country, wherein the Parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their Example. Besides, to tell you

'you the Truth, good NESTOR, I am informed 'your fine young Woman is ſoon to be diſpoſed of 'elſewhere. As to the young Ladies of my Acquain-'tance in your great Town, I do not know one whom 'I could think of as a Wife, who is not either pre-'poſſeſſed with ſome Inclination for ſome other Man, 'or affects Pleaſures and Entertainments, which ſhe 'prefers to the Converſation of any Man living. Women 'of this kind are the moſt frequently met with of any 'ſort whatſoever, I mean they are the moſt frequent 'among People of Condition, that is to ſay, ſuch are 'eaſily to be had as would ſit at the Head of your Eſtate 'and Table, Lie in by you for the ſake of receiving 'Viſits in Pomp at the End of the Month, and enjoy 'the like Gratifications from the Support of your 'Fortune; but you your ſelf would ſignify no more to 'one of them than a Name in Truſt in a Settlement 'which conveys Land and Goods, but has no right 'for its own Uſe. A Woman of this turn can no 'more make a Wife, than an ambitious Man can be a 'Friend; they both ſacrifice all the true Taſtes of Being, 'and Motives of Life, for the Oſtentation, the Noiſe, 'and the Appearance of it. Their Hearts are turned to 'unnatural Objects, and as the Men of Deſign can carry 'them on with an Excluſion of their daily Companions, 'ſo Women of this kind of Gaity can live at Bed and 'Board with a Man, without any Affection to his Perſon. 'As to any Woman that you examine hereafter for my 'ſake, if you can poſſibly find a Means to converſe 'with her at ſome Country Seat. If ſhe has no Reliſh 'for rural Views, but is undelighted with Streams, 'Fields and Groves, I deſire to hear no more of her, 'ſhe has departed from Nature, and is irrecoverably en-'gaged in Vanity.

'I have ever been curious to obſerve the Arrogance of 'a Town Lady when ſhe firſt comes down to her Huſ-'band's Seat, and beholding her Country Neighbours, 'wants ſomebody to laugh with her at the frightful 'things to whom ſhe herſelf is equally ridiculous. The 'pretty pitty pat Step, the playing Head, and the fall-'back in the Curteſy, ſhe does not imagine, make her 'as unconverſable, and inacceſſible to our plain People,

'as the loud Voice, and ungainly Stride, render one of 'our Huntresses to her. In a word, dear NESTOR, 'I beg you to suspend all Inquiries towards my Matri'mony till you hear further from,

SIR,

Your most Obliged, and

Most humble Servant,

Harry Lizard.

A certain loose Turn in this Letter, mixed indeed with some real Exceptions to the too frequent silly Choice made by Country Gentlemen, has given me no small Anxiety: And I have sent Sir *Harry* an Account of my Suspicions as follows.

To Sir Harry Lizard.

SIR,

'YOUR Letter I have read over two or three times, 'and must be so free with you as to tell you is has 'in it something which betrays you have lost that Sim'plicity of Heart with relation to Love, which I pro'mised my self would crown your Days with Hap'piness and Honour. The Alteration of your Mind to'wards Marriage is not represented as flowing from Dis'cretion, and Wariness in the Choice, but a Disinclina'tion to that State in general; you seem secretly to pro'pose to your self (for I will think no otherwise of a 'Man of your Age and Temper) all its Satisfactions out 'of it, and to avoid the Care and Inconveniences that 'attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this 'time the greatest Consideration of all, to wit, regard 'of Innocence; but having, I think, in my Eye, what 'you aim at, I must, as I am your Friend, acquaint you 'that you are going into a Wilderness of Cares and 'Distractions, from which you will never be able to 'extricate your self, while the Compunctions of Honour 'and Pity are yet alive in you.

'WITHOUT naming Names, I have long suspect'ed your Designs upon a young Gentlewoman in your 'Neighbourhood, but give me leave to tell you with an 'the Earnestness of a faithful Friend, that to enter into a

'criminal

'criminal Commerce with a Woman of Merit, whom 'you find innocent, is, of all the Follies in this Life, the 'most fruitful of Sorrow; you must make your Ap- 'proaches to her with the Benevolence and Language of a 'good Angel, in order to bring upon her Pollution and 'Shame, which is the Work of a *Demon:* The Fashion 'of the World, the Warmth of Youth, and the Afflu- 'ence of Fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon 'me in this Talk like a poor well-meaning old Man, 'who is past those Ardencies in which you at present 'triumph; but believe me, Sir, if you succeed in what 'I fear you design, you'll find the Sacrifice of Beauty and 'Innocence so strong an Obligation upon you, that your 'whole Life will pass away in the worst Condition ima- 'ginable, that of Doubt and Irresolution; you will ever 'be designing to leave her, and never do it; or else leave 'her for another, with a constant Longing after her. 'He is a very unhappy Man who does not reserve the 'most pure and kind Affections of his Heart for his Mar- 'riage-Bed, he will otherwise be reduced to this melan- 'choly Circumstance, that he gave his Mistress that kind 'of Affection which was proper for his Wife, and has 'not for his Wife either that, or the usual Inclination 'which Men bestow upon their Mistresses. After such 'an Affair as this, you are a very lucky Man if you find 'a prudential Marriage is only insipid, and not actually 'miserable; a Woman, of as ancient a Family as your 'own, may come into the House of the *Lizards,* mur- 'mur in your Bed, growl at your Table, rate your Ser- 'vants, and insult your self, while you bear all this with 'this unhappy Reflexion at the bottom of your Heart, '*This is all for the Injured*——The Heart is ungovern- 'able enough, without being biassed by Prepossessions; 'how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who, besides 'the natural Vagrancy of Affection, has a Passion to one 'particular Object in which he sees nothing but what is 'Lovely, except what proceeds from his own Guilt 'against it? I speak to you, my dear Friend, as one who 'tenderly regards your Welfare, and beg of you to avoid 'this great Error, which has rendered so many agreeable 'Men unhappy before you. When a Man is engaged 'among the Dissolute, Gay, and Artful of the Fair Sex, a

'Know-

'Knowledge of their Manners and Deſigns, their Fa-'vours unendeared by Truth, their feigned Sorrows and 'groſs Flatteries, muſt in time reſcue a reaſonable Man 'from the Inchantment; but in a Caſe wherein you have 'none but your ſelf to accuſe, you'll find the beſt Part 'of a generous Mind torn away with her whenever you 'take your Leave of an injured, deſerving Woman. 'Come to Town, *fly from* Olinda, to your

Obedient humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Nº 69. *Saturday, May* 30.

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides——— Lucan.

Where-e'er you turn your Eyes, 'tis God you ſee.

I Had this Morning a very valuable and kind Preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated Work of a moſt excellent Foreign Writer, who makes a very conſiderable Figure in the Learned and Chriſtian World. It is Entituled, *A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, particularly of Man, and fitted to the meaneſt Capacity, by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, and Tranſlated from the *French* by the ſame Hand that *Engliſhed* that excellent Piece. This great Author, in the Writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His Talents and Parts are a very great Good to the World, and it is a pleaſing Thing to behold the polite Arts ſubſervient to Religion, and recommending it from its natural Beauty. Looking over the Letters of my Correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this Treatiſe, and recommends it to my Readers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Think I have ſomewhere read, in the Writings of 'one whom I take to be a Friend of yours, a Saying 'which ſtruck me very much, and as I remember it was 'to this Purpoſe: *The Exiſtence of a God is ſo far from* '*being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think* '*it the only thing of which we are certain.* This is a 'ſprightly and juſt Expreſſion; however, I dare ſay, 'you will not be diſpleaſed that I put you in mind of 'ſaying ſomething on the Demonſtration of the Biſhop 'of *Cambray*. A Man of his Talents views all things 'in a Light different from that in which ordinary Men 'ſee them, and the devout Diſpoſition of his Soul turns 'all thoſe Talents to the Improvement of the Pleaſures 'of a good Life. His Stile clothes Philoſophy in a 'Dreſs almoſt Poetick, and his Readers enjoy in full 'Perfection the Advantage, while they are reading him, 'of being what he is. The pleaſing Repreſentation of 'the Animal Powers in the beginning of his Work, and 'his Conſideration of the Nature of Man with the Ad-'dition of Reaſon, in the ſubſequent Diſcourſe, impreſ-'ſes upon the Mind a ſtrong Satisfaction in it ſelf, and 'Gratitude towards Him who beſtowed that Superiority 'over the Brute World. Theſe Thoughts had ſuch an 'Effect upon the Author himſelf, that he has ended his 'Diſcourſe with a Prayer. This Adoration has a Sub-'limity in it, befitting his Character, and the Emo-'tions of his Heart flow from Wiſdom and Knowledge. 'I thought it would be proper for a *Saturday*'s Paper, 'and have tranſlated it, to make you a Preſent of it. I 'have not, as the Tranſlator was obliged to do, con-'fined my ſelf to an exact Verſion from the Original, 'but have endeavoured to expreſs the Spirit of it, by 'taking the Liberty to render his Thoughts, in ſuch a 'way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had been 'my own. It has been obſerved, that the private Let-'ters of great Men are the beſt Pictures of their Souls, 'but certainly their private Devotions would be ſtill 'more Inſtructive, and I know not why they ſhould 'not be as curious and entertaining.

'IF you insert this Prayer, I know not but I may 'send you, for another Occasion, one used by a very 'great Wit of the last Age, which has Allusions to the 'Errors of a very wild Life, and I believe you will 'think is written with an uncommon Spirit. The Per-'son whom I mean was an excellent Writer, and the 'Publication of this Prayer of his may be, perhaps, 'some kind of Antidote against the Infection in his other 'Writings. But this Supplication of the Bishop has in 'it a more happy and untroubled Spirit; it is (if that 'is not saying something too fond) the Worship of an 'Angel concerned for those who had fallen, but himself 'still in the State of Glory and Innocence. The Book 'ends with an Act of Devotion, to this Effect:

'O my God, if the greater Number of Mankind do 'not discover Thee in that glorious Show of Nature 'which thou hast placed before our Eyes, it is not be-'cause Thou art far from every one of us; Thou art 'present to us more than any Object which we touch 'with our Hands; but our Senses, and the Passions 'which they produce in us, turn our Attention from 'Thee. Thy Light shines in the midst of Darkness, 'but the Darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, 'dost every where display thy self. Thou shinest in all 'thy Works, but art not regarded by heedless and un-'thinking Man. The whole Creation talks aloud of 'Thee, and Echo's with the Repetitions of thy Holy 'Name. But such is our Insensibility, that we are 'deaf to the great and universal Voice of Nature. Thou 'art every where about us, and within us; but we wander 'from our selves, become Strangers to our own Souls, 'and do not apprehend thy Presence. O thou who art 'the eternal Fountain of Light and Beauty, who art 'the Ancient of Days, without Beginning and without 'End; O Thou, who art the Life of all that truly live, 'those can never fail to find Thee, who seek for Thee 'within themselves. But alas, the very Gifts which 'Thou bestowest upon us, do so employ our Thoughts, 'that they hinder us from perceiving the Hand which 'conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we 'live without thinking on Thee; but O Lord, what is 'Life in the Ignorance of Thee? A dead unactive Piece

'of Matter, a Flower that withers, a River that glides 'away, a Palace that hastens to its Ruin, a Picture 'made up of fading Colours, a Mass of shining Ore, 'strike our Imaginations, and make us sensible of their 'Existence. We regard them as Objects capable of 'giving us Pleasure, not considering that thou convey-'est through them all the Pleasure which we imagine 'they give us. Such vain empty Objects that are only 'the Shadows of Being, are proportioned to our low 'and groveling Thoughts. That Beauty which Thou 'hast poured out on thy Creation, is as a Veil which 'hides thee from our Eyes. As Thou art a Being too 'pure and exalted to pass through our Senses, Thou art 'not regarded by Men, who have debased their Nature, 'and have made themselves like the Beasts that perish. 'So infatuated are they, that, notwithstanding they 'know what is Wisdom and Virtue, which have neither 'Sound, nor Colour, nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Fi-'gure, nor any other sensible Quality, they can doubt 'of thy Existence, because thou art not apprehended by 'the grosser Organs of Sense. Wretches that we are! 'we consider Shadows as Realities, and Truth as a 'Phantom. That which is Nothing is All to us, and 'that which is All appears to us Nothing. What do we 'see in all Nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and 'only Thou, appearest in every thing. When I consi-'der Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up and lost in 'Contemplation of Thee. Every thing besides Thee, 'even my own Existence, vanishes and disappears in the 'Contemplation of Thee. I am lost to my self, and 'fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The Man 'who does not see Thee, has beheld nothing; he who 'does not taste Thee, has a Relish of nothing. His Be-'ing is vain, and his Life but a Dream. Set up Thy 'self, O Lord, set up Thy self that we may behold 'Thee. As Wax consumes before the Fire, and as the 'Smoke is driven away, so let Thine Enemies vanish 'out of thy Presence. How unhappy is that Soul who, 'without the Sense of Thee, has no God, no Hope, no 'Comfort to support him? but how happy the Man 'who searches, sighs, and thirsts after Thee! But he 'only is fully happy on whom Thou liftest up the Light

'of thy Countenance, whoſe Tears Thou haſt wiped
'away, and who enjoys in Thy Loving-kindneſs the
'Completion of all his Deſires. How long, how long,
'O Lord, ſhall I wait for that Day, when I ſhall poſ-
'ſeſs, in thy Preſence, Fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſures for
'evermore? O my God, in this pleaſing Hope, my
'Bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My
'Heart melts away, and my Soul faints within me,
'when I look up to Thee who art the God of my Life,
'and my Portion to all Eternity.

Nº 70. *Monday, June 1.*

——*mentiſque capacius altæ.* Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 76.

Of Thoughts enlarged, and more exalted Mind.

AS I was, the other Day taking a ſolitary Walk in St. *Paul*'s, I indulged my Thoughts in the Purſuit of a certain Analogy between the Fabrick and the *Chriſtian Church* in the largeſt Senſe. The Divine Order and Oeconomy of the one ſeemed to be emblematically ſet forth by the juſt, plain, and majeſtick Architecture of the other. And as the one conſiſts of a great Variety of Parts united in the ſame regular Deſign, according to the trueſt Art, and moſt exact Proportion; ſo the other contains a decent Subordination of Members, various ſacred Inſtitutions, ſublime Doctrines, and ſolid Precepts of Morality digeſted into the ſame Deſign, and with an admirable Concurrence tending to one View, the Happineſs and Exaltation of Human Nature.

IN the midſt of my Contemplation I beheld a Fly upon one of the Pillars; and it ſtraightway came into my Head, that this ſame Fly was a *Free-thinker*. For it required ſome Comprehenſion in the Eye of the Spectator, to take in at one View the various Parts of the Building, in order to obſerve their Symmetry and Deſign. But to the Fly, whoſe Proſpect was confined to a little Part of one of the Stones of a ſingle Pillar, the joint Beauty of the

the whole, or the diſtinct Uſe of its Parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could appear but ſmall Inequalities in the Surface of the hewn Stone, which in the View of that Inſect ſeemed ſo many deformed Rocks and Precipices.

THE Thoughts of a *Free-thinker* are employed on certain minute Particularities of Religion, the Difficulty of a ſingle Text, or the Unaccountableneſs of ſome Step of Providence or Point of Doctrine to his narrow Faculties, without comprehending the Scope and Deſign of Chriſtianity, the Perfection to which it raiſeth human Nature, the Light it hath ſhed abroad in the World, and the cloſe Connexion it hath as well with the Good of Publick Societies, as with that of particular Perſons.

THIS raiſed in me ſome Reflexions on that Frame or Diſpoſition which is called *Largeneſs of Mind*, its Neceſſity towards forming a true Judgment of Things, and where the Soul is not incurably ſtinted by Nature, what are the likelieſt Methods to give it Enlargement.

IT is evident that Philoſophy doth open and enlarge the Mind, by the general Views to which Men are habituated in that Study, and by the Contemplation of more numerous and diſtant Objects, than fall within the Sphere of Mankind in the ordinary Purſuits of Life. Hence it comes to paſs, that Philoſophers judge of moſt Things very differently from the Vulgar. Some Inſtances of this may be ſeen in the *Theætetus* of *Plato*, where *Socrates* makes the following Remarks, among others of the like Nature.

'WHEN a Philoſopher hears ten thouſand Acres mentioned as a great Eſtate, he looks upon it as an inconſiderable Spot, having been uſed to contemplate the whole Globe of Earth. Or when he beholds a Man elated with the Nobility of his Race, becauſe he can reckon a Series of ſeven rich Anceſtors, the Philoſopher thinks him a ſtupid ignorant Fellow, whoſe Mind cannot reach to a general View of Human Nature, which would ſhew him that we have all innumerable Anceſtors, among whom are Crowds of Rich and Poor, Kings and Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*.' Thus far *Socrates*, who was accounted wiſer than the reſt of the Heathens, for Notions which approach the neareſt to Chriſtianity.

AS all Parts and Branches of Philoſophy, or ſpeculative Knowledge, are uſeful in that reſpect, Aſtronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow Spirit. In that Science there are good Reaſons aſſigned to prove the Sun an hundred thouſand times bigger than our Earth, and the Diſtance of the Stars ſo prodigious, that a Cannon-Bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid Motion, would not arrive from hence at the neareſt of them in the Space of an hundred and fifty thouſand Years. Theſe Ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the Mind. There is ſomething in the Immenſity of this Diſtance, that ſhocks and ovrewhelms the Imagination, it is too big for the Graſp of a human Intellect: Eſtates, Provinces, and Kingdoms vaniſh at its Preſence. It were to be wiſhed a certain Prince, who hath encouraged the Study of it in his Subjects, had been himſelf a Proficient in Aſtronomy. This might have ſhewed him how mean an Ambition that was, which terminated in a ſmall Part of what is it ſelf but a Point, in reſpect to that Part of the Univerſe which lies within our View.

BUT the *Chriſtian Religion* ennobleth and enlargeth the Mind beyond any other Profeſſion or Science whatſoever. Upon that Scheme, while the Earth, and the tranſient Enjoyments of this Life, ſhrink into the narroweſt Dimenſions, and are accounted as *the Duſt of a Balance, the Drop of a Bucket, yea leſs than nothing*, the Intellectual World opens wider to our View: The Perfections of the Deity, the Nature and Excellence of Virtue, the Dignity of the human Soul, are diſplayed in the largeſt Characters. The Mind of Man ſeems to adapt it ſelf to the different Nature of its Objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable Enlargement ariſing from the Contemplation of theſe great and ſublime Ideas.

THE Greatneſs of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in reſpect of Extenſion, but likewiſe in reſpect of Dignity, Duration, and all kinds of Perfection. Aſtronomy opens the Mind, and alters our Judgment, with regard to the Magnitude of extended Beings; but Chriſtianity produceth an univerſal Greatneſs of Soul. Philoſophy increaſeth our Views in every

every Respect, but Christianity extends them to a Degree beyond the Light of Nature.

HOW mean must the most exalted Potentate upon Earth appear to that Eye which takes in innumerable Orders of blessed Spirits, differing in Glory and Perfection? How little must the Amusements of Sense, and the ordinary Occupations of mortal Men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a Pursuit, as the Assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper Employment of every Christian!

AND the Improvement which grows from habituating the Mind to the comprehensive Views of Religion must not be thought wholly to regard the Understanding. Nothing is of greater Force to subdue the inordinate Motions of the Heart, and to regulate the Will. Whether a Man be actuated by his Passions or his Reason, these are first wrought upon by some Object, which stirs the Soul in Proportion to its apparent Dimensions. Hence irreligious Men, whose short Prospects are filled with Earth, and Sense, and mortal Life, are invited, by these mean Ideas, to Actions proportionably little and low. But a Mind, whose Views are enlightened and extended by Religion, is animated to nobler Pursuits by more sublime and remote Objects.

THERE is not any Instance of Weakness in the *Free-thinkers* that raises my Indignation more, than their tending to ridicule Christians, as Men of narrow Understandings, and to pass themselves upon the World for Persons of superior Sense, and more enlarged Views. But I leave it to any impartial Man to judge which hath the nobler Sentiments, which the greater Views; he whose Notions are stinted to a few miserable Inlets of Sense, or he whose Sentiments are raised above the common Taste by the Anticipation of those Delights which will satiate the Soul, when the whole Capacity of her Nature is branched out into new Faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short Span of Duration, or he whose Aims are co-extended with the endless Length of Eternity? He who derives his Spirit from the Elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

Nº 71. *Tuesday, June 2.*

Quale portentum neque Militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum
Arida Nutrix. Hor. Od. 22. l. 1. v. 13.

No Beast, of more portentous Size,
In the Hercinian *Forest lies;*
Nor fiercer, in Numidia *bred,*
With Carthage *were in Triumph led.* ROSCOMMON.

I Question not but my Country Customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this Town is, of late Years, very much infested with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange Piece of News, when I assure them that there are many of these Beasts of Prey who walk our Streets, in broad Day-light, beating about from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

TO unriddle this Paradox, I must acquaint my Rural Reader that we polite Men of the Town give the Name of a Lion to any one that is a great Man's Spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my Office of *Guardian* without setting a Mark on such a noxious Animal, and cautioning my Wards against him, I design this whole Paper as an Essay upon the Political Lion.

IT has cost me a great deal of Time to discover the Reason of this Appellation, but after many Disquisitions and Conjectures on so obscure a Subject, I find there are two Accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the Republick of *Venice*, which has been always the Mother of Politicks, there are near the *Doge*'s Palace several large Figures of Lions curiously wrought in Marble, with Mouths gaping in a most enormous Manner. Those who have a mind to give the State any private Intelligence of what passes in the City, put their Hands into the Mouth of one of these Lions, and convey into it a Paper of such private Informations as any way regard the

the Intereſt or Safety of the Commonwealth. By this means all the Secrets of State come out of the Lion's Mouth. The Informer is concealed, it is the Lion that tells every Thing. In ſhort, there is not a Miſmanagement in Office, or a Murmur in Converſation, which the Lion does not acquaint the Government with. For this Reaſon, ſay the Learned, a Spy is very properly diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Lion.

I muſt confeſs this Etymology is plauſible enough, and I did for ſome time acquieſce in it, till about a Year or two ago I met with a little Manuſcript which ſets this whole Matter in a clear Light. In the Reign of Queen *Eliſabeth*, ſays my Author, the renowned *Walſingham* had many Spies in his Service, from whom the Government received great Advantage. The moſt eminent among them was the Stateſman's Barber, whoſe Sirname was *Lion*. This Fellow had an admirable Knack of fiſhing out the Secrets of his Cuſtomers, as they were under his Hands. He would rub and lather a Man's Head, till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain Snap in his Fingers and a Volubility in his Tongue, that would engage a Man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an Inexhauſtible Fund of private Intelligence, and ſo ſignalized himſelf in the Capacity of a Spy, that from his time a Maſter-Spy goes under the Name of a Lion.

WALSINGHAM had a moſt excellent Penetration, and never attempted to turn any Man into a Lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his Human Condition. Indeed the Speculative Men of thoſe Times ſay of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expoſe them a little unmercifully; but that, in my Opinion, ſeems only good Policy, for otherwiſe they might ſet up for Men again, when they thought fit, and deſert his Service. But however, tho' in that very corrupt Age he made uſe of theſe Animals, he had a great Eſteem for true Men, and always exerted the higheſt Generoſity in offering them more, without asking Terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere reſpect for their Talents, tho' againſt him, than they could expect from any other Miniſter whom they had ſerved never ſo conſpicuouſly. This made *Raleigh*

(who professed himself his Opponent) say one day to a Friend, *Pox take this* Walsingham, *he baffles every body, he won't so much as let a Man hate him in private.* True it is, that by the Wandrings, Roarings, and Lurkings of his Lions, he knew the way to every Man breathing, who had not a Contempt for the World itself: He had Lions Rampant whom he used for the Service of the Church, and Couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were so much at Command that the Couchant would act as the Rampant, and the Rampant as Couchant, without being the least out of Countenance, and all this within four and twenty Hours. *Walsingham* had the pleasantest Life in the World, for, by the Force of his Power and Intelligence, he saw Men as they really were, and not as the World thought of them: All this was principally brought about by feeding his Lions well, or keeping them Hungry, according to their different Constitutions.

HAVING given this short, but necessary Account of this Statesman and his Barber, who, like the Taylor in *Shakespear*'s *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, was a Man made as other Men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal Lion, I shall proceed to the Description of this strange Species of Creatures. Ever since the wise *Walsingham* was Secretary in this Nation, our Statesmen are said to have encouraged the Breed among us, as very well knowing that a Lion in our *British* Arms is one of the Supporters of the Crown, and that it is impossible for a Government, in which there are such Variety of Factions and Intrigues, to subsist without this necessary Animal.

A Lion, or Master-Spy, hath several Jack-Calls under him, who are his Retailers in Intelligence, and bring him in Materials for his Report; his chief Haunt is a Coffee-house, and as his Voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the Sound of every thing it repeats.

AS the Lion generally thirsts after Blood and is of a fierce and cruel Nature, there are no Secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off Heads, Hang, Draw, and Quarter, or end in the Ruin of the Person who becomes his Prey. If he gets the Wind of any Word or Action that may do a Man good, it is not for his Purpose, he quits the Chace and falls into a more agreeable Scent.

HE

HE discovers a wonderful Sagacity in seeking after his Prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful Motions to draw it within his Reach, and has a particular way of imitating the Sound of the Creature whom he would ensnare; an Artifice to be met with in no Beast of Prey, except the *Hyæna* and the Political Lion.

YOU seldom see a cluster of News-mongers without a Lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his Stand within Ear-shot of one of those little ambitious Men who set up for Orators in Places of Publick Resort. If there is a whispering hole, or any publick-spirited Corner in a Coffee-house you never fail of seeing a Lion couched upon his Elbow in some part of the Neighbourhood.

A Lion is particularly addicted to the Perusal of every loose Paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the *Post-man*, and snuffs the Candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a Lion pore upon a single Paragraph in an old Gazette for two Hours together, if his Neighbours have been talking all that while.

HAVING given a full Description of this Monster, for the Benefit of such Innocent Persons as may fall into his Walks, I shall apply a Word or two to the Lion himself whom I would desire to consider that he is a Creature hated both by God and Man, and regarded with the utmost Contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and Executioners are necessary in a State, and so may the Animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the Wretch that takes on him so vile an Employment? There is scarce a Being that would not suffer by a Comparison with him, except that Being only who acts the same kind of part and is both the Tempter and Accuser of Mankind.

N. B. *Mr.* Ironside *has, within five Weeks last past, muzzled three Lions, gorged five and killed one. On* Monday *next the Skin of the dead one will be hung up,* in Terrorem, *at* Button's *Coffee-house over-against* Tom's *in* Covent-Garden. ☞

N° 72. *Wednesday, June 3.*

—— In vitium Libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam Lege regi—— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 282.

—— Its Liberty was turn'd to Rage;
Such Rage, as Civil Pow'r was forc'd to tame.
CREECH.

OXFORD is a Place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my Nativity, and when I have an Account of any sprightly Saying, or rising Genius from thence it brings my own youthful Days into my Mind, and throws me Forty Years back into Life. It is for this Reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by *Jack Lizard*, from whom I used to hear at least once a Week. The last Post brought me his Excuse, which is that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some Exercises for the Theatre. He tells me likewise, that the Talk there is about a *Publick ACT*, and that the gay part of the University have great Expectation of a *Terræ-filius*, who is to lash and sling all the World in a satirical Speech. Against the great Licence, which hath heretofore been taken in these Libels, he expresses himself with such Humanity, as is very unusual in a young Person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part, I so far agree with him, that if the University permits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope those, whose Duty it is to appoint a proper Person for that Office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Christian. Moreover, I would have them consider that their Learned Body hath already Enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent Insinuations, and to interpret all oblique Indecencies, who will triumph in such a Victory, and bid the University thank herself for the Consequences.

IN

IN my Time I remember the *Terræ-filius* contented himſelf with being bitter upon the Pope, or chaſtiſing the *Turk*; and raiſed a ſerious and manly Mirth, and adapted to the Dignity of his Auditory, by expoſing the falſe Reaſoning of the Heretick, or ridiculing the clumſy Pretenders to Genius and Politeneſs. In the jovial Reign of King *Charles* the Second, wherein never did more Wit or more Ribaldry abound, the Faſhion of being arch upon all that was Grave, and waggiſh upon the Ladies crept into our Seats of Learning upon theſe Occaſions. This was managed groſly and aukwardly enough, in a Place where the general Plainneſs and Simplicity of Manners could ill bear the Mention of ſuch Crimes, as in Courts and great Cities are called by the ſpecious Names of Air and Galantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any Man bred up in the Knowledge of Virtue and Humanity, ſhould ſo far caſt off all Shame and Tenderneſs, as to ſtand up in the Face of Thouſands, and utter ſuch Contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch an one know that he is making Fools merry, and wiſe Men ſick; and that in the Eye of conſidering Perſons, he hath leſs Compunction than the common Hangman, and leſs Shame than a Proſtitute.

INFAMY is ſo cutting an Evil, that moſt Perſons who have any Elevation of Soul, think it worſe than Death. Thoſe, who have it not in their Power to revenge it, often pine away in Anguiſh, and lothe their Being; and thoſe who *have*, enjoy no Reſt till they have Vengeance. I ſhall therefore make it the Buſineſs of this Paper, to ſhow how baſe and ungenerous it is to traduce the Women, and how dangerous to expoſe Men of Learning and Character, who have generally been the Subjects of theſe Invectives.

IT hath been often ſaid, that Women ſeem formed to ſoften the boiſterous Paſſions, and ſooth the Cares and Anxieties to which Men are expoſed in the many Perplexities of Life. That having weaker Bodies, and leſs Strength of Mind than Man, Nature hath poured out her Charms upon them, and given them ſuch Tenderneſs of Heart, that the moſt delicate Delight we receive from them, is in thinking them entirely ours, and under our Protection. Accordingly we find, that all Nations have

paid a decent Homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the Rational Creation, in proportion to their Removal from Savagenefs and Barbarifm. Chaftity and Truth are the only due Returns that they can make for this generous Difpofition in the nobler Sex. For Beauty is fo far from fatisfying us of itfelf, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with Regret and Difdain. Whoever therefore robs a Woman of her Reputation, defpoils a poor defencelefs Creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her Beauty into Lothfomnefs, and leaves her friendlefs, abandoned and undone. There are many Tempers fo foft, that the leaft Calumny gives them Pains they are not able to bear. They give themfelves up to ftrange Fears, gloomy Reflexions, and deep Melancholy. How favage muft he be, who can facrifice the Quiet of fuch a Mind to a tranfient Burft of Mirth! Let him who wantonly fports away the Peace of a poor Lady, confider what Difcord he fows in Families; how often he wrings the Heart of an hoary Parent; how often he roufes the Fury of a jealous Husband; how he extorts from the abufed Woman Curfes, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the Bitternefs of her Soul! What Weapons hath fhe wherewith to repel fuch an Outrage! How fhall fhe oppofe her Softnefs and Imbecillity to the hardened Forehead of a Coward, who hath trampled upon Weaknefs that could not refift him? to a Buffoon, who hath flandered Innocence to raife the Laughter of Fools? who hath *fcattered Firebrands, Arrows, and Death*, and faid, *am I not in Sport?*

IRREVERENT Reflexions upon Men of Learning and Note, if their Character be Sacred, do great Differvice to Religion, and betray a vile Mind in the Author. I have therefore always thought, with Indignation, upon that *Accufer of the Brethren*, the famous Antiquary, whofe Employment it was, for feveral Years, to rake up all the ill-natured Stories that had ever been faftened upon celebrated Men, and tranfmit them to Pofterity with cruel Induftry, and malicious Joy. Though the good Men, ill ufed, may out of a meek and Chriftian Difpofition, fo far fubdue their natural Refentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the Inventors of fuch Calumnies will find generous Perfons, whofe Bravery of Mind

Mind makes them think themſelves proper Inſtruments to chaſtiſe ſuch Inſolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the Diſcipline of the Blanket adminiſtred to the Offenders, and all their Slanders anſwered by that kind of Syllogiſm which the ancient *Romans* called the *Argumentum Bacillinum.*

I have leſs Compaſſion for Men of ſprightly Parts and Genius whoſe Characters are played upon, becauſe they have it in their Power to revenge themſelves tenfold. But I think of all the Claſſes of Mankind, they are the moſt pardonable if they pay the Slanderer in his own Coin. For, their Names being already blazed abroad in the World, the leaſt Blot thrown upon them is diſplayed far and wide; and they have this ſad Privilege above the Men in Obſcurity, that the Diſhonour travels as far as their Fame. To be even therefore with their Enemy, they are but too apt to diffuſe his Infamy as far as their own Reputation; and perhaps triumph in ſecret, that they have it in their Power to make his Name the Scoff and Deriſion of After-Ages. This I ſay, they are too apt to do. For ſometimes they reſent the expoſing of their little Affectations or Slips in Writings as much as Wounds upon their Honour. The firſt are Trifles they ſhould laugh away, but the latter deſerves their utmoſt Severity.

I muſt confeſs a Warmth againſt the Buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this Paper, as they have ſo many Circumſtances to aggravate their Guilt. A Licence for a Man to ſtand up in the Schools of the Prophets, in a grave decent Habit, and audaciouſly vent his Obloquies againſt the Doctors of our Church, and Directors of our young Nobility, Gentry and Clergy, in their hearing and before their Eyes; to throw Calumnies upon poor defenceleſs Women, and offend their Ears with nauſeous Ribaldry, and name their Names at length in a publick Theatre, when a Queen is upon the Throne: Such a Licence as this never yet gained ground in our Play-houſes; and I hope, will not need a Law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this Matter, I ſhould repreſent to the Orator how noble a Field there lay before him for Panegyrick; what a happy Opportunity he had of doing Juſtice to the great Men who once were of

that famous Body, or now shine forth in it; nor should I neglect to insinuate the Advantages he might propose by gaining their Friendship, whose Worth, by a contrary Treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might rescue the Name from Scandal, and if, as it ought, this Performance turned solely upon Matters of Wit and Learning, it might have the Honour of being one of the first Productions of the magnificent Printing-house, just erected at *Oxford*.

THIS Paper is written with a Design to make my Journey to *Oxford* agreeable to me, where I design to be at the Publick *Act*. If my Advice is neglected, I shall not scruple to insert in the *Guardian* whatever the Men of Letters and Genius transmit to me, in their own Vindication; and I hereby promise that I myself will draw my Pen in Defence of all injured Women.

Nº 73. *Thursday, June* 4.

In amore hæc insunt omnia.— Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All these things are inseparable from Love.

IT is a matter of great Concern that there come so many Letters to me, wherein I see Parents make Love for their Children, and, without any manner of Regard to the Season of Life, and the respective Interests of their Progeny, judge of their future Happiness by the Rules of ordinary Commerce. When a Man falls in Love, in some Families, they use him as if his Land was mortgaged to 'em, and he cannot discharge himself, but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable Settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his Estate itself. These Extortioners are, of all others, the most cruel; and the Sharks, who prey upon the Inadvertency of young Heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good Opinion of those who treat with 'em upon the foot of Choice and Respect. The following Letters may place in the Reader's View Uneasinesses

of

of this sort, which may perhaps be useful to some under the Circumstances mentioned by my Correspondents.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*;

Venerable Sir, *From a certain Town in* Cumberland, May 21.

'IT is impossible to express the universal Satisfaction 'your *Precautions* give in a Country so far North as 'ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a 'Case that is by no means particular to ourselves, all 'Mankind, who wish well to one another, being equally 'concerned in their Success. However, as all Nations 'have not the Genius, and each particular Man has his 'different Views and Taste, we Northerns cannot but 'acknowledge our Obligations, in a more especial manner, for your *Matrimonial Precautions*, which we 'more immediately are interested in. Our Climate has 'ever been recorded as friendly to the Continuation of 'our Kind; and the ancient Histories are not more full 'of their *Goths* and *Vandals*, that in Swarms overspread 'all *Europe*, than modern Story of its *Yorkshire* Hostlers, 'and Attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every Market-Town, and most Inns of this 'Kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, with the 'ancient Sages, into a particular reasoning upon the 'Case, as whether it proceeds from the Cold Temper of 'the Air, or the particular Constitutions of the Persons, 'or both: from the fashionable Want of Artifice in the 'Women, and their intire Satisfaction in one Conquest 'only, or the happy Ignorance in the Men of those 'Southern Vices which effeminate Mankind.

'FROM this Encomium, I do not question but by 'this time you infer me happy already in the legal Possession of some Fair one, or in a probable way of being so. But alas! neither is my Case, and from the 'cold Damp which this minute seizes upon my Heart, 'I presage never will. What shall I do? To complain 'here is to talk to Winds, or Mortals as regardless as 'they: The tempestuous Storms, in the Neighbouring 'Mountains, are not more relentless, or the Crags more 'deaf, than the old Gentleman is to my Sighs and Pray-

'ers. The lovely *Pastorella* indeed hears and gently 'sighs, but 'tis only to increase my Tortures; she is too 'dutiful to disobey a Father, and I neither able nor for-'ward to receive her by an Act of Disobedience.

'AS to myself, my Humour, till this Accident to 'ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, perpetual-'ly toying amongst the Women, dancing briskly and 'singing softly. For I take it, more Men miscarry 'amongst them for having too much than too little Un-'derstanding. *Pastorella* seems willing to relieve me 'from my Frights; and by her constant Carriage, by ad-'mitting my Visits at all Hours, has convinced all here-'abouts of my Happiness with her, and occasioned a 'total Defection amongst her former Lovers, to my in-'finite Contentment. Ah! Mr. *Ironside*, could you but 'see in a calm Evening the Profusion of Ease and Ten-'derness betwixt us! The murmuring River that glides 'gently by, the cooing Turtles in the Neighbouring 'Groves, are harsh, compared to her more tuneful 'Voice. The happy Pair, first joined in *Paradise*, not 'more enamour'd walk'd, more sweetly lov'd! But alas! 'what is all this! an imaginary Joy, in which we trifle 'away our precious time, without coming together for 'ever. That must depend upon the old Gentleman, who 'sees I cannot live without his Daughter, and knows 'I cannot, upon his Terms be ever happy with her. I 'beg of you to send for us all up to Town together, that 'we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a De-'ference to your Judgment) upon these Heads, Whether 'the Authority of a Father should not accommodate it-'self to the Liberty of a Free-born *English* Woman?

'WHETHER, if you think fit to take the old 'Gentleman into your Care, the Daughter may not 'choose her Lover for her Guardian?

'WHETHER all Parents are not obliged to pro-'vide for the just Passions of their Children when grown 'up, as well as Food and Raiment in their tender 'Years?

'THESE and such Points being unsettled in the 'World, are Cause of great Distraction, and it would 'be worthy your great Age and Experience to consider 'them distinctly for the Benefit of Domestick Life. All

'which,

'which, most venerable *Nestor*, is humbly submitted by 'all your Northern Friends, as well as

Your most Obedient, and

Devoted Humble Servant,

Pastor Fido.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'WE who subscribe this are Man and Wife, and 'have been so these fifteen Years; but you must 'know we have quarrelled twice a Day ever since we 'came together, and at the same time have a very ten-'der Regard for one another. We observe this habitual 'Disputation has an ill Effect upon our Children, and 'they lose their Respect towards us from this Jangling 'of ours. We lately enter'd into an Agreement, that 'from that time forward, when either should fall into 'Passion, the Party angry should go into another Room, 'and write a Note to the other by one of the Children, 'and the Person writ to, right or wrong, beg Pardon, 'because the Writing to avoid Passion, is in it self an 'Act of Kindness. This little Method, with the Smiles 'of the Messengers, and other nameless Incidents in 'the Management of this Correspondence with the next 'Room, has produc'd inexpressible Delight, made our 'Children and Servants chearful under our Care and 'Protection, and made us ourselves sensible of a thou-'sand good Qualities we now see in each other, which 'could not before shine out, because of our mutual Im-'patience.

Your Humble Servants,

Philip *and* Mary.

P. S. 'Since the above, my Wife is gone out of the 'Room, and writes Word by *Billy* that she would have, 'in the above Letter, the Words *Jangling of ours*, chan-'ged into the Words *these our frequent Debates.* I 'allow of the Amendment, and desire you would un-'derstand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went 'into frequent Debates, which were always held in a 'Committee of the whole House.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*;

Sagacious Sir,

'WE married Men reckon our selves under your 'Ward, as well as those who live in a less regular 'Condition. You must know I have a Wife, who is 'one of those good Women who are never very angry 'or very much pleased. My Dear is rather inclined to 'the former, and will walk about in Soliloquy, drop-'ping Sentences to her self of Management, *Saying she* '*will say nothing, but she knows when her Head is laid* '*what*—and the rest of that kind of half Expressions. 'I am never inquisitive to know what is her Grievance, 'because I know it is only Constitution. I call her by 'the kind Appellation of *My gentle Murmur*, and I am 'so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep 'without it. It would not be amiss if you communi-'cated this to the Publick, that many who think their 'Wives angry may know they are only not pleased, and 'that very many come into this World, and go out 'of it at a very good old Age, without having ever 'been much transported with Joy or Grief in their 'whole Lives.

Your humble Servant,

Arthur Smooth.

Most Venerable NESTOR.

'I AM now three and twenty, and in the utmost 'Perplexity how to behave my self towards a Gentle-'man, whom my Father has admitted to visit me, as a 'Lover. I plainly perceive my Father designs to take 'Advantage of his Passion towards me, and require 'Terms of him which will make him fly off. I have 'Orders to be cold to him in all my Behaviour; but if 'you insert this Letter in the *Guardian*, he will know 'that Distance is constrained. I love him better than 'Life, am satisfied with the Offer he has made, and 'desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter 'think he has purchased me too dear. My Mother knows 'I love him, so that my Father must comply.

Your thankful Ward,

Susanna ———

P. S.

P. S. 'I give my Service to him, and desire the Settlement may be such as shows I have my Thoughts fixed upon my Happiness in being his Wife, rather than his Widow.

N° 74. *Friday, June* 5.

Magne Parens sanctâ quàm Majestate verendus! Buch.

Great Parent! how majestic! how adorable!

I WILL make no Apology for preferring this Letter, and the Extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

SIR, *Cambridge, May* 31.

'YOU having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our *English* Divines, I have here presumed to send a Specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for Acuteness of Judgment, Ornament of Speech, and true Sublime, compare with any of the choicest Writings of the Ancient Fathers or Doctors of the Church, who lived nearest to the Apostles Times. The Subject is no less than that of God himself; and the Design, besides doing some Honour to our own Nation, is to shew by a fresh Example, to what a height and strength of Thought a Person, who appears not to be by Nature endued with the quickest Parts, may arrive through a sincere and steady Practice of the Christian Religion, I mean, as taught and administred in the Church of *England*: Which will, at the same time, prove that the Force of Spiritual Assistance is not at all abated by length of Time, or the Iniquity of Mankind; but that if Men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent Author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our Church's Rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent Saints for Virtue and Holiness. The

'Author

'Author from whom this Collection is made, is Bishop
'*Beveridge*, Vol. 2. Serm. I.

Philotheus.

IN treating upon that Passage in the Book of *Exodus*, where *Moses* being ordered to lead the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*, he asked God what Name he should mention Him by to that People, in order to dispose them to obey Him; and GOD answered, *I Am that I Am*; and bade him tell them, *I Am hath sent me unto you:* The admirable Author thus discourses; '*GOD* having been 'pleased to reveal himself to us under this Name or 'Title, *I am that I Am*, He thereby suggests to us, 'that he would not have us apprehend of Him, as of any 'particular or limited Being, but as *a Being in general*, 'or *the Being of all Beings*; who giveth *Being* to, and 'therefore exerciseth Authority over all things in the 'World. He did not answer *Moses*, I am the Great, 'the Living, the True, the Everlasting God; he did not 'say, I am the Almighty Creator, Preserver and Gover-'nor of the whole World, but *I Am that I Am:* Inti-'mating that if *Moses* desired such a Name of God as 'might fully describe his Nature as in it self, that is a 'thing impossible, there being no Words to be found in 'any Language, whereby to express the Glory of an in-'finite Being, especially so as that finite Creatures 'should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in 'these Words He is pleased to acquaint us what kind of 'Thoughts he would have us entertain of him: Inso-'much, that could we but rightly apprehend what is 'couch'd under and intended by them, we should doubt-'less have as high and true Conceptions of God as it is 'possible for Creatures to have——The Answer given suggests farther to us these following Notions of the most High God. 'First that he is *one Being*, existing *in and* '*of Himself:* His *Unity* is implied in that he saith *I*; 'his *Existence* in that he saith, *I Am*; his *Existence in* '*and of Himself*, in that he saith, *I Am that I Am*, that 'is, *I am in and of my self*, not receiving any thing from, 'nor depending upon any other——The same Ex-'pression implies, that as *GOD is only One*, so that He 'is *a most pure and simple Being*; for here, we see, He

'admits

'admits nothing into the Manifestation of Himself but 'pure *Essence*, saying, *I Am that I Am*, that is, *Being* '*it self*, without any Mixture, or Composition. And 'therefore we must not conceive of *GOD*, as made up 'of several Parts, or Faculties, or Ingredients, but only 'as *One*, who *is that He is*, and whatsoever *is in Him* '*is Himself*: And although we read of several Properties 'attributed to him in Scripture, as *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, '*Justice*, &c. we must not apprehend them to be several 'Powers, Habits or Qualities, as they are in us; for as 'they are in *GOD*, they are neither distinguished from 'one another, nor from his *Nature* or *Essence*, in whom 'they are said to be. In whom, I say, they are said to 'be: For to speak properly, they are not *in Him*, but 'are his *very Essence, or Nature it self*; which acting 'severally upon several Objects, seems to us to act from 'several Properties or Perfections in Him; whereas all 'the Difference is only in our different Apprehensions 'of the same thing. *GOD* in Himself is a *most simple* '*and pure Act*, and therefore cannot have any thing in 'Him but what is that *most simple and pure Act it self*; 'which seeing it bringeth upon every Creature what it 'deserves, we conceive of it as of several Divine Per-'fections in the same Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, 'whose Understanding is infinite as Himself, doth not 'apprehend Himself under the distinct Notions of *Wis-*'*dom*, or *Goodness*, or *Justice*, or the like, but only as '*Jehovah*: And therefore, in this place, he doth not 'say, *I am Wise*, or *Just*, or *Good*, but simply, *I am* '*that I Am*.

HAVING thus offered at something towards the Explication of the first of these Mysterious Sayings in the Answer *GOD* made to *Moses*, when he designed to encourage him to lead his People out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to consider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himself absolutely *I AM*, Concerning which he takes notice, 'That though *I AM* be commonly a Verb of the 'first Person, yet it is here used as a Noun Substantive, 'or proper Name, and is the Nominative Case to ano-'ther Verb of the third Person in these Words, *I Am* '*hath sent me unto you*. A strange Expression! But when '*GOD* speaks of himself, He cannot be confined to

'Grammar

'Grammar Rules, being infinitely above and beyond 'the reach of all Languages in the World. And there'fore it is no Wonder that when he would reveal Him'ſelf, He goes out of our common way of ſpeaking one 'to another, and expreſſeth Himſelf in a way peculiar 'to Himſelf, and ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to his 'own Nature and Glory.

'HENCE therefore, as when He ſpeaks of *Him'ſelf* and his own *eternal Eſſence*, He ſaith, *I Am that I 'Am*; ſo when he ſpeaks of *Himſelf*, with Reverence 'to his Creatures, and eſpecially to his People, He ſaith, '*I Am.* He doth not ſay *I am their Light, their Life, 'their Guide, their Strength, or Tower*, but only *I am:* 'He ſets as it were his Hand to a Blank, that his Peo'ple may write under it what they pleaſe that is good 'for them. As if He ſhould ſay, *Are they weak? I 'am Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they 'in trouble? I am Comfort. Are they ſick? I am Health. 'Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I Am 'all Things.* I am *Wiſdom and Power*, I am *Juſtice 'and Mercy*, I am *Grace and Goodneſs*, I am *Glory, 'Beauty, Holineſs, Eminency, Supereminency, Perfection, 'All-ſufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatſoever 'is ſuitable to their Nature, or convenient for them in 'their ſeveral Conditions, that I Am: Whatſoever is 'amiable in it ſelf, or deſirable unto them, that I Am: 'Whatſoever is pure and holy, whatſoever is great or 'pleaſant, whatſoever is good or needful to make Men 'happy, that I Am.* So that, in ſhort, *GOD* here re'preſents himſelf unto us as an *Univerſal Good*, and 'leaves us to make the Application of it to our ſelves, 'according to our ſeveral Wants, Capacities and Deſires, 'by ſaying only in general, *I Am.*

AGAIN, Pag. 27. he thus diſcourſes; 'There is 'more ſolid Joy and Comfort, more real Delight and 'Satisfaction of Mind, in one ſingle Thought of *GOD*, 'rightly formed, than all the Riches, and Honours, and 'Pleaſures of this World, put them all together, are able 'to afford——Let us then call in for all our ſcatter'ed Thoughts from all things here below, and raiſe 'them up, and unite them all to the moſt High *GOD*; 'apprehending Him under the Idea, Image, or Like-

'neſs

'nefs of any thing elfe, but as infinitely greater, and 'higher, and better than all Things; as One exifting *in* 'and *of Himfelf*, and giving Effence and Exiftence to all 'things in the World befides Himfelf; as One fo *Pure* 'and *Simple* that there is nothing in *Him* but *Himfelf*, 'but *Effence* and *Being it felf*; as One fo *Infinite* and '*Omnipotent*, that wherefoever any thing elfe is in the 'whole World, there *He* is, and beyond the World, 'where nothing elfe is, there all things are, becaufe *He* 'is there; as One fo *Wife*, fo *Knowing*, fo *Omnifcient*, 'that He at this very Moment, and always, fees what 'all the Angels are doing in Heaven; what all the 'Fowls are doing in the Air; what all the Fifhes are 'doing in the Waters; what all the Devils are doing 'in Hell; what all the Men and Beafts, and the very 'Infects, are doing upon Earth; as One fo *Powerful* 'and *Omnipotent*, that He can do whatfoever he will, 'only by Willing it fhould be done; as One fo *Great*, 'fo *Good*, fo *Glorious*, fo *Immutable*, fo *Tranfcendent*, 'fo *Infinite*, fo *Incomprehenfible*, fo *Eternal*, what fhall 'I fay? fo *Jehovah*, that the more we think of Him, 'the more we admire Him, the more we adore Him, 'the more we love Him, the more we may, and ought; 'our higheft Conceptions of Him being as much beneath 'Him, as our greateft Services come fhort of what 'we owe Him.

'SEEING therefore we cannot think of God fo 'highly as He is, let us think of Him as highly as we 'can: And for that end let us get above our felves, and 'above the World, and raife up our Thoughts higher 'and higher, and higher ftill, and when we have got 'them up as high as poffibly we can, let us apprehend '*a Being* infinitely higher than the higheft of them; and 'then finding our felves at a lofs, amazed, confounded 'at fuch an infinite height of infinite Perfections, let us 'fall down in humble and hearty Defires to be freed 'from thefe dark Prifons wherein we are now immured, 'that we may take our Flight into Eternity, and there '(thro' the Merits of our ever bleffed Saviour) fee this 'infinite Being *Face to Face*, and enjoy Him for ever.

Saturday,

N° 75. *Saturday, June* 6.

Hic eſt, aut nuſquam, quod quærimus.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 39.

—Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we deſire. CREECH.

THIS Paper ſhall conſiſt of Extracts from two great Divines, but of very different Genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the Underſtanding, the other for inflaming the Heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an Inquiry into Religion, and practiſing its Precepts.

'SUPPOSE the World began ſome time to be; it 'muſt either be made by Counſel and Deſign, that is, 'produced by ſome Being that knew what it did, that 'did Contrive it and Frame it as it is; which it is eaſy 'to conceive, a Being that is infinitely Good, and Wiſe, 'and Powerful, might do: but this is to own a God: 'Or elſe the Matter of it being ſuppoſed to have been 'always, and in continual Motion and Tumult, it at 'laſt happened to fall into this Order, and the Parts of 'Matter, after various Agitations, were at length en'tangled and knit together in this Order, in which we 'ſee the World to be. But can any Man think this 'reaſonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety 'which is in the World, all things ſhould happen by 'Chance, as well and as orderly as the greateſt Wiſdom 'could have contrived them? Whoever can believe this, 'muſt do it with his Will, and not with his Under'ſtanding.

'SUPPOSING the Reaſons for, and againſt the 'Principles of Religion, were equal, yet the danger and 'hazard is ſo unequal, as would ſway a Prudent Man to 'the Affirmative. Suppoſe a Man believe there is no 'God, nor Life after this, and ſuppoſe he be in the right, 'but not certain that he is, (for that I am ſure in this Caſe 'is impoſſible;) all the Advantage he hath by this Opi'nion,

'nion, relates only to this World and this present Time; 'for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now 'what advantage will it be to him in this Life? He shall 'have the more liberty to do what he pleaseth; that is, 'it furnisheth him with a stronger Temptation to be 'Intemperate, and Lustful, and Unjust, that is, to do 'those things which prejudice his Body and his Health, 'which cloud his Reason, and darken his Understand-'ing, which will make him Enemies in the World, will 'bring him into Danger. So that it is no Advantage to 'any Man to be vicious: and yet this is the greatest use 'that is made of Atheistical Principles; to comfort Men 'in their vicious Courses. But if thou hast a mind to be 'Virtuous, and Temperate, and Just, the belief of the 'Principles of Religion will be no Obstacle, but a Fur-'therance to thee in this course. All the Advantage a 'Man can hope for by disbelieving the Principles of Re-'ligion, is to escape Trouble and Persecution in this 'World, which may happen to him upon account of 'Religion. But supposing there be a God and a Life 'after this; then what a vast difference is there of the 'Consequences of these Opinions? As much as between 'Finite and Infinite, Time and Eternity.

'TO persuade Men to believe the Scriptures, I only 'offer this to Mens Consideration. If there be a God, 'whose Providence governs the World, and all the Crea-'tures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a 'particular care of Men, the noblest Part of this visible 'World? And seeing he hath made them capable of eter-'nal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal 'Happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to 'it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any 'Man produce any Book in the World, that pretends 'to be from God, and to do this; that for the Matter of 'it is so worthy of God, the Doctrines whereof are so 'useful, and the Precepts so reasonable, and the Argu-'ments so powerful, the Truth of all which was confirm-'ed by so many great and unquestionable Miracles, the 'relation of which has been transmitted to Posterity in 'Publick and Authentick Records, written by those who 'were Eye and Ear Witnesses of what they wrote, and 'free from suspicion of any worldly Interest and Design;

'let

'let any produce a Book like to this, in all these re-'spects; and which, over and besides, hath by the Power 'and Reasonableness of the Doctrines contained in it, 'prevailed so miraculously in the World, by weak and 'inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the Wit and 'Power of the World, and under such Discouragements 'as no other Religion was ever assaulted with; let any 'Man bring forth such a Book, and he hath my leave to 'believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none 'such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one 'that thinks God hath revealed himself to Men, ought 'to embrace and entertain the Doctrine of the Holy 'Scriptures, as revealed by God.

'AND now having presented Men with such Argu-'ments and Considerations as are proper, and I think 'sufficient to induce Belief, I think it not unreasonable 'to intreat and urge Men diligently and impartially to 'consider these matters; and if there be weight in these 'Considerations to sway reasonable Men, that they would 'not suffer themselves to be biassed by Prejudice, or Pas-'sion, or Interest, to a contrary Persuasion. Thus much 'I may with Reason desire of Men: for though Men 'cannot believe what they will, yet Men may, if they 'will, consider things seriously and impartially, and 'yield or withhold their Assent, as they shall see cause, 'after a thorough Search and Examination.

'IF any Man will offer a serious Argument against 'any of the Principles of Religion and will debate the 'matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite Con-'sequences of these things one way or other, and would 'gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can 'say: But if a Man will turn Religion into Rallery, and 'confute it by two or three bold Jests; he doth not make 'Religion, but himself ridiculous, in the Opinion of 'all considerate Men, because he sports with his Life.

'SO that it concerns every Man that would not 'trifle away his Soul, and fool himself into irrecover-'able Misery, with the greatest Seriousness to inquire 'into these things, whether they be so or no, and pa-'tiently to consider the Arguments that are brought for 'them.

'AND when you are examining these matters, do 'not

'not take into consideration any sensual or worldly Interest; but deal fairly and impartially with your selves. Think with your selves that you have not the making of things true and false; that the Principles of Religion are either true or false, before you think of them. The truth of things is already fix'd: either there is a God, or no God; either your Souls are immortal, or they are not; either the Scriptures are a Divine Revelation, or an Imposture; one of these is certain and necessary, and they are not now to be altered: Things will not comply with your Conceits, and bend themselves to your Interests: Therefore do not think what you would have to be: but consider impartially what is.

THE other great Writer is particularly useful in his rapturous Soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the highest Admiration, and beholds himself with the most contrite Lowliness. 'My present Business, says he, is to treat of God, his Being and Attributes; but *who is sufficient for these Things?* At least, who am I, a silly Worm, that I should take upon me to speak of Him, by whom alone I speak; and being my self but a finite sinful Creature, should strive to unveil the Nature of the Infinite and most Holy God? Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of Him, but immediately my Thoughts are confounded, my Heart is perplexed, my Mind amazed, my Head turns round, my whole Soul seems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His Mercy exalts me, His Justice depresseth me, His Wisdom astonisheth me, his Power affrights me, His Glory dazzles mine Eyes; and *by reason of his Highness,* as *Job* speaks, I cannot endure: but the least glimpse of Him makes me *abhor my self,* and *repent in Dust and Ashes* before Him.

Monday,

Nº 76. *Monday, June 8.*

—— Solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata Pecunia villis.
Hor. Ep. 15. l. 1. v. 45.

———Thoſe are bleſt, and only Thoſe,
Whoſe Stately Houſe their hidden Treaſure ſhows.
CREECH.

I EVER thought it my Duty to preſerve Peace and Love among my Wards. And ſince I have ſet up for an Univerſal *Guardian*, I have laid nothing more to Heart than the Differences and Quarrels between the Landed and the Trading Intereſts of my Country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I ſhall always contribute, to the utmoſt of my Power, to reconcile theſe Intereſts to each other, and to make them both ſenſible that their mutual Happineſs depends upon their being Friends.

THEY mutually furniſh each other with all the Neceſſaries and Conveniencies of Life; the Land ſupplies the Traders with Corn, Cattle, Wool, and generally all the Materials, either for their Subſiſtence or their Riches; the Traders in return provide the Gentlemen with Houſes, Clothes and many other Things, without which their Life at beſt would be uncomfortable. Yet theſe very Intereſts are almoſt always claſhing; the Traders conſider every high Duty upon any Part of their Trade, as proceeding from Jealouſy in the Gentlemen of their rivalling them too faſt; and they are often Enemies on this Account. The Gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a Burden upon Trade, tho' in every thing they eat, and drink, and wear, they are ſure to bear the greateſt Part themſelves.

I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible, to remove this Emulation between the Parties, and in the firſt Place to convince the Traders, that in many Inſtances high Duties may be laid upon their Imports, to enlarge the general Trade of the Kingdom: For Example, if there ſhould

ſhould be laid a Prohibition, or high Duties which ſhall amount to a Prohibition, upon the Imports from any other Country which takes from us a Million Sterling every Year, and returns us nothing elſe but Manufactures for the Conſumption of our own People, it is certain this ought to be conſidered as the Increaſe of our Trade in general; for if we want theſe Manufactures, we ſhall either make them our ſelves, or which is the ſame thing, import them from other Countries in Exchange for our own. In either of which Caſes our Foreign or Inland Trade is enlarged, and ſo many more of our own People are employed and ſubſiſted for that Money which was annually exported, that is in all Probability a hundred and fifty thouſand of our People, for the yearly Sum of one Million. If our Traders would conſider many of our Prohibitions or high Duties in this Light, they would think their Country and themſelves obliged to the Landed Intereſt for theſe Reſtraints.

AGAIN, Gentlemen are too apt to envy the Traders every Sum of Money they import, and gain from Abroad, as if it was ſo much Loſs to themſelves; but if they could be convinced, that for every Million that ſhall be imported and gained by the Traders, more than twice that Sum is gained by the Landed Intereſt, they would never be averſe to the Trading Part of the Nation. To convince them therefore that this is the Fact, ſhall be the remaining Part of this Diſcourſe.

LET us ſuppoſe then, that a Million, or if you pleaſe that 20 Millions were to be imported, and gained by Trade: To what Uſes could it be applied? and which would be the Greateſt Gainers, the Landed or the Trading Intereſt? Suppoſe it to be 20 Millions.

IT cannot at all be doubted, that a Part of the aforementioned Sum would be laid out in Luxury, ſuch as the Magnificence of Buildings, the Plate and Furniture of Houſes, Jewels, and rich Apparel, the Elegance of Diet, the Splendor of Coaches and Equipage, and ſuch other Things as are an Expence to the Owners, and bring in no manner of Profit. But becauſe it is ſeldom ſeen, that Perſons who by great Induſtry have gained Eſtates, are extravagant in their Luxury; and becauſe the Revenue muſt be ſtill ſufficient to ſupport the annual Expence,

Expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the 20 Millions can be converted into this dead Stock, at least 13 must still be left to raise an annual Interest to the Owners; and the Revenue from the 18 Millions at 6 *per Centum*, will be little more than one Million *per Annum*.

AGAIN, a Part of the 20 Millions is very likely to be converted to increase the Stock of our Inland Trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our Farms. This is the Trade which provides for the Annual Consumption of our People, and a Stock of the Value of two Years Consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this Purpose. If the 18 Millions abovementioned will not raise a Revenue of more than one Million *per Annum*, it is certain that no more than this last Value can be added to our Annual Consumption, and that two of the 20 Millions will be sufficient to add to the Stock of our Inland Trade.

OUR Foreign Trade is considered upon another Foot; for tho' it provides in Part for the Annual Consumption of our own People, it provides also for the Consumption of Foreign Nations. It exports our superfluous Manufactures, and should make Returns of Bullion, or other durable Treasure. Our Foreign Trade, for 40 Years last past, in the Judgment of the most intelligent Persons, has been managed by a Stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight Millions, with which last Sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our Merchants shall endeavour to open a Trade to *Terra Australis incognita*, or some Place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large Allowance, that one of the 20 Millions can be added to the Capital Stock of our Foreign Trade.

THERE may be another way of raising Interest, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, Corn or other Goods or Manufactures that will keep, for the Consumption of future Years, and when the Markets may happen to call for them at an advanced Price. But as most Goods are perishable, and waste something every Year, by which means a Part of the Principal is still lost, and as it is seldom seen, that these Engrossers get more than their Principal, and the common Interest of their Money,

ney, this way is ſo precarious and full of Hazard, that 'tis very unlikely any more than three of the 20 Millions will be applied to Engroſſing. It were to be wiſhed the Engroſſers were more profitable Traders for themſelves, they are certainly very beneficial for the Commonwealth; They are a Market for the Rich in a time of Plenty, and ready at hand with Relief for the Poor in a time of Dearth. They prevent the Exportation of many Neceſſaries of Life, when they are very cheap, ſo that we are not at the Charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They ſave the Money that is paid to Foreign Countries for Intereſt and Warehouſe Room; but there is ſo much Hazard, and ſo little Profit in this Buſineſs, that if 20 Millions were to be imported, ſcarce three of them would be applied to the making Magazines for the Kingdom.

IF any of the Money ſhould be lent at Intereſt to Perſons that ſhall apply the ſame to any of the Purpoſes above-mentioned, it is ſtill the ſame thing. If I have given good Reaſons for what I have ſaid, no more than eight of the twenty Millions can be applied either to our dead Stock of Luxury, our Stock in Inland or Foreign Trade, or our Stores or Magazines. So that ſtill there will remain twelve Millions, which are now no otherwiſe to be diſpoſed of than in buying of Lands or Houſes, or our new Parliamentary Funds, or in being lent out at Intereſt upon Mortgages of thoſe Securities, or to Perſons who have no other ways to repay the Value than by Part of the Things themſelves.

THE Queſtion then is what Effect theſe twelve Millions will have towards reducing the Intereſt of Money, or raiſing the Value of Eſtates; for as the former grows leſs, the latter will ever riſe in Proportion. For Example, while the Intereſt of Money is 5 *per Cent. per Ann.* a Man lends 2000 *l.* to raiſe a Revenue of 100 *l. per Ann.* by the Intereſt of his Money; and for the ſame Reaſon he gives 2000 *l.* or more to purchaſe an Eſtate of 100 *l. per Ann.* Again, if the Intereſt of Money ſhall fall 1 *per Cent.* he muſt be forc'd to lend 2400 *l.* to gain the Revenue of 100 *l. per Ann.* and for the ſame Reaſon he muſt give at leaſt 2400 *l.* to purchaſe an Eſtate of the ſame yearly Rent. Therefore if theſe 12 Millions newly

gained ſhall reduce 1 *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, they muſt of Neceſſity increaſe every Eſtate at leaſt four Years Value in the Purchaſe.

IT is ever eaſier to meet with Men that will borrow Money than ſell their Eſtates. An Evidence of this is, that we never have ſo good a Revenue by buying as by lending. The firſt thing therefore that will be attempted with theſe 12 Millions is to lend Money to thoſe that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing 1 *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, and conſequently of raiſing every Eſtate four Years Value in the Purchaſe.

FOR in all probability all the Money or Value now in *England*, not apply'd to any of the Uſes above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no Revenue to the Owners, till it can be diſpoſed of to ſuch Uſes, does not exceed 12 Millions. Yet this Sum, whatever it is, is ſufficient to keep down Money to the preſent Intereſt, and to hold up Lands to their preſent Value. One would imagine then if this Sum ſhould be doubled, if 12 Millions extraordinary ſhould be added to it, they ſhould reduce half the preſent Intereſt of Money, and double the preſent Value of Eſtates. But it will eaſily be allowed they muſt reduce one *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, and add the Value of four Years Rent to the Purchaſe of every Eſtate.

TO confirm the Belief of this, an Argument might be taken from what really happened in the Province of *Holland* before the Year 1670. I think it is in Sir *William Temple*'s Obſervations upon the *United Netherlands*. The Government there was indebted about 13 Millions, and paid the Intereſt of 5 *per Cent. per Ann.* They had got a Sum of Money, I think not above a Million, with which they prepared to diſcharge ſuch a Part of the Principal. The Creditors were ſo unable to find ſo good an Intereſt elſewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their Money, with an Abatement of 1 *per Cent.* of their Intereſt. The ſame Money was offered to the ſame Number of other Creditors with the ſame Succeſs, till 1 *per Cent.* of their whole Intereſt was abated, yet at laſt ſuch a Part of the Principal was diſcharged. And when this Sum came to be lent to private Perſons it had the ſame Effect; there 1 *per Cent.* of the

the common Intereſt was abated throughout the whole Province, as well between Subject and Subject, as between the Subjects and their Governors. And nothing is ſo notorious as that the Value of Lands in that Country has riſen in Proportion, and that Eſtates are ſold there for 30 Years Value of their whole Rents. It is not then to be doubted, that 12 Millions extraordinary to be lent at Intereſt, or purchaſe Lands or Government Securities, muſt have the like Effect in *England*, at leaſt that Lands will ariſe 4 Years Rent in every Purchaſe above their preſent Value. And how great an Improvement muſt this be of the landed Intereſt?

THE Rents of *England*, according to the Proportion of the Land-Tax, ſhould be little more than 8 Millions, yet perhaps they may be 12. If there is made an Addition of four Years Value in every Purchaſe; this, upon all the Rents of *England*, amounts to 48 Millions. So that, by the Importation and clear Gain of 20 Millions by Trade, the Landed Intereſt gains an Improvement of 48 Millions, at leaſt ſix times as much as all other Intereſts joined together.

I ſhould think this Argument, which I have endeavoured to ſet in a clear Light, muſt needs be ſufficient to ſhew that the Landed and the Trading Intereſts cannot in reality but be Friends to each other.

Nº 77. *Tueſday, June* 9.

——*Certum voto pete finem.* Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 56.

——*To Wiſhes fix an End.* CREECH.

THE Writers of Morality aſſign two Sorts of Goods, the one is in it ſelf deſirable, the other is to be deſired, not on Account of its own Excellency, but for the ſake of ſome other thing which it is Inſtrumental to obtain. Theſe are uſually diſtinguiſhed by the Appellations of *End* and *Means*. We are prompted by Nature to deſire the former, but that we have any Appetite for the latter is owing to Choice and Deliberation.

BUT, as wise Men engage in the Pursuit of Means, from a farther View of some natural Good with which they are connected; Fools, who are acted by Imitation and not by Reason, blindly pursue the Means, without any Design or Prospect of applying them. The Result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the Anxiety and Toil, but are debarred from the subsequent Delights which arise to wiser Men; since their Views not reaching the End, terminate in those things, which altho' they have a relative Goodness, yet, considered absolutely, are Indifferent, or, it may be, Evil.

THE Principle of this Misconduct is a certain Shortsightedness in the Mind: And as this Defect is branched forth into innumerable Errors in Life, and hath infected all Ranks and Conditions of Men, so it more eminently appears in three *Species*, the *Criticks*, *Misers*, and *Freethinkers*. I shall endeavour to make good this Observation with regard to each of them. And first of the *Critick*.

PROFIT and Pleasure are the Ends that a reasonable Creature would propose to obtain by Study, or indeed by any other Undertaking. Those Parts of Learning which relate to the Imagination, as Eloquence and Poetry, produce an immediate Pleasure in the Mind. And sublime and useful Truths, when they are conveyed in apt Allegories or beautiful Images, make more distinct and lasting Impressions; by which means the Fancy becomes subservient to the Understanding, and the Mind is at the same time delighted and instructed. The Exercise of the Understanding, in the Discovery of Truth, is likewise attended with great Pleasure, as well as immediate Profit. It not only strengthens our Faculties, purifies the Soul, subdues the Passions, but besides these Advantages there is also a secret Joy that flows from intellectual Operations, proportioned to the Nobleness of the Faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

BUT the mere Exercise of the Memory as such, instead of bringing Pleasure or immediate Benefit, is a thing of vain Irksomness and Fatigue, especially when employed in the Acquisition of Languages, which is, of all others, the most dry and painful Occupation: There must be therefore something further proposed, or a wise

Man

Man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very Reaſon of the thing plainly intimates that the Motive which firſt drew Men to affect a Knowledge in dead Tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more uſeful and entertaining Knowledge into their Minds.

THERE are nevertheleſs certain Criticks, who, ſeeing that *Greek* and *Latin* are in Requeſt, join in a thoughtleſs Purſuit of thoſe Languages, without any further View. They look on the ancient Authors, but it is with an Eye to Phraſeology, or certain minute Particulars, which are valuable for no other Reaſon but becauſe they are deſpiſed and forgotten by the reſt of Mankind. The divine Maxims of Morality, the exact Pictures of Human Life, the profound Diſcoveries in the Arts and Sciences, juſt Thoughts, bright Images, ſublime Sentiments, are over-looked, while the Mind is learnedly taken up in verbal Remarks.

WAS a Critick ever known to read *Plato* with a contemplative Mind; or *Cicero*, in order to imbibe the noble Sentiments of Virtue and a Publick Spirit which are conſpicuous in the Writings of that great Man; or to peruſe the *Greek* or *Roman* Hiſtorians, with an Intention to form his own Life upon the Plan of the illuſtrious Patterns they exhibit to our View? *Plato* wrote in *Greek*. *Cicero*'s *Latin* is fine. And it oftens lies in a Man's way to quote the ancient Hiſtorians.

THERE is no Entertainment upon Earth more noble and befitting a reaſonable Mind, than the Peruſal of good Authors, or that better qualifies a Man to paſs his Life with Satisfaction to himſelf, or Advantage to the Publick. But where Men of ſhort Views and mean Souls give themſelves to that ſort of Employment which Nature never deſigned them for, they, indeed, keep one another in Countenance; but inſtead of cultivating and adorning their own Minds, or acquiring an Ability to be uſeful to the World, they reap no other Advantage from their Labours than the dry Conſolation ariſing from the Applauſes they beſtow upon each other.

AND the ſame Weakneſs, or Defect in the Mind from whence Pedantry takes its Riſe, does likewiſe give Birth to Avarice. Words and Money are both to be re-

garded as only Marks of Things. And as the Knowledge of the one, so the Possession of the other is of no Use, unless directed to a further End. A mutual Commerce could not be carried on among Men, if some common Standard had not been agreed upon, to which the Value of all the various Products of Art and Nature were reducible, and which might be of the same Use in the Conveyance of Property, as Words are in that of Ideas. Gold by its Beauty, Scarceness, and durable Nature seems designed by Providence to a Purpose so excellent and advantageous to Mankind. Upon these Considerations that Metal came first into Esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the Pursuit, beholding Mankind touched with an Affection for Gold, and being ignorant of the true Reason that introduced this odd Passion into Human Nature, imagine some intrinsick Worth in the Metal to be the Cause of it. Hence the same Men who, had they been turned towards Learning, would have employed themselves in laying up Words in their Memory, are by a different Application employed to as much purpose in treasuring up Gold in their Coffers. They differ only in the Object; the Principle on which they act, and the inward Frame of Mind, is the same in the *Critick* and the *Miser*.

AND upon a thorough Observation, our Modern Sect of *Free thinkers* will be found to labour under the same Defect with those two inglorious *Species*. Their short Views are terminated in the next Objects, and their specious Pretences for Liberty and Truth are so many Instances of mistaking the Means for the End. But the setting these Points in a clear Light must be the Subject of another Paper.

Wednesday,

N° 78. *Wednesday, June* 10.

——— *Docebo*
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque Poetam.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 306.

——— *I will teach to write,*
Tell what the Duty of a Poet is,
Wherein his Wealth and Ornament consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improved.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is no small Pleasure to me, who am zealous in the Interests of Learning, to think I may have the Honour of leading the Town into a very new and uncommon Road of Criticism. As that kind of Literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a Knowledge of Mechanick Rules, which contribute to the Structure of different sorts of Poetry, as the Receipts of good Housewives do to the making Puddings of Flour, Oranges, Plumbs, or any other Ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my Instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary Readers, if I discoursed of these Matters in the Stile in which Ladies Learned Oeconomicks dictate to their Pupils for the Improvement of the Kitchen and Larder.

I shall begin with Epick Poetry, because the Criticks agree it is the greatest Work Human Nature is capable of. I know the *French* have already laid down many Mechanical Rules for Compositions of this Sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all Undertakers from the Possibility of ever performing them; for the first Qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the Benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epick Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay, without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great Use to all those Poets who confess they never Read, and of whom the World is convinced they never Learn. What *Moliere* observes of making a Dinner, that any Man can do it *with*

Money, and if a profest Cook cannot *without*, he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that *has* a Genius, but the Skill lies in doing it without one. In Pursuance of this End, I shall present the Reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which even Sonneteers and Ladies may be qualified for this Grand Performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief Qualifications of an Epick Poet, is to be knowing in all Arts and Sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no Learning, as long as Indexes and Dictionaries may be had, which are the Compendium of all Knowledge. Besides, since it is an established Rule, that none of the Terms of those Arts and Sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our Poet cannot impertinently offend in this Point. The Learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient Geography of Towns, Mountains and Rivers: For this let him take *Cluverius*, Value Four-pence.

ANOTHER Quality required is a complete Skill in Languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious Persons of no Genius have been oftentimes great Linguists. To instance in the *Greek*, of which there are two Sorts; the Original *Greek*, and that from which our Modern Authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise Impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an Hour's Time with Ease. I have known one, who became a sudden Professor of *Greek*, immediately upon Application of the left-hand Page of the *Cambridge Homer* to his Eye. It is, in these Days, with Authors as with other Men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first Sight; and as it is sufficient for a good General to have *surveyed* the Ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good Poet to have *seen* the Author he is to be Master of. But to proceed to the Purpose of this Paper.

A Receipt to make an *Epick* Poem.

For the *Fable*.

Take out of any old Poem, History-books, Romance, or Legend (*for Instance* Geffry of Monmouth *or* Don Belianis of Greece) *those Parts of Story which afford most Scope for long*

long Descriptions: Put these Pieces together, and throw all the Adventures you fancy into one Tale. Then take a Hero whom you may choose for the Sound of his Name, and put him into the midst of these Adventures: There let him work, *for twelve Books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the Conclusion of an Epick Poem be fortunate.*

To make an Episode. *Take any remaining Adventure of your former Collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate Accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of Use, applied to any other Person; who may be lost and evaporate in the Course of the Work, without the least Damege to the Composition.*

For the Moral and Allegory. *These you may Extract out of the Fable afterwards at your Leisure; Be sure you strain them sufficiently.*

For the Manners.

For those of the Hero, take all the best Qalities you can find in all the celebrated Heroes of Antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a Consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are Qualities which your Patron *would be thought to have; and to prevent any Mistake which the World may be subject to, select from the Alphabet those Capital Letters that compose his Name, and set them at the Head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the Exact Quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an honest Man——For the* Under-Characters, *gather them from* Homer *and* Virgil, *and change the Names as occasion serves.*

For the Machines.

Take of Deities, Male and Female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal Parts, and keep Jupiter *in the middle. Let* Juno *put him in a Ferment, and* Venus *mollify him. Remember on all Occasions to make use of Volatile* Mercury. *If you have need of Devils, draw them out of* Milton's Paradise, *and extract your*

Spirits from Taſſo. *The Uſe of theſe Machines is evident; for ſince no Epick Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt Neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your Hero by any Human Means, or your ſelf by your own Wits, ſeek Relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your Buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct Preſcription of* Horace *in his Art of Poetry.*

> Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice *Nodus*
> Inciderit —— v. 191.

> Never preſume to make a God appear,
> But for a Buſineſs worthy of a God. ROSCOMMON.

That is to ſay, a Poet ſhould never call upon the Gods for their Aſſiſtance, but when he is in great Perplexity.

For the Deſcriptions.

For a Tempeſt. *Take* Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, *and* Boreas, *and caſt them together in one Verſe. Add to theſe of Rain, Lightning, and of Thunder (the loudeſt you can)* quantum ſufficit. *Mix your Clouds and Billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Deſcription here and there with a Quickſand. Brew your Tempeſt well in your Head, before you ſet it a blowing.*

For a Battle. *Pick a large Quantity of Images and Deſcriptions from* Homer's *Iliads, with a Spice or two of* Virgil, *and if there remain any Overplus you may lay them by for a* Skirmiſh. *Seaſon it well with* Similies, *and it will make an* Excellent Battle.

For a Burning Town. *If ſuch a Deſcription be neceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in* Virgil, *Old* Troy *is ready burnt to your Hands. But if you fear that would be thought* borrowed, *a Chapter or two of the Theory of the* Conflagration, *well circumſtanced, and done into Verſe, will be a good* Succedaneum.

As for Similies *and* Metaphors, *they may be found all over the Creation, the moſt ignorant may gather them, but the Danger is in applying them. For this, adviſe with your Bookſeller.*

For

For the Language.

(*I mean the* Diction.) *Here it will do well to be an Imitator of* Milton, *for you'll find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else.* Hebraisms *and* Grecisms *are to be found in him, without the Trouble of Learning the Languages. I knew a Painter, who (like our Poet) had no* Genius, *make his Dawbings to be thought* Originals *by setting them in the* Smoke: *You may in the same manner give the venerable Air of Antiquity to your Piece, by darkening it up and down with* Old English. *With this you may be easily furnished upon any Occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of* Chaucer.

I must not conclude, without cautioning all Writers without Genius in one material Point, which is, never to be afraid of having *too much Fire* in their Works. I should advise rather to take their warmest Thoughts, and spread them abroad upon Paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

Nº 79. *Thursday, June* 11.

—Præclara & pulchra minantem
Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter—
Hor. Ep. 8. l. 1. v. 3.

—I make a Noise, a gaudy Show,
I promise mighty things, I nobly strive;
Yet what an ill, unpleasant Life I live! CREECH.

IT is an Employment worthy a reasonable Creature, to examine into the Disposition of Mens Affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all Tendencies to Good-nature and Charity. No one could be unmoved with this Epistle, which I received the other Day from one of my Correspondents, and which is full of the most ardent Benevolence.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Seldom read your Political, your Critical, your 'Ludicrous, or if you will call them ſo, your Polite 'Papers, but, when I obſerve any thing which I think 'written for the Advancement of Good-will amongſt 'Men, and laying before them Objects of Charity, I am 'very zealous for the Promotion of ſo honeſt a Deſign. 'Believe me, Sir, Want of Wit, or Wiſdom, is not the 'Infirmity of this Age, it is the ſhameful Application of 'both that is the crying Evil. As for my own part, I 'am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather 'than richer or wiſer. But I never lamented that I was 'not a wealthy Man ſo heartily as the other Day. You 'muſt underſtand that I now and then take a Walk of 'Mortification, and paſs a whole Day in making my ſelf 'profitably Sad. I for this end viſit the Hoſpitals about 'this City, and when I have rambled about the Galleries 'at *Bedlam*, and ſeen for an Hour the utmoſt of all la-'mentable Objects, Human Reaſon diſtracted; when I 'have from Grate to Grate offered up my Prayers for a 'Wretch who has been reviling me, for a Figure that 'has ſeem'd Petrified with Anguiſh, for a Man that has 'held up his Face in the Poſture of Adoration toward 'Heaven to utter Execrations and Blaſphemies, I ſay, 'when I have beheld all theſe things, and thoroughly 'reflected on them, 'till I have ſtartled my ſelf out of 'my preſent ill Courſe, I have thought fit to paſs to the 'Obſervation of leſs Evils, and relieve my ſelf by going 'to thoſe Charitable Receptacles about this Town, ap-'pointed only for Bodily Diſtreſſes. The gay and frolick 'part of Mankind are wholly unacquainted with the 'Numbers of their Fellow-Creatures, who languiſh un-'der Pain and Agony, for want of a Trifle out of that 'Expence by which thoſe fortunate Perſons purchaſe the 'Gratification of a ſuperfluous Paſſion or Appetite. I 'ended the laſt of theſe Pilgrimages which I made, at 'St. *Thomas*'s Hoſpital in *Southwark*. I had ſeen all the 'Variety of Woe which can ariſe from the Diſtempers 'which attend Human Frailty; but the Circumſtance 'which occaſioned this Letter, and gave me the quickeſt

'Com-

'Compaſſion, was beholding a little Boy of ten Years 'of Age, who was juſt then to be expelled the Houſe as 'incurable: My Heart melted within me to think what 'would become of the poor Child, who, as I was in'formed, had not a Farthing in the World, nor Father 'nor Mother, nor Friend to help it. The Infant ſaw 'my Sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me 'ſpeak that it might die in the Houſe.

'Alas!

'THERE are Crowds cured in this Place, and the 'ſtricteſt Care taken, in the Diſtribution of the Charity, 'for wholſom Food, good Phyſick, and tender Care in 'behalf of the Patients; but the Proviſion is not large e'nough for thoſe whom they do not deſpair of recover'ing, which makes it neceſſary to turn out the Incurable, 'for the Sake of thoſe whom they can relieve. I was 'informed this was the Fate of many in a Year, as well 'as of this poor Child, who, I ſuppoſe, corrupted away, 'yet alive in the Streets. He was to be ſure removed 'when he was only capable of giving Offence, though 'avoided when ſtill an Object of Compaſſion. There 'are not Words to give Mankind Compunction enough 'on ſuch an Occaſion; but I aſſure you I think the Mi'ſerable have a Property in the ſuperfluous Poſſeſſions of 'the Fortunate; tho' I deſpair of ſeeing Right done 'em 'till the Day wherein thoſe Diſtinctions ſhall ceaſe for 'ever, and they muſt both give an Account for their 'Behaviour under their reſpective Sufferings and Enjoy'ments. However, you would do your Part as a *Guar'dian*, if you would mention, in the moſt pathetick 'Terms, theſe miſerable Objects, and put the good part 'of the World in mind of exerting the moſt noble Bene'volence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few 'remaining Moments of the Incurable.

'A Gentleman who belong'd to the Hoſpital, was 'ſaying, he believed it would be done as ſoon as men'tioned, if it were propoſed that a Ward might be erec'ted for the Accommodation of ſuch as have no more 'to do in this World, but reſign themſelves to Death. I 'know no readier way of communicating this Thought 'to the World, than by your Paper: If you omit to pub'liſh this I ſhall never eſteem you to be the Man you

'pretend

'pretend; and ſo recommending the Incurable to your 'Guardianſhip, I remain, *S I R*,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Philanthropos.

IT muſt be confeſſed, that if one turns ones Eyes round theſe Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, one cannot overlook the exemplary Inſtances of Heroick Charity, in providing Reſtraints for the Wicked, Inſtructions for the Young, Food and Raiment for the Aged, with regard alſo to all other Circumſtances and Relations of Human Life; but it is to be lamented that theſe Proviſions are made only by the middle kind of People, while thoſe of Faſhion and Power are raiſed above the Species it ſelf, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the Calamities of others. But alas! how monſtrous is this Hardneſs of Heart? how is it poſſible that the Returns of Hunger and Thirſt ſhould not importune Men, tho' in the higheſt Affluence, to conſider the Miſeries of their Fellow-Creatures who languiſh under Neceſſity? But as I hinted juſt now, the Diſtinctions of Mankind are almoſt wholly to be reſolved into thoſe of the Rich and the Poor; for as certainly as Wealth gives Acceptance and Grace to all that its Poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo Poverty creates Diſeſteem, Scorn and Prejudice to all the Undertakings of the Indigent: The Neceſſitous Man has neither Hands, Lips, or Underſtanding, for his own or Friend's uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the Sick, with this Difference only, that his is an Infection no Man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or if he does, 'tis ſeldom with ſo much Pity as Contempt, and rather for the Oſtentation of the Phyſician, than Compaſſion on the Patient: It is a Circumſtance, wherein a Man finds all the Good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the Ill unavoidable; and the Poor Hero is as certainly Ragged, as the Poor Villain hang'd: Under theſe Preſſures the poor Man ſpeaks with Heſitation, undertakes with Irreſolution, and acts with Diſappointment: He is ſlighted in Mens Converſations, overlook'd in their Aſſemblies, and beaten at their Doors: But from whence, alas, has he this Treatment? from a Creature that has only the Supply of, but not an Exemption from, the Wants, for which he deſpiſes him: Yet ſuch is the unaccountable Inſolence of Man, that he will

will not ſee that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame Claſs of Natural Neceſſity, with him that wants a Support; and to be helped, implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can ſay of a Man, conclude that he is Rich, and you have made him Friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a Man in the World's Opinion, till you have ſaid he is poor: This is the Emphatical Expreſſion of Praiſe and Blame, for Men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural Impotence and Want, that Riches and Poverty have taken in our Imagination the place of Innocence and Guilt.

REFLEXIONS of this kind do but waſte ones Being, without Capacity of helping the Diſtreſſed; yet tho' I know no way to do any Service to my Brethren under ſuch Calamities, I cannot help having ſo much reſpect for them, as to ſuffer with them in a fruitleſs Fellow-feeling.

N° 80. *Friday, June* 12.

——*Cæleſtibus Iræ.* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 11.

Anger in heav'nly Minds.

I HAVE found by Experience, that 'tis impoſſible to talk diſtinctly without defining the Words of which we make uſe. There is not a Term in our Language which wants Explanation ſo much as the Word *Church*. One would think when People utter it, they ſhould have in their Minds Ideas of Virtue and Religion; but that important Monoſyllable drags all the other Words in the Language after it, and it is made uſe of to expreſs both Praiſe and Blame according to the Character of him who ſpeaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his Neighbour means when he ſays ſuch a one is for or againſt the Church. It has happened that the Perſon, who is ſeen every day at Church, has not been in the Eye of the World a Church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every Man to frequent it, but himſelf, has been held a very good Son of the Church. This Prepoſſeſſion is the beſt Handle imaginable for Politicians to make uſe of for managing the Loves and Hatreds of Mankind

Mankind to the Purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for Fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskilfully pronounce Terms of Art. I have observed great Evils arise from this Practice, and not only the Cause of Piety, but also the Secular Interest of Clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained Signification of the Word *Church*.

THE *Examiner*, upon the Strength of being a received Church-man, has offended in this particular more grosly than any other Man ever did before, and almost as grosly as ever he himself did, supposing the Allegations in the following Letter are just. To slander any Man is a very heinous Offence, but the Crime is still greater, when it falls upon such as ought to give Example to others. I cannot imagine how the *Examiner* can divest any part of the Clergy of the Respect due to their Characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an Indulgence unknown to our Religion, tho' taken up in the Name of it, in order to disparage such of its Communicants, as will not sacrifice their Conscience to their Fortunes. This Confusion and Subdivision of Interests and Sentiments among People of the same Communion, is what would be a very good Subject of Mirth; but when I consider against whom this Insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a Consequence, to be in good Humour on the Occasion.

SIR, *June* 9, 1713.

'YOUR Character of *Universal Guardian* joined to 'the Concern you ought to have for the Cause of 'Virtue and Religion, assure me you will not think that '*Clergymen*, when injured, have the least Right to your 'Protection; and 'tis from that Assurance I trouble you 'with this, to complain of the *Examiner*, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whose *Invectives* 'are as groundless as his *Panegyricks*.

'IN his Paper of the 8th Instant, after a most furious 'Invective against many noble *Lords*, a considerable number of the *Commons*, and a very great part of her Majesty's good Subjects, as disaffected and full of Discontent, (which, by the way, is but an aukward Compli-

'ment

'ment to the Prince, whose greatest Glory it is to 'Reign in the Hearts of her People) that the *Clergy* may 'not go without their share of his Resentment, he con-'cludes with a most malicious Reflexion upon some of 'them. He names indeed no Body, but points to *Windsor* 'and St. *Paul*'s, where he tells us, some are disrespectful 'to the Queen, and Enemies to her Peace: most odious 'Characters, especially in Clergymen, whose Profession 'is *Peace*, and to whose Duty and Affection her Majesty 'has a more immediate Right, by her singular Piety and 'great Goodness to them. *They have suckt in*, he says, '*this warlike Principle from their Arbitrary Patrons.* ''Tis not enough, it seems, to calumniate *them*, unless 'their Patrons also be insulted, no less Patrons than the 'late King and the Duke of *Marlborough*. These are his '*Arbitrary* Men; tho' nothing be more certain than that 'without the *King*, the Shadow of a *Legal* Government 'had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a Man, 'who in the Nature and Temper of him, less deserved 'the Character of *Arbitrary* than the *Duke*. How now 'is this terrible Charge against those Clergymen support-'ed? Why, as to St. *Paul*'s, the Fact, according to him, 'is this; *Some of the Church, to affront the Queen, on the* '*Day the Peace was proclaimed, gave Orders for Parochial* '*Prayers only, without Singing, as is used upon Fast-Days,* '*tho' in this particular their Inferiors were so very honest* '*to disobey them.* This the *Examiner* roundly affirms after 'his usual manner, but without the least regard to Truth; 'for it has fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be 'exactly informed of this Matter, and therefore I take 'upon me in their Vindication to assure you, that every 'part of what is said is absolutely false, and the Truth is 'just the Reverse: The *Inferiors* desired there might be 'only *Parochial* Prayers; but the Person applied to was 'aware to what Construction it might be liable, and 'therefore would not consent to the Request, tho' very 'innocent and reasonable. The Case was this; the *Pro-*'*cession* of the Ceremony had reached *Ludgate* just at the 'time of Prayers, and there was such a prodigious Con-'course of People that one of the *Vergers* came to the *Re-*'*sidentiary* in waiting, to represent, that it would be im-'possible to have Prayers that Afternoon; that the Crowds

'all

'all round the Church were so great, there would be no 'getting in: But it was insisted, that there must be Pray- 'ers, only the *tolling* of the Bell should be deferr'd a little, 'till the Head of the Procession was got beyond the 'Church. When the Bell had done, and none of the 'Quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again 'represented, that there could be only *Parochial* Prayers, 'a thing that sometimes happens, twice or thrice, per- 'haps, in a Year, when upon some allowable Occasion 'the absence of the *Quire men* is so great, as not to leave 'the necessary Voices for Cathedral Services, which very 'lately was the Case upon a Performance of the Thanks- 'giving Musick at *Whitehall.* So that had the Prayers, on 'this Occasion, been *Parochial* only, it had been neither 'new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless 'the *Examiner* can tell how the Service may be sung de- 'cently without Singing Men. However, to leave *Infor- 'mers* no room for Calumny, 'twas expresly urged, that '*Parochial* Prayers, on such a Day, would look ill; that 'therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the Ser- 'vice should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the 'Quire, might come in before the *Psalms*; and the Verger 'was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the Quire, 'to hasten them to their Places; and so it proved, two 'of the best *Voices* came in time enough, and the Service 'was performed Cathedral-wise, tho' in a manner, to 'bare Walls, with an Anthem suitable to the Day. This 'is the Fact on which the *Examiner* grounds a Charge of '*factious and seditious* Principles against some at St. *Paul's*, 'and I am persuaded there is as little Truth in what 'he charges some of *Windsor* with, tho' I know not cer- 'tainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate 'with the *Examiner*, I would ask him if he seriously 'thinks this be *answering her Majesty's Intentions*? Whe- 'ther disquieting the Minds of her People is the way *to 'calm them?* or to traduce Men of Learning and Virtue 'be *to cultivate the Arts of Peace?* But I am too well ac- 'quainted with his Writings not to see he is past Correc- 'tion; nor does any thing in his Paper surprise me, 'merely because it is false; for, to use his own Words, '*not a Day passes*, with him, *but it brings forth a Mouse or 'a Monster, some ridiculous Lye, some vile Calumny or For- 'gery.*

'*gery*. He is almost equally false in every thing he says, 'but 'tis not always equally easy to make his Falshood 'plain and palpable. And 'tis chiefly for that Reason I 'desire you to give this Letter a Place in your Papers, 'that those that are willing to be undeceived may learn 'from so clear an Instance, what a faithful, modest Wri-'ter this is, who pretends to teach them how to think 'and speak of Things and Persons they know nothing of 'themselves. As this is no way disagreeable to your Cha-'racter of *Guardian*, your Publication of it is a Favour 'which I flatter myself you will not deny to, *SIR*,

Your Humble Servant, R. A.

N° 81. *Saturday, June* 13.

Quietè & purè atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. Cicero.

The calm and soothing Remembrance of a Life pass'd with Quiet, Innocence, and Elegance.

THE Paper which was published on the 30th of last Month, ended with a Piece of Devotion written by the Archbishop of *Cambray*. It would (as it was hinted in that *Precaution*) be of singular Use for the Improvement of our Minds, to have the secret Thoughts of Men of good Talents on such Occasions. I shall for the Entertainment of this Day give my Reader two Pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleasing for that Reason, if they prove to have no other Effect upon him. One of them was found in the Closet of an *Athenian* Libertine, who lived many Ages ago, and is a Soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own Life and Actions according to the Lights Men have from Nature, and the Compunctions of Natural Reason. The other is a Prayer of a Gentleman who died within few Years last past; and lived to a very great Age, but had passed his Youth in all the Vices in Fashion. The *Athenian* is supposed to have been *Alcibiades*, a Man of great Spirit, extremely addicted to Pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and upon Occasion very attentive to Business. He was by Nature endued with

with all the Accomplishments she could bestow, he had Beauty, Wit, Courage and a great Understanding; but in the first Bloom of his Life was arrogantly affected with the Advantages he had over others. That Temper is pretty visible in an Expression of his, when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a Musical Instrument; he answered, *It is not for me to give, but to receive Delight.* However, the Conversation of *Socrates* tempered a strong Inclination to Licentiousness into Reflexions of Philosophy, and if it had not the force to make a Man of his Genius and Fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool Moments, and this following Soliloquy is supposed by the Learned to have been thrown together before some expected Engagement, and seems to be very much the Picture of the Man.

'I am now wholly alone, my Ears are not entertained 'with Musick, my Eyes with Beauty, nor any of my 'Senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the Course of 'my inward Thoughts: Methinks there is something 'Sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this Be'ing of mine? I came into it without my Choice, and 'yet *Socrates* says it is to be imputed to me. In this Re'pose of my Senses wherein they communicate nothing 'strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a Being distinct 'from their Operation. Why may not then my Soul 'exist, when she is wholly gone out of these Organs? I 'can perceive my Faculties grow stronger, the less I ad'mit the Pleasures of Sense; and the nearer I place my 'self to a bare Existence, the more worthy, the more 'noble, the more celestial does that Existence appear to 'me. If my Soul is weakened rather than improved by 'all that the Body administers to her, she may reasona'bly be supposed to be designed for a Mansion more suit'able than this, wherein what delights her diminishes her 'Excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her 'Perfection. There is an Hereafter, and I will not fear 'to be Immortal for the sake of *Athens*.

THIS Soliloquy is but the first Dawnings of Thought in a Mind of a mere Man given up to Sensuality. The Paper which I mention of our Contemporary was found in his Scrutore after his Death, but communicated to a Friend or two of his in his Life-time. You see in it a Man

Man wearied with the Vanities of this Life; and the Reflexions which the Succeſs of his Wit and Gallantry bring upon his old Age, are not unworthy the Obſervation of thoſe who poſſeſs the like Advantages.

'OH Almighty Being! How ſhall I look up towards 'Thee, when I reflect that I am of no Conſideration 'but as I have offended? My Exiſtence, O my God, 'without thy Mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or 'another World but for my Puniſhment. I apprehend, 'oh my Maker, let it not be too late, I apprehend, 'and tremble at thy Preſence; and ſhall I not conſider 'Thee, who art all Goodneſs, but with Terror? Oh, my 'Redeemer, do Thou behold my Anguiſh. Turn to me, 'Thou Saviour of the World; who has offended like me? 'Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of Thy Preſence, let me 'fall down in it: I humble myſelf in Contrition of Heart; 'but, alas! I have not only ſwerved from thee, but have 'laboured againſt Thee. If Thou doſt pardon what I 'have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I have 'made others commit? I have rejoiced in Ill, as in a Proſperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended 'by my Perſuaſion, all who have tranſgreſſed by my 'Example. Canſt Thou, O God, accept of the Conſeſſion of old Age, to expiate all the Labour and Induſtry of Youth ſpent in Tranſgreſſions againſt Thee? 'While I am ſtill alive, let me implore Thee to recal to 'Thy Grace all whom I have made to ſin. Let, oh Lord, 'Thy Goodneſs admit of his Prayer for their Pardon, 'by whoſe Inſtigation they have tranſgreſſed: Accept, 'O God, of this Interval of Age, between my ſinful Days 'and the Hour of my Diſſolution, to wear away the 'corrupt Habits in my Soul, and prepare myſelf for the 'Manſions of Purity and Joy. Impute not to me, oh 'my God, the Offences I may give, after my Death, to 'thoſe I leave behind me; let me not tranſgreſs when I 'am no more ſeen; but prevent the ill Effects of my 'ill-applied Studies, and receive me into thy Mercy.

IT is the moſt melancholy Circumſtance that can be imagined, to be on a Death-Bed, and wiſh all that a Man has moſt laboured to bring to paſs were obliterated for ever. How Emphatically worſe is this, than having paſſed all one's Days in Idleneſs? Yet this is the frequent

Caſe

Case of many Men of refined Talents. It is, methinks, monstrous that the Love of Fame, and Value of the Fashion of the World, can transport a Man so far as even in Solitude to act with so little Reflexion upon his real Interest. This is premeditated Madness, for it is an Error done with the Assistance of all the Faculties of the Mind.

WHEN every Circumstance about us is a constant Admonition, how transient is every Labour of Man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the Emptiness of all our Endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old Friend and communing together on such Subjects, he expressed himself after this Manner.

'IT is unworthy a Christian Philosopher to let any 'thing here below stand in the least Competition with 'his Duty. In vain is Reason fortified by Faith, if it 'produces in our Practice no greater Effects than what 'Reason wrought in mere Man.

'I contemn, (in Dependence on the support of Hea-'ven I speak it) I contemn all which the Generality of 'Mankind call Great and Glorious. I will no longer 'think or act like a Mortal, but consider myself as a 'Being that commenced at my Birth, and is to endure 'to all Eternity. The Accident of Death will not end 'but improve my Being; I will think of myself, and 'provide for myself as an Immortal, and I will do no-'thing now which I do not believe I shall approve a 'thousand Years hence.

N° 82. *Monday, June* 15.

Cedat uti conviva satur— Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 119.

Let him depart like a contented Guest.

THOUGH Men see every Day People go to their long Home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the Decease of those who have lived longer in their Sight: They miss their Acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss

loſs of an habitual Object. This gave me ſo much Concern for the Death of Mr *William Peer* of the Theatre-Royal, who was an Actor at the Reſtoration, and took his Theatrical Degree with *Betterton*, *Kynaſton* and *Harris*. Tho' his Station was humble he perform'd it well, and the common Compariſon with the Stage and Human Life, which has been ſo often made, may well be brought out upon this Occaſion. It is no matter, ſay the Moraliſts, whether you act a Prince or a Beggar, the Buſineſs is to do your Part well. Mr. *William Peer* diſtinguiſhed himſelf particularly in two Characters, which no Man ever could touch but himſelf; one of them was the Speaker of the Prologue to the Play, which is contrived in the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, to awake the Conſciences of the guilty Princes. Mr. *William Peer* ſpoke that Preface to the Play with ſuch an Air as repreſented that he was an Actor, and with ſuch an inferior manner as only acting an Actor, as made the others on the Stage appear real great Perſons, and not Repreſentatives. This was a Nicety in Acting that none but the moſt ſubtle Player could ſo much as conceive. I remember his ſpeaking theſe Words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjuſtment of the Air of the Speaker, with univerſal Applauſe.

For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your Clemency,
We beg your Hearing patiently.

Hamlet ſays very archly upon the pronouncing of it, *Is this a Prologue, or a Poſy of a Ring?* However, the ſpeaking of it got Mr. *Peer* more Reputation, than thoſe who ſpeak the length of a Puritan's Sermon every Night will ever attain to. Beſides this, Mr. *Peer* got a great Fame on another little Occaſion. He played the Apothecary in *Caius Marius*, as it is called by *Otway*; but *Romeo* and *Juliet*, as originally in *Shakeſpear*; it will be neceſſary to recite more out of the Play than he ſpoke, to have a right Conception of what *Peer* did in it. *Marius*, weary of Life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner.

I do remember an Apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of Death,

Meagre

Meagre and very rueful were his Looks,
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones.

When this Spectre of Poverty appeared, *Marius* addresses him thus:

I see thou art very poor,
Thou mayst do any thing, here's fifty Drachmas,
Get me a Draught of what will soonest free
A Wretch from all his Cares.

When the Apothecary objects that it is unlawful, *Marius* urges.

Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Laws;
The World affords no Law to make thee Rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

WITHOUT all this Quotation the Reader could not have a just Idea of the Visage and Manner which *Peer* assumed, when in the most lamentable Tone imaginable he consents; and delivering the Poison, like a Man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to *Marius*,

My Poverty, but not my Will, consents.
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

IT was an odd Excellence, and a very particular Circumstance this of *Peer*'s, that his whole Action of Life depended upon speaking five Lines better than any Man else in the World. But this Eminence lying in so narrow a Compass the Governors of the Theatre observing his Talents to lie in a certain Knowledge of Propriety, and his Person admitting him to shine only in the two above Parts, his Sphere of Action was enlarged by the Addition of the Post of Property Man: This Officer has always ready in a Place appointed for him behind the Prompter, all such Tools and Implements as are necessary in the Play, and it is his Business never to want *Billet-doux*, Poison, false Money, Thunderbolts, Daggers, Scrolls of Parchment, Wine, Pomatum, Truncheons and Wooden-Legs,

Legs, ready at the Call of the ſaid Prompter, according as his reſpective Utenſils were neceſſary for promoting what was to paſs on the Stage. The Addition of this Office, ſo important to the Conduct of the whole Affair of the Stage, and the good Oeconomy obſerved by their preſent Managers in punctual Payments, made Mr. *Peer*'s Subſiſtence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that Men loſe their Virtue in Proſperity who were ſhining Characters in the contrary Condition. Good fortune indeed had no Effect on the Mind, but very much on the Body of Mr. *Peer*. For in the Seventieth Year of his Age he grew fat, which rendered his Figure unfit for the Utterance of the five Lines above-mentioned: He had now unfortunately loſt the wan Diſtreſs neceſſary for the Countenance of the Apothecary, and was too jolly to ſpeak the Prologue with the proper Humility. It is thought this Calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the ſhortning his Days, and as there is no State of real Happineſs in this Life, Mr. *Peer* was undone by his Succeſs, and loſt all by arriving at what is the End of all other Mens Purſuits, his Eaſe.

I could not forbear inquiring into the Effects Mr. *Peer* left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the Houſe, but the following Bill.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For Hire of ſix Caſe of Piſtols - - - - -	0	4	0
A Drum for Mrs. *Bignall* in the *Pilgrim* - -	0	4	4
A Truſs of Straw for the Madmen - - - -	0	0	8
Pomatum and Vermilion to Greaſe the Face of the Stuttering Cook - - - - - -	0	0	8
For Boarding a Setting Dog two Days to follow Mr. *Johnſon* in *Epſom-Wells*	0	0	6
For Blood in *Macbeth* - - - - - - - - -	0	0	3
Raiſins and Almonds for a Witches Banquet	0	0	8

THIS Contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow Compaſs of his Singular Perfections, is now at Peace, and wants no further Aſſiſtance from any Man; but Men of extenſive Genius, now living, ſtill depend upon the good Offices of the Town.

I am therefore to remind my Reader that on this Day, being the 15th of *June*, the *Plotting Siſters* is to be

Acted for the Benefit of the Author, my old Friend Mr. *d'Urfey*. This Comedy was honoured with the Presence of King *Charles* the Second three of its first five Nights.

MY Friend has in this Work shown himself a Master, and made not only the Characters of the Play, but also the Furniture of the House contribute to the main Design. He has made excellent use of a Table with a Carpet, and the Key of a Closet; with these two Implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary Writer, he contrives the most natural Perplexities (allowing only the Use of these Houshold Goods in Poetry) that ever were represented on a Stage. He has also made good Advantage of the Knowledge of the Stage itself; for in the Nick of being surprised, the Lovers are let down and escape at a Trap-door. In a word, any who have the Curiosity to observe what pleased in the last Generation, and does not go to a Comedy with a Resolution to be grave, will find this Evening ample Food for Mirth. *Johnson*, who understands what he does as well as any Man, exposes the Impertinence of an old Fellow, who has lost his Senses, still pursuing Pleasures, with great Mastery. The Ingenious Mr. *Pinkethman* is a bashful Rake, and is sheepish without having Modesty, with great Success. Mr. *Bullock* succeeds *Nokes* in the Part of *Bubble*, and in my Opinion is not much below him, for he does excellently that sort of Folly we call Absurdity, which is the very contrary of Wit; but next to that, is of all things the properest to excite Mirth. What is Foolish is the Object of Pity, but Absurdity often proceeds from an Opinion of Sufficiency, and consequently is an honest Occasion for Laughter. These Characters in this Play cannot choose but make it a very pleasant Entertainment, and the Decorations of Singing and Dancing will more than repay the Good-nature of those who make an Honest Man a Visit of two merry Hours, to make his following Year unpainful.

THE

THE

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